CONTACT DIARY PART 11

January 1, 2024 – December 31, 2024

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I start with repeating my entry from Chapter 10, January 1, 2024.

My Dragon-Self Awakened.

Do I believe in God?

I believe that a superior self-aware energetic entity or being exists who gives the energetic components that it consists of the opportunity to use the material realm of the planet Earth to spend a development period with the aim to individualize their self-awareness and develop personality and thus specific consciousness. Once the material tool for this development, the body, has expired, the energetic entities retain the consciousness acquired and developed in the material realm and live on in the energetic realm – the beyond – as the personality with unique experience that adds to the power and abilities of the superior energetic force of the all-encompassing self-aware entity. Therefore it does matter what kind of persons we become

during our mortal phase, because that quality of consciousness will live on in the beyond and affects everything that exists there. But "there" is also "here", as there is only one Universe.

Are we in connection with the beyond and the beings living there, and can we interact? Yes, and yes, we do – through everything energetic in the human existence, from a single thought to a major orgasm. We can direct energy into our mortal existence but also directly into the beyond. And we do it all the time, even though most of us don't know how to handle this ability properly or are not even aware of it. It will be the topic of the future to learn how to live up to our true nature of an energetic creature and how to live in consciously maintained and used connectedeness of the material realm and the beyond.

So yes, I believe in God, and we are all part of this being.

January 1, 2024 **– The Affair & the Garbage Bag**

I begin this year by ending the previous chapters of this Contact Diary, and I will send it off to people who must receive it.

I had *wild dreams*, of some people stablishing some kind of … I want to say „Routine", something like a retreat program, but it also included some kind of imagery, like a game board, but with moving things and a lot of leaves that needed to be arranged along the frame … it is way too complicated to try and explain … but I was the one to see all that was wrong with it and I would supervise the people to make it proper and change it, benefiting the future patients and clients. They did call me an expert, but it was, for some reason, not able to work with them, they would not grasp the errors they had made and what I had explained. A cat was involved, somehow water …

Anyway. It was not a bad dream. I realized in the dream and now that I am thinking about it that I had to leave these people and move forward, leaving them behind me, literally.

Last night I spent putting the remaining images into this chapter, and I was with my dogs when the fireworks started. I thought of people I care about, CH sent me text messages, which was nice, and all evening I watched a new show: „***The Affair***".

This famous series has been on my radar for a long, long time. But I seem to recall a trailer that put me off, or maybe I watched a scene of the series, I don't know what it was. There were two people in a gray ocean, and they were supposed to love each other, but I felt put off by their energy. So I never watched it.

I was drawn to a different series before, „Mrs. Wilson", about a woman who finds out that she was married to a bigamist, and I did watch this years ago in Griffen, remembered it vaguely. *Ruth Wilson* played the main character (the story actually being derived from her real life family), and I like this actress. So when somehow Google told me that she acted in „*The Affair*" I thought I'd give it a go for one episode. And I watched two episodes, as they are quite long, and I was interrupted a few times. So there was that strangely „off" love affair, and around midnight I knew that I was not going to finish watching. I couldn't imagine how this story should go over 5 (!) seasons.

So right after the fireworks ended, I thought I had to end that night by reading up how „The Affair" ended – and I googled the plot.

And I was freaking stunned.

It was not at all what I had thought it would be. There was a ticklin feeling about being surprised. *Pleasantly surprised.* Oh how I need that kind of experience! "The Affair" is an amazingly complex and smart story. In every episode, the same events are shown ***from the perspectives of two people,*** the two main „lovers" of the first episodes where they only found together and there were many mysteries about the other protagonists in the plot.

And then … the following episodes and seasons dealt with the consequences of the infatuation of „Noah" with „Alison" … all the way to the future generations! It all ends with a very old Noah – and with the daughter of Alison, Joanie – and Noah realizes one thing: The way he saw „Alison"

when he first met her was totally influenced by where he was at in his live, his personal bias, and the same was true for her too. **It is true for every one in this world** – we all see the people **ONLY** the way they „apppear" to us **due to who WE ARE** at the moment, **we only can „see" them according to our inner world.**

Now, that should be clear in every moment of our lives.

But it is not.

So ***„The Affair"*** is a deeply deeply profound treatment of the human condition, dealing with the **interactions** of humans and the **reasons** for those interactions and the misunderstandings, the bliss, the longing and also the heartache and disaster that comes with them. All due to personal bias – and we are made this way. All we can do about is – being aware that it is like this.

Wow.

I walked with the dogs this morning in the forest, as it snow-rained in the night, it was fresh and muddy, and I walked into the forest at an unusual spot and bent down to **touch the moss**.

I had not done that in so long: That is the real me, touching moss and being right there.

I had several epiphanies in that forest … that I must call my mother by her first name now, *Waltraud*, as she is not my mother and does not want that role, and I will never get to be treated like a daughter, so this must changed. She is the person who birthed my body. That's it. I read so much about narcissists recently, I see her behaviour now, see what she does, how she hurt me ... like yesterday, after I had made all the small fingerfood sandwiches, mainly for her, and she barely ate and coldly said she "didn't have gusto for it" ... After we had talked about this for days that I would do that as a traditional New Year's Eve thing ... I made a warm strudel for her, and I gave her tea ... saw her cold and bitter eyes ... and it hurt me yesterday. It does not hurt today. I thought at first I wouldn't call her to see if she would call me to wish me a good new year. At noon she hadn't yet. So I called up my new "dragon spirit" – and I am not kidding, I feel it, I FEEL IT ... and I did call her. She was her usual aloof self, but since yesterday I know that she is very much more aware of what she is doing than she lets on. And whatever I tried to share about myself and last night, she would interrupt me and talk about herself. Okay. It was so clear. And I was just the observer. (Feeling good right now, no heartache, no disappointment. I am the dragon. She is, in Chinese astrology, a Monkey, so we are different anyway. My father is a dragon, too. Just realized I must write to his "heir" and send greetings to my father through him.) ***I am able to rise with my dragon spirit.*** I am. I will get myself an actual wood dragon for my birthday.

And I will paint one.

A lot of insights including the name-thing simply came to me, that thought. In the forest. I am very open and clear today. The fact, that the „year of the wood dragon" is my year, the last time in my life span maybe, gives me somehow enormous power.

So I turned around after touching the moss – and **a green plastic garbage bag** hung at a tree in the middle of the forest. Now I had thought repeatedly in the last days that I must put a garbage bag in the forest because the county has removed the garbage bins for the winter in many places. I can't stand all the garbage all around – AND THERE WAS THE GARBAGE BAG.

I am not alone, that meant. Other people think like me, too.

And I walked on KNOWING and seeing it so clearly that I must not waste my time anymore with people I should not be around or deal with.

Don't hold grudges, don't be small minded ... be true and act from the gut and with awareness, that's the message. Be completely outspoken and honest ... be a real dragon, the most powerful of them all. Never bow to the small, the evil, the frustrated and the narrow-minded – be proud, be yourself. Rise above the petty stuff including people's attitudes and ways.

Yes. I got it.

It started two days ago ... I was shopping with Waltraud at Lidl in Wernberg, and I wanted to get meat for the dogs out of the meat compartment, but a woman was there, blocking the part and the meat display, so I could not get past or reach the handle of the meat dispenser. So I waited for about a minute, but the woman would just not move and just stare at the display, completely ignorant of everyone else. And I had enough, suddenly, and I shoved myself by her cart and said harshly "Darf ich jetzt einmal da her?" Meaning "Can I get here now finally?" And the woman looked at me, bewildered and angry and said "Das geht auch freundlicher." Meaning "You could have said that in a friendly way." I was outraged. She had no insight, whatsoever, and I had not been very unfriendly. I told her that she should be considerate of others, too, but she wouldn't get down from her point that I was unfriendly to her. So I had to walk away fast because I felt my self-discipline disintegrate. She kept bitching after me ... so this was a typical situation where other blame people without any insight in their own behavior. That is typical for my father and my mother ... So Waltraud was in the store too, wandering around, aloof, unable to grab the biscuits because she simply did not focus ...

And I looked for the stuff I needed ... and suddenly, that anger fell of me, and I kind of "connected" with a different part of me. An old part. And there is this old childhood saying that we learned in terms of "Don't fight with stupid people" or "people with stupid behavior", and it goes: "Der Gescheitere gibt nach, der Dumme fällt in den Bach." Meaning "The smarter one gives in, and the stupid one falls into the creek." Imagine, two people holding on to something, and the smart one gets rid of the opponent by letting to – causing the admantly stubborn one to fall, of course, as the counter pull is gone.

So I turned around, went to the woman and said to her that she was right, I had not been polite, I should have been less harsh. She, in turn, immediately kept bitching about how "when she is looking at groceries she does not see what other people are doing" – by which she actually proved MY point, but I realized that this was not a very bright mind. So I just said "Fine, I'm sorry," and I moved on. And I felt great. And she called after me – kind of softer – that she wished me a good new year! And I wished her one too! So that was interesting. And looking back ... that was actually "me". The way I knew myself from when I was young, before my "partners" "happened". I was traumatized by my parents' and other family members' behavoir ... but I was kind and strong inside nevertheless. **That is the dragon in me. And that is the spirit that is awakening now.**

So walking in the dripping forest this morning with my two friends Jacqui and Tino, I pondered upon the ***learnings from „The Affair"*** … and it is so **profound**, I can't even express it really. (I am sitting here pre-breakfast, just to get it all out. And I feel a bit driven.)

So watching „The Affair“ changed life for me. Helped me reconnect with – **me. The Wood-Dragon. The Acquarius. The Sun.**

Reading up on it, actually, did the wonders. “Noah”, in the end, realizing that when he was so infatuated with “Alison”, she did not need sex, after having lost her child and having sex with her loving husband anyway, but she rather had needed a friend. And because he insisted on his view of her, a spiffy fun sexy woman whilst she actually was sad and grieving … this set in motion a lot of events that had consequences for so many people.

How great is that, for filmmakers to express this.

Just yesterday I thought about finalizing this Contact Diary and sending it off – and I realized that if even ONE person will take this work and move forward in terms of “The Bridge” then all the effort was already worth it. Like shown in “The Affair” – things that humans do affect other humans emotionally, which lead them to actions that build – life.

I was like this with Bob and me so clearly – the not really “seeing” the other and treating the other from our personal place of need and hurt, call it personal bias. It is so clearly with my mother and me. And with CH and me … and with all living beings in my life. I will always treat them „from my point of view“, there is no other way. **BUT: I can be aware of this**. **And this will make the difference.**

Is this the learning from „The Affair“ and that strange New Years Eve day and evening?

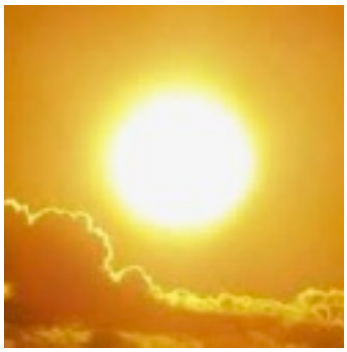
That I must return to myself, me, the Dragon, the Aquarius, the Sun, closely and intensely, never ever try to „think for“ others unless I know exactly what they need … and only focus on what I need, and everything will be fine for the rest or my mortal phase?

I felt so close to my original urge to make films this morning. I felt calm and not angry anymore. So this is my New Year’s blessing.

Andrea, Tino’s dog trainer, a new friend, was the first to text-message me nice wishes. Gabi put orange jam and a marcipain pig in front of my door. And I wrote to Martina and Elisabeth. That was my urge.

I think I will finally be able to be real again this year. It is going to be my years.

I will make the very best of it. And it will be grand.



And yes, I changed my screen image of the dragon.

January 4, 2024

Found a star in turquoise ... made of felt ...

January 5, 2024

Found a chocolate mushroom …

January 6, 2024 **– The Dream Location of the Anniversary Day**

Oh the agony about dealing with fucked up people goes on and on. Again CH, she is simply crazy, and she is abusing her dog, who she wants dead ... and instead of having some peace, after a visit with her, where she showed her fucked up addict-face, I now worry about poor "Pauli", who deserves better than being wished dead ... I have to tell someone in charge. She doesn't want the dog anymore, and the things she says makes me cringe. Humankind is cringe-worthy, in so many aspects.

I had a session with a psychogist where I talked about my mom ... and I realized that there is no way to make anyone understand everything, it would take months and months to share stories – but there is no reason for me to do that. She gave me an interesting image though ... "Holding a grudge" in German is "nachtragend sein", which means literally, "carrying something after someone". She asked me to imagine this was a big stone (hahaha), and I would carry it after the person I have a bone to pick. That person moves freely and doesn't care a bit that I am behind them, schlepping and having a hard time. So what is the point of "being nachtragend", she asked, meaning that it would be best to "forgive". No, I will not "forgive" animal abuse, for example, thinking my Griffen neighbor. So back home, I realized, that the solution to "nachtragend sein" is "jemanden etwas vorwerfen", which means literally "to throw something in front of someone" – that heavy stone, that one had been carrying after that person, that is. In English this is something like "to confront someone" or "to blame someone" or simply "to make someone face something" – that, which one has a grudge about.

And what would be the solution? Obviously, to move "it" out of the way so that both can move forward. But how to do that ... that's the question. Letting the evil fucks of this world including my father just get away with everything?

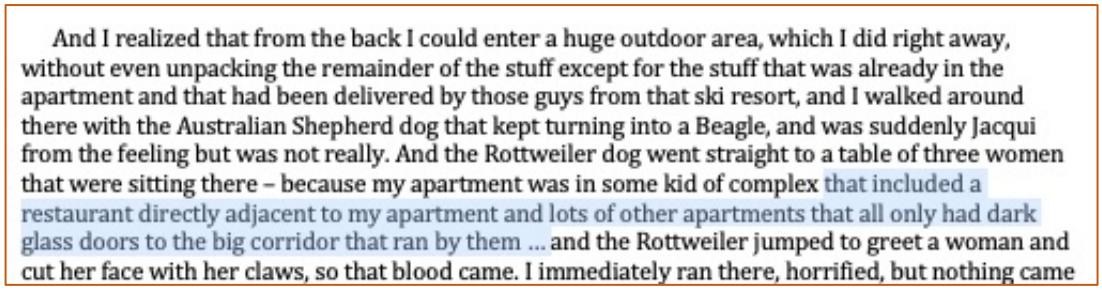
Fuck no, not in my name. This kind of experience with the psychologist kind of motivates me to move forward with "Mothership". I did get advice from my father's neighbor, to whom I mentioned that project, who to talk to in terms of possible participants. Well. So I shall finish a rough version of my screenplay ... then I'll decide what to do.

Tonight I had a **dream where I came by a place that I was supposed to live in in a different dream a while ago**! In my dream I was aware that I new that location from another dream, and a person was with me in tonight's dream, and I told her about this. I just could not remember when I had dreamed that ... it was that very narrow space apartment, where the narrow bedroom was only separated by a glass door and a curtain from the alley outside, where the people walked by ...

May 16, 2023 – **Anniversary, again & The Multi-Locations-Dream & „Lost" & the Beyond**

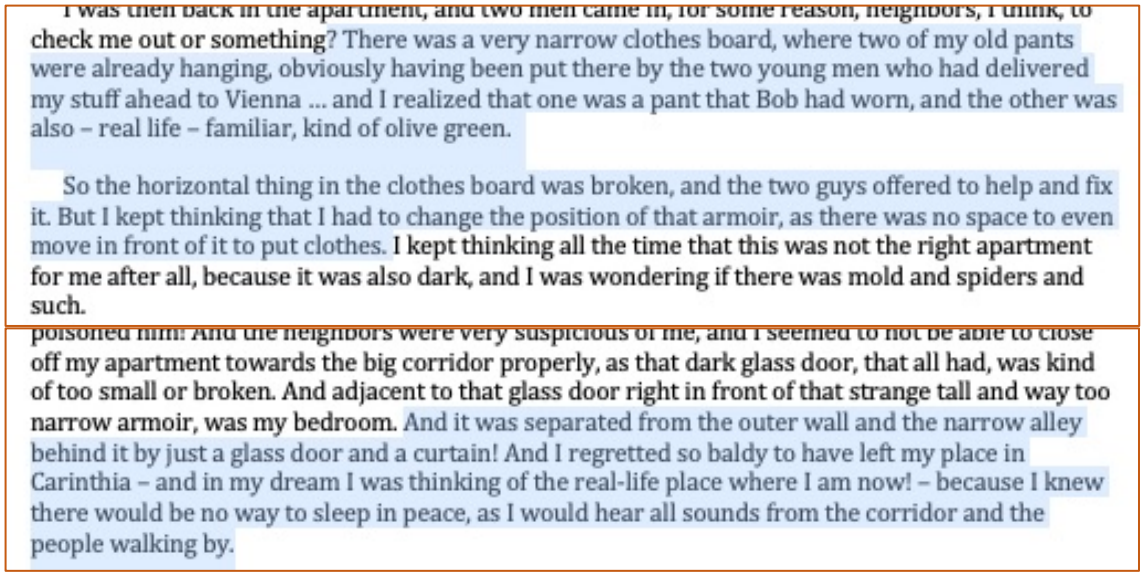
21 years since I met Bob.

What a **dream** tonight! The special part of it was, that in the dream I remembered that I was at the location of another dream I had years ago, about a woman who had moved out of her apartment and I had gone there, in the dream, to look at it, and I didn't like it because it seemed to not offer privacy but was almost open to the street and way too strange from the structure of the rooms. That woman lived in that apartment with several dogs in that dream, which I found so strange. It



And I realized that from the back I could enter a huge outdoor area, which I did right away, without even unpacking the remainder of the stuff except for the stuff that was already in the apartment and that had been delivered by those guys from that ski resort, and I walked around there with the Australian Shepherd dog that kept turning into a Beagle, and was suddenly Jacqui from the feeling but was not really. And the Rottweiler dog went straight to a table of three women that were sitting there – because my apartment was in some kid of complex that included a restaurant directly adjacent to my apartment and lots of other apartments that all only had dark glass doors to the big corridor that ran by them … and the Rottweiler jumped to greet a woman and cut her face with her claws, so that blood came. I immediately ran there, horrified, but nothing came

… and in tonight's dream, we walked right there, in the alley, by that strange glass door. And I told my colleague that this was the apartment from that other dream … And promptly the door to the alley opened, and a younger woman with light hair and a pony tail came out, and I realized that they had done some work inside, I even could look inside … there was a stair case now, with wooden stairs, I think, where the armoir had stood facing that narrow curtain-door …



I was then back in the apartment, and two men came in, for some reason, neighbors, I think, to check me out or something? There was a very narrow clothes board, where two of my old pants were already hanging, obviously having been put there by the two young men who had delivered my stuff ahead to Vienna … and I realized that one was a pant that Bob had worn, and the other was also – real life – familiar, kind of olive green.

So the horizontal thing in the clothes board was broken, and the two guys offered to help and fix it. But I kept thinking that I had to change the position of that armoir, as there was no space to even move in front of it to put clothes. I kept thinking all the time that this was not the right apartment for me after all, because it was also dark, and I was wondering if there was mold and spiders and such.

poisoned him! And the neighbors were very suspicious of me, and I seemed to not be able to close off my apartment towards the big corridor properly, as that dark glass door, that all had, was kind of too small or broken. And adjacent to that glass door right in front of that strange tall and way too narrow armoir, was my bedroom. And it was separated from the outer wall and the narrow alley behind it by just a glass door and a curtain! And I regretted so baldy to have left my place in Carinthia – and in my dream I was thinking of the real-life place where I am now! – because I knew there would be no way to sleep in peace, as I would hear all sounds from the corridor and the people walking by.

So I looked and found that dream entry **– it was on the 21st anniversary of Bob and I meeting, on May 16, 23 – and it ALREADY was a dream in a dream where I knew in the dream that I had been there in another dream! So it is a triple recognition of a place!**

While dreaming I thought "wow, that is strange that I am back here … why? Is that a real place of sorts? I remember exactly what the outdoors looked like behind that apartment building in my dream … they have not changed … but I have forgotten some of the story details of that dream. Just the place was so "real" and familiar in my dream. I don't know where we came from when we walked through that alley, in a city, that's for sure. It was kind of rainy (it rained on May 16 when I dreamed it, and it rained tonight, too!) I just was so stunned to recognize the door and the entrance of that pub right next door …

Maybe it has to do with my visit with CH last night – where I realized so strongly, that she is from a different world, and *I am NOT supposed to interact with her anymore*, it is a horrible waste of my time and energy. It was only about the dog, and about him I must do something. CH is talking exactly (!) the same things she was all about when I met her first, two years ago, it is like no time has passed, she simply is as fucked up as ever in her mind. I was so repelled, I can still feel it in my stomach.

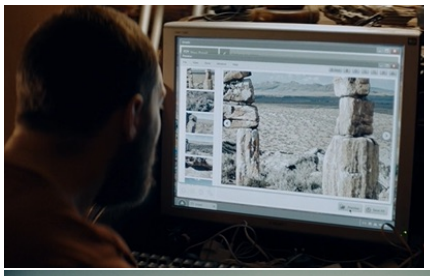
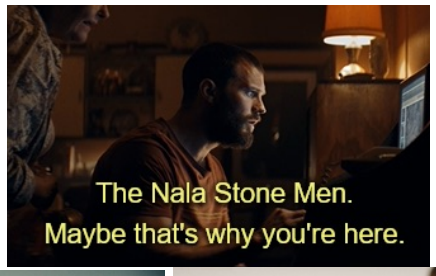
I even "chatted" with ***Fe Fischer*** today, who died years ago and through whom I got Jacqui, that she and / or Edith please receive Pauli if he should go over the rainbow bridge, because this

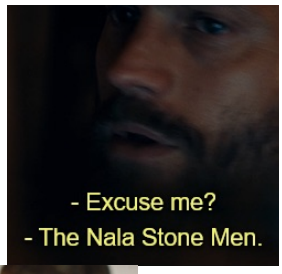
dog sure has a personality after all he had to go through, living with three mentally ill people ... He is now 15, and he should deserve a ilfe without distress.

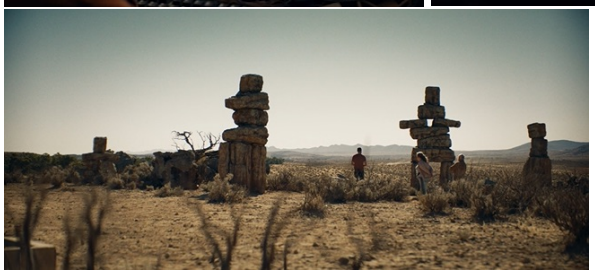
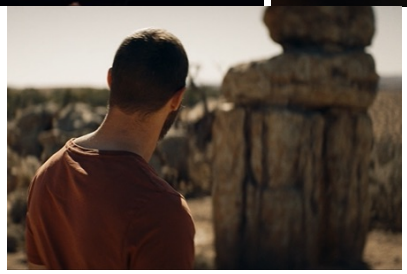
("Fe" died just a month before Bob did ...)

January 7, 2024 – **The Stone Men!**

Wowza ... I watched some random TV-series last night, "The Tourist" with Jamie Dornan, but I couldn't stand it, after the first minutes ... and so I read up on it and just opened another episode and clicked somewhere ... and there they were: "STONE MEN"! Seriously! At first, I thought I didn't hear right ... I googled something else while watching with one ear and eye, when I heard "Stoneman" ... and I was baffled shitless.



January 8, 2024

Waiting for mom while she was at the psychologist (where she complained about me right away and had no insight into her actual situation), I came across a very similar mosaic kind of sphere like the one I had found at Griffen years ago …

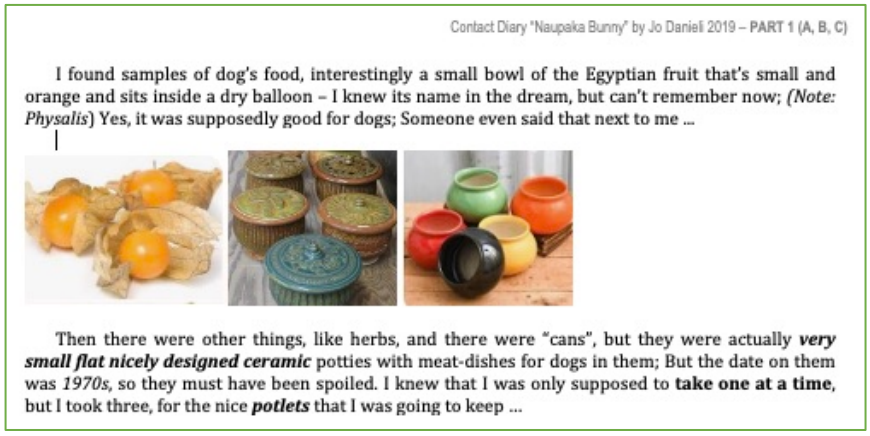
January 14, 2024 – **Time Synchronicity!**

Oh wow! As soon as I get more into working on the Contact Diary, I already get to face the magic of it all! I found a strange piece of colorful **pottery** on lake Hafner See the other day, but I don't remember when, I think it was last Wednesday. I took it with me, dirty as it was, as it seemed to have some "pull" to it. I thought I had photographed it, but somehow I don't find an image from outside ... I do remember having very cold fingers, though ... so I photographed it today.

A day later I took an abandoned, quite weather worn bird's nisting case with me, cleaned and dried it, will put it out there, somewhere ...

So today, after having – again! – watched movies last night instead of working on my contact diary to finally finish it and send it off! – I did pick up editing the ***first chapter*** of this work ... and even though I wanted to go through wiki wiki, fast, I did read it in detail.

Promptly I got to an amazing dream ... can't believe it's so long ago .... because reading it, I immediately recalled it in details! It is like I really experienced the dream events, and this doesn't happen with every dream.



Contact Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019 – PART 1 (A, B, C)

I found samples of dog's food, interestingly a small bowl of the Egyptian fruit that's small and orange and sits inside a dry balloon – I knew its name in the dream, but can't remember now; *(Note: Physalis*) Yes, it was supposedly good for dogs; Someone even said that next to me ...

Then there were other things, like herbs, and there were "cans", but they were actually ***very small flat nicely designed ceramic*** potties with meat-dishes for dogs in them; But the date on them was *1970s*, so they must have been spoiled. I knew that I was only supposed to **take one at a time**, but I took three, for the nice ***potlets*** that I was going to keep ...

And today, revising chapter 1 – that amazing dream reloaded! AND: **It deals with colorful pottery**! Little round potlets, I called them! And that is what I found! But not just last week, also also on January 1, 2024, at Aich ... the *pottery ashtray* on a table!

There are no odds! Because: Check out the "**painting**" that I finished last night (I started it weeks ago)! It's small scale and done with felt-tip pens, ... just for me to not do nothing while watching crappy crime online.

See the lines and the colors of the pottery? And I only "put it together" where I had seen those lines on the pottery I found at the lake when I revised chapter 1 of this Contact Diary today and ended up reading about my dream of February 2019, when I still lived in Vienna ... and had dreamed of Edith and of pottery.

Oh – something else just caught my eye ... I had written about that dream in February 2019:

"... huge room packed with stuff and boxes on shelves and on the ground, up to the wooden ceiling/roof-structure"...

Now: **My mother had just last week upset me greatly** by saying to the therapist in her usual hateful way that **in my apartment, "the dishes are stacked from the floor to the ceiling"**. Wow. I thought, what a strange expression. And here it is again – in the description of my dream … and I revisited it today, revising that chapter!

I should have revised it last week when my mom actually said it, bringing me close to tears, because it is not true at all. She only wanted to say something nasty about me … typical behavior of a demented person towards her caregiver … but to find this utterance reflected back to me as a time-synchronicity **… it puts everything into a totally different perspective.**

Also … I watched a bit of a crime series, „Wind River", and there was such a haunting text in a song … just reflecting my flaring up grief over losing Bob …

- I guard every memory of you.
- (SOBBING)
And when I find myself frozen
in the mud of the real,
far from your loving eyes...
I will return to this place,
close mine,
and take solace in the simple
perfection of knowing you.

January 16, 2024 **– „MED 8"**

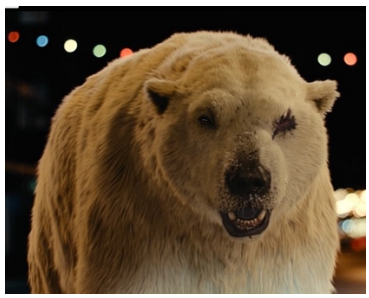
The times of „Wow" have begun again, I think.

I cancelled my dentist appointment today, just did not feel like exposing myself to that stress, after a tough time with mom the day before at the psychologist. Mom told the psychiatrist that I needed to be admitted to the psycho clinic because I think she is forgetful. And that when she can't remember from one day to the next … anything.

Instead, I took the doggy boys and drove to lake Hafnersee around noon. My appointment should have been at 1 pm. And I was just driving towards back home, when on the empty country road a car came from the other direction, with the license plate number **„808 DI“** and right after it: **„MED 8“** – and it was 1.08 pm. This means, I should have been at the tooth doctor for eight minutes … and „med“ for „medicine“ or „medical“ really struck me as an amazing hint.

Well, there is another meaning to the „medicine“: I know what I have to take, but I should, because what is going on in my abdomal area – could kill me. I know and feel it.

I watched the first episode of season 4 of *„True Detective*“, and I do not like it at all, but an ice bear showed up, with some mythical meaning … and it reminded me immediately of my grandmother, who asked me to bring her a toy ice bear when she was in the old aged home.

Watch Series Home / Watch Series / True Detective / Season 4, Episode 1 : Night Country - Part 1
About True Detective Season 4, Episode 1 : Night Country - Part 1


January 17, 2024 **– The Red Heart & the Diamond!**

Took mom to the bank and shopping … and I was baffled shitless when I a truck turned onto the road where we were – with a **square with an emerging red heart on it!**

That is exactly what I had just created as an illustration of the visionary event of years back in the Contact Diary section that I am editing right now, in February 2019 …

February 10, 2019 – **Light as canvass**

(Original diary entry)

Dream of Serge King, standing in a wide, low meadow, playing the noseflute and someone commenting on it. (*Note: I can't recall that dream in any detail.)*

Back from walk with acquaintance G. and her dog Maro, I read on "The Unobstructed …", and I felt a very strong need to let my thoughts wander, as they were on Maui and in the house, on beaches and in all kinds of situations. Memories popped up out of the blue, of places that I hadn't thought of for a long time (Lahaina royal grounds of the mo'okuauhau, fishing beach below runway …)

I lied down … and I thought I was sleeping … but I came back to half-sleep-half-aware state, and suddenly, although my eyes were closed, **a very bright light spread INSIDE my closed eyes**, but it was like my eyes were wide open, and I could "consciously" observe that light spreading, it was yellow-white and very comfortable to look at.

I had been reading about a comfortable white light in near-death-experiences … but no "tunnel" appeared, but a kind of a wooden board that filled my field of vision. And on it – **a read heart appeared**, as if someone was painting it there, or as if it was a wet spot that pushed through (*Note: As if the heart was of invisible red ink that now appeared*), but before it was complete, it disappeared again!

I "woke up", and had such an intense feeling that this had *not* been "me"! It felt like a form of communication. (*Note: On March 12 I would actually find a "red heart"!)*

See for yourself! I was really surprised and baffled. Also, I had noted that there was a movie with the title „The Bear" I wanted to watch. And on that truck the word „Bär" meaning „bear" was written, too.

And then, just a minute lager, I saw a van with a **diamond image** on its side driving into the shopping place's parking lot right in front of me and mom! And I had also just come across the entry about having found a crystal and a diamond!

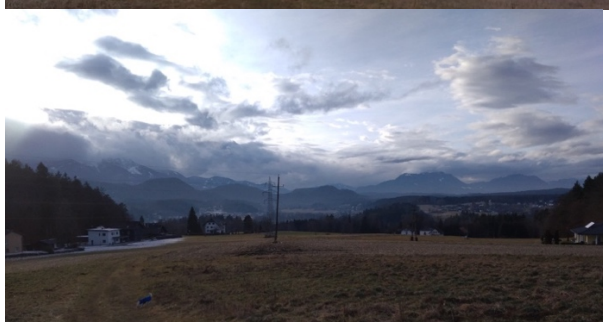
<u>This is time synchronicity at its best!</u>

Plus, I found the number 30 on the ground, but no idea what that relates to. Maybe it relates to you, the reader …?

I am on, again, or still. Is this hinting at me as a response to my question where I should turn, actually?

I have found a jar of amazing salsa among my reserves … and eating it with chips – on flashing back to eating chips with salsa in Bob's edit room while watching „Dexter" so hard … sometimes it's even hard to imaging that I had a different life than this one now.

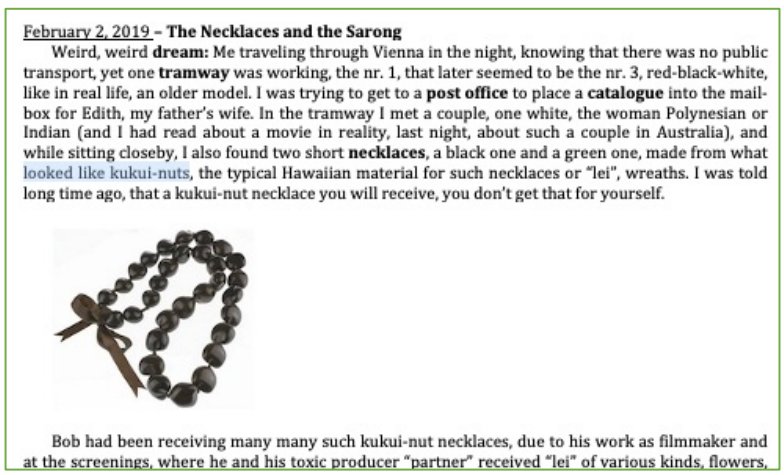
These days, there are nice cloud formations above the places where my two dogs and I keep walking … it calms me down, to look out into the far … I just know that I cannot stand this love-less life of mine – except for my dogs! – anymore. Looking back at my horrible childhood and how my parents are treating me now … even though it's not their fault, maybe.



January 18, 2024 **– Hawaii & the Kukui Nut Lei & Bob ALIVE**

Oh wow – it goes on!

And how! Last night I watched a weird show entitled „*Mrs. Davis*" – something actually very imaginative and fun, Bob would have like it … and there was a cart with a ***Hawaiian guy who was selling shave ice!*** And he was wearing the **kukui nut garland** that I had just read about in part one of this CD, and I had googled a kukui nut „lei" and put the image in:



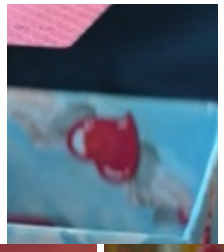
February 2, 2019 – **The Necklaces and the Sarong**

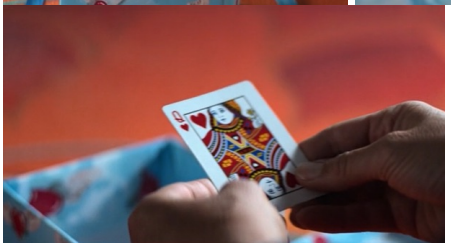
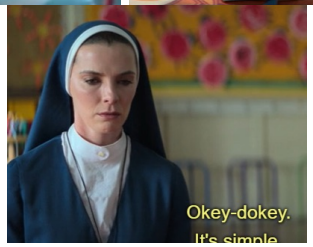
Weird, weird **dream:** Me traveling through Vienna in the night, knowing that there was no public transport, yet one **tramway** was working, the nr. 1, that later seemed to be the nr. 3, red-black-white, like in real life, an older model. I was trying to get to a **post office** to place a **catalogue** into the mail-box for Edith, my father's wife. In the tramway I met a couple, one white, the woman Polynesian or Indian (and I had read about a movie in reality, last night, about such a couple in Australia), and while sitting closeby, I also found two short **necklaces**, a black one and a green one, made from what looked like kukui-nuts, the typical Hawaiian material for such necklaces or "lei", wreaths. I was told long time ago, that a kukui-nut necklace you will receive, you don't get that for yourself.

Bob had been receiving many many such kukui-nut necklaces, due to his work as filmmaker and at the screenings, where he and his toxic producer "partner" received "lei" of various kinds, flowers,

And there now was the Hawaiian man wearing a kukui nut „lei“!
What are the odds? None!

Also, the „heart“ appeared …



Because: This morning I woke up after having the **most amazing dream** in a looooong time. **Bob was there**. **Bob was resurrected.** He was alive. He was with me, and we touched and kissed each other. So here it goes:

I was on a traveling endeavor somewhere, but it was not in Hawaii. But I knew it had something to do with Bob. I ended up in some kind of settlement on a South-facing hill, and there was a building … with a nice couple in there and, I want to say, an oler woman, and maybe some other people. Higher up on that hill was a wooden house, a small one, like a shack almost. So after chatting about something with those people in that house, I hiked up there, to the small house. I knew I had to go somewhere else, but still I wanted to check out that house. Bob was a topic of conversation with those people, I remember that vaguely, and it was about him being dead.

So I was baffled when I came to that ***shack*** – and already outside there were many ***photographs*** and some kind of glass-covered slots with ***things*** inside – ***and they all had belonged to Bob.*** I don't remember what they were exactly, but I turned to the people who came right after me, and I said that it was so strange that Joyce, Bob's sister, didn't actually clean out housie properly after Bob's death. So that now so many things were still out there. And I had had no idea, and it had taken me years to come there to see this.

And the next thing I know – I look up – **and Bob was coming right from behind that shack towards us.**

I didn't even know what to say. He was wearing a blue maybe jeans shirt, and he was Bob … just like Bob … and I think I even said that out loud, in my dream, but maybe I was sleep talking … because I was so baffled. It was so real. Except that *Bob was two heads shorter than he had been in real life*. He was a bit shorter than me, and I am 172 cm tall.

I said ***„This is Bob, how can that be?"*** And I greeted him, and embraced him and he was just like he had always been. He appeared to be strangely serious, almost grumpy, with a tinge of surprise in his demeanor, too. And as I held him embraced, and he was barely my height, I thought that I should not hurt his feelings, so I tried to say something nice about his new height, and I said something like ***„Oh nice, now I can hold you so much better …"*** But I shut up right away, afraid to having said something wrong … Bob was at the same time close so that I could hold him, but ever again I saw him stand and walk further up on the hill next to that house, and he appeared taller then. He seemed aware how strange it was that he was there and alive.

And I woke up!

And I remembered right away that I had just been with Bob! So I said, in real life, „No! I need to go back there! I need more of Bob!" But I went to the bathroom, then lied back down – and *I dreamed on immediately!*

I said to those people, but more in my mind than actually speaking, that how could it possibly be that Bob's body was there again, as his corpse had been burned. And Bob himself – with his lovely hair and handsome face – made some kind of grimace that expressed something like ***„Yes, that's not the nicest of topics", and he looked as if he wasn't even happy to be alive again and with me and there, with us!***

Yet – he had something to do, he had a very busy air around him and he immediately began to do something. With his hands, but I don't remember a tool or anything. It was typical Bob, always busy, always in some way occupied with stuff … never really „here" …

I knew I had to work with him on whatever he was about to do. So we interacted a bit, me mainly walking around in awe and surprise and disbelief … because I had mourned him so hard, and yet, there he was. So it was possible that his body had … become whole again?

How? It did not occur to me in the dream that we were likely in another realm … and even if we were, still, there was the „old" mortal Bob right in front of me … but clearly, a bit like „clone", as his body had a different size …

And eventually I ended up right in front of him … and I think he did look at me directly. And I thought that it was high time for us to express our love for each other, and dammit, ***this was Bob! I wanted to kiss him***, hold him, be with him! It was a miracle! So suddenly we stood facing each other – and we decided to kiss and puckered up, and our lips really touched. And in my dream I thought that I did not want to tongue-kiss Bob, it did not feel enticing to me … it had not in some years of our real life relationship, when we had grown apart. I didn't want the whole saliva exchange with him in my dream … and at the same time I felt bad about thinking that

So we did kiss twice with puckered lips … and it was nice … a bit fun, too. He seemed to cheer up some.

I just kept being so baffled, and I asked Bob how it could be that he was here … and he shrugged his shoulders, and by his expression I could tell that he wanted to let us know that this wasn't something he enjoyed … or was sure about himself.

I woke up after the second kiss.

And I was so touched and stirred up.

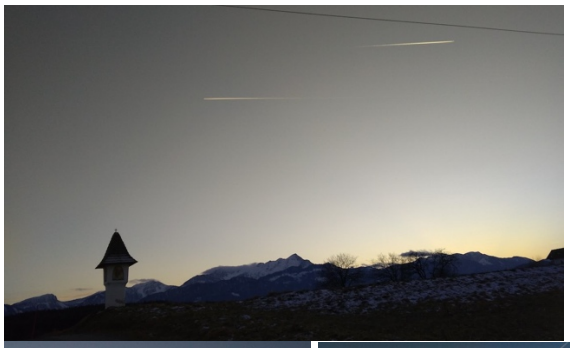
I have not ever dreamed anything like this before.

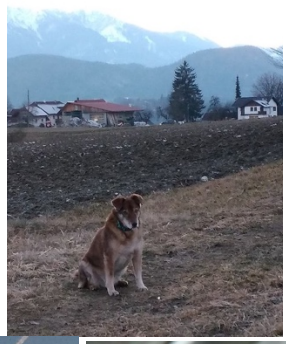
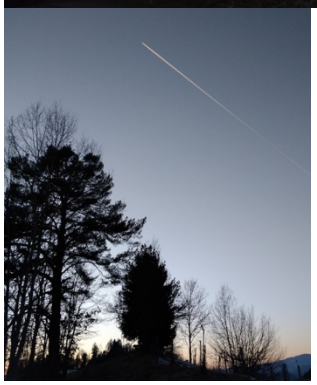
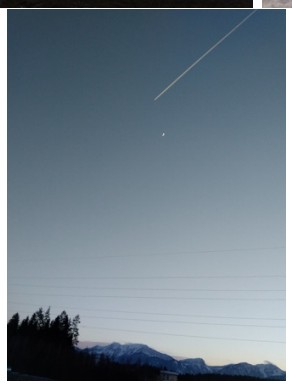
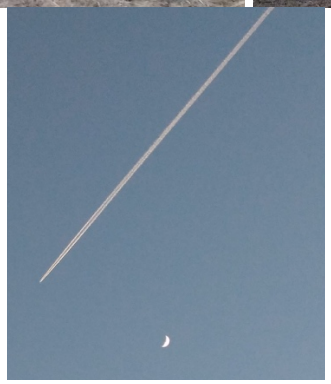
So later today, as I was driving to Villach to shop and see a new lawyer (I need to do something about the situation with my father), I was thinking **<u>that this dream maybe meant that Bob did not want to be in my realm</u>** … ***that I should stop doing that intense communicating –*** *again**?*** Or maybe it was not that. I don't know. I need Bob to tell me what that dream meant. And his ways, his strange distant behavior.

So I have been really working to get better physically, yesterday, I did some infrared lamp treatment, even, it felt good. Today I feel better. Visited my mom, today, found her so frail and weird and loony, also nasty to me, really nasty … Oh my, I am afraid what's gonna come. But I will try to make her feel well, brought her a snack and a new lounge pants.

Driving back, right after the lawyer visit (I like her), I was very stunned to encounter „**911 EI**" right away, and right after that „**910 FI**", and right after that „**222 FF**". The last one seemed to mean „222" as being the „house of laughter" and „FF" meaning „forward" that „ich werde zuletzt lachen", a German saying expressing that I will win, after all, meaning, that my father will not get away with his abuse and betrayal.

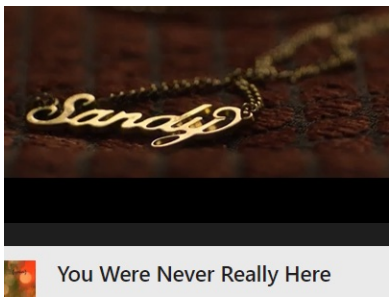
Wow.
Very intense, it all. I did get a gift of a „good luck" guy from my neighbors for New Year.



Plus:
Anthony Hopkins appeared in a dream in the last days … and promptly, I looked at the trailer of a new film – and there he was, speaking the part of a robot with antlers! Geez!

Last, but not least – ***„Sky sharks“*** in the movie „Flightplan“ … but on the ground … as imagined by a movie character … just to remind me of Bob and myself sitting on the lanai and watching the planes over Kahului airport. Those were the days, Bob. You can't imagine how much I miss them. And, the name „Sandy“ in the movie „You were never really here.“ Sandy is the name of my father's dog … and I am so worried about that poor animal.



<u>January 19, 2024</u>

Snow. The second time this winter, first time this year.

I took a long walk in the morning, in the quiet, dense snowfall, fields and forest, and I got to quiet my mind a bit. Back home preparing my breakfast, it suddenly hit me, that even though I had created the first and original concept of the docu projekt „Taylor Camp“ that cost Bob's life, pretty much, I have no writer's or editor's credits in the film. Bob did not give them to me, his producer didn't. It was due to me all along. Had I been credited with the basic story and all the work I did for months, my life as a filmmaker would have taken off. Bob prevented it. Jealously? Was he really a mean ass?

I keep seeing his grumpy face that has appeared in my dreams often … does he want me to finally SEE how things really were between us? How he hindered me by being such a broken soul and fucked up personality, violent and hiding it well? He gave me a hard time from the beginning, after the first blissful months. MONTHS, just months. Then his rage outbreak before we drove to the chocolate exhibition … and then he would never be really there for me – as who I was. Only what suited him in his pursuit of self-sabotage and procrastination.

That seems so harsh even for me writing it. But I am afraid I am getting somewhere. The Aquarian age is affecting me already. I only must decide what to make of myself after all.

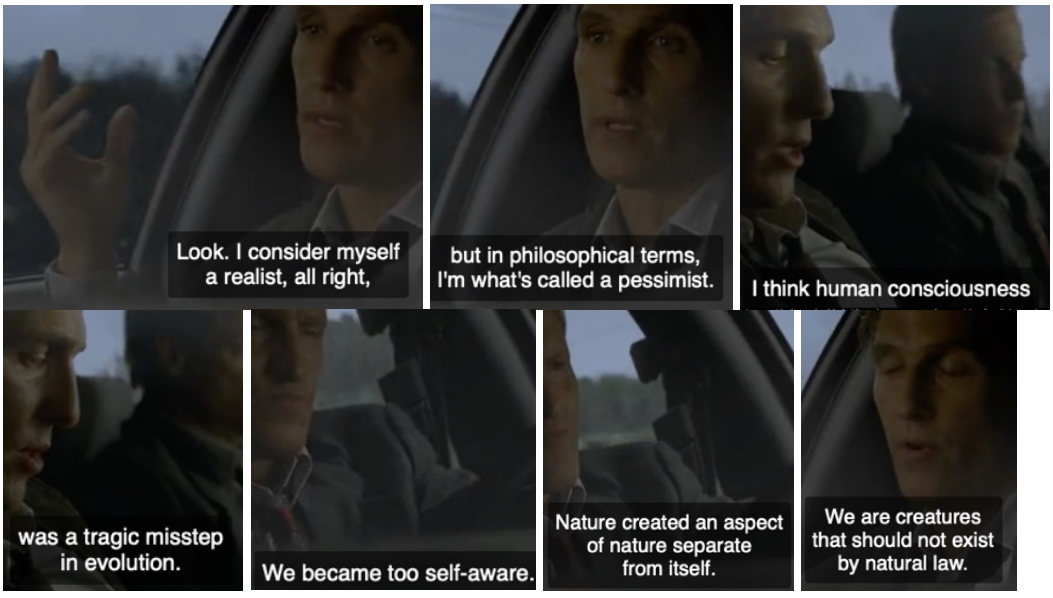
Met a woman who I went to school with in my early teenage years. Oh wow. Decades. And I kind of „saw“ the huge mountain of life experience all over the world I have behind me. She seemed … I don't know, kind of critical of me … strangely, for the first time in years I had put a colored lip stick on because I was on the way to the lawyer. And how odd! I, who doesn't wear make-up ever, felt „different“ with the hint of „rose“ on my lips … confident.

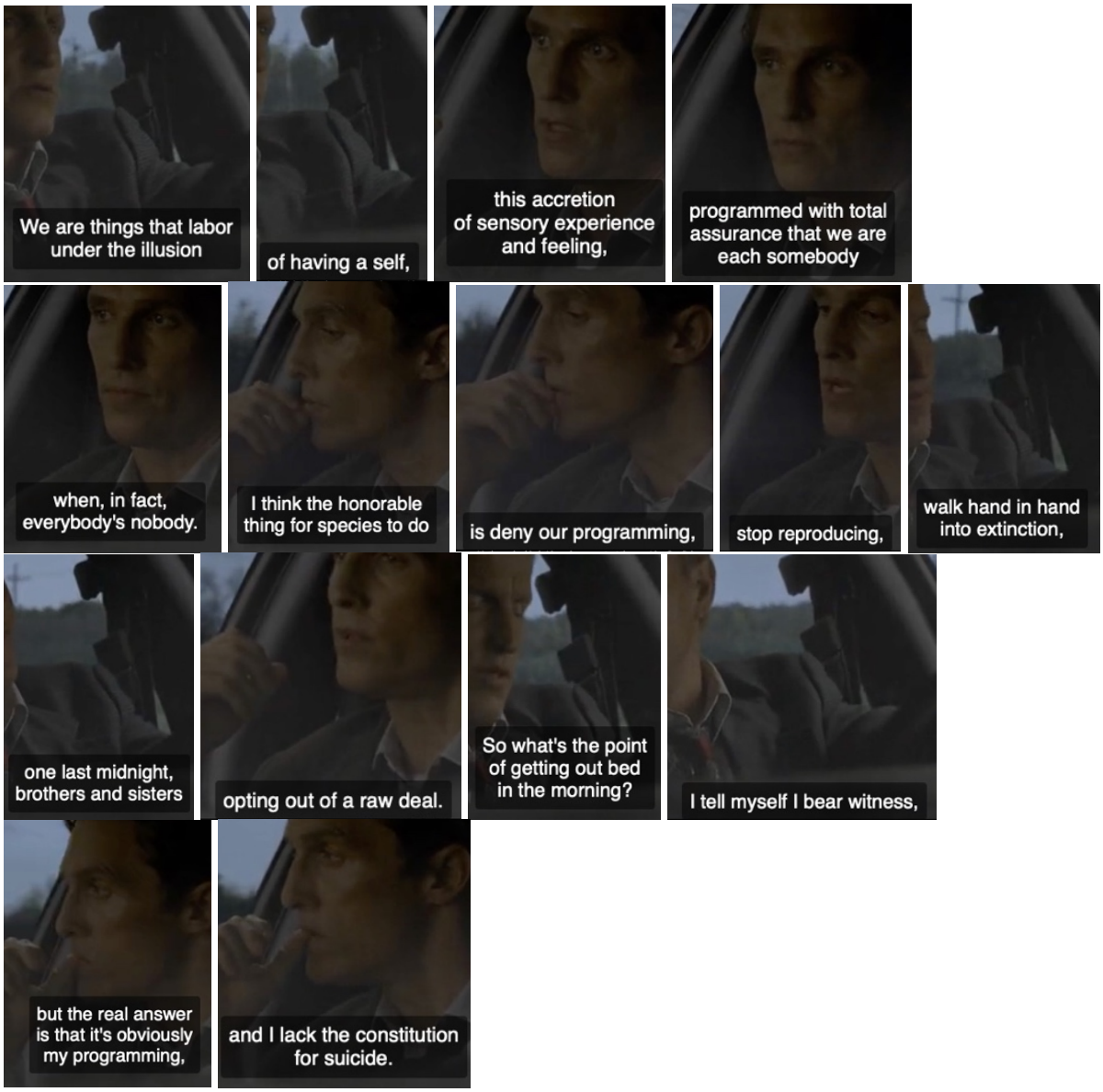
I should work on „Mothership“. I should.

(Later)

I took the boys out in the snowy forest again, not visiting mom today, and chatting with her on the phone, I felt how deep my distress really is – about being despised by her, and my father. I saw myself in the mirror today. I am officially old now.

For some reason I put on the season 1 episode 1 of „**True Detective**“ while having lunch, and I couldn't even finish the episode, so I read up on the ending. And it turns out, exactly that is what „is for me“: One of the characters with a horrible attitude towards the meaning of life at the beginning – that put me off so greatly – absolutely ***changed his view of the human existence after a near death experience***. Here it is.

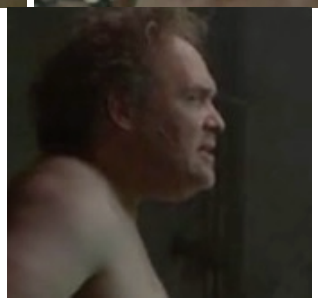

Look. I consider myself a realist, all right,
but in philosophical terms, I'm what's called a pessimist.
I think human consciousness
was a tragic misstep in evolution.
We became too self-aware.
Nature created an aspect of nature separate from itself.
We are creatures that should not exist by natural law.


We are things that labor under the illusion
of having a self,
this accretion of sensory experience and feeling,
programmed with total assurance that we are each somebody
when, in fact, everybody's nobody.
I think the honorable thing for species to do
is deny our programming,
stop reproducing,
walk hand in hand into extinction,
one last midnight, brothers and sisters
opting out of a raw deal.
So what's the point of getting out bed in the morning?
I tell myself I bear witness,
but the real answer is that it's obviously my programming,
and I lack the constitution for suicide.

You will see what I mean … it is another emphasis on the direction that I might have to choose.

I want to beat my father with his own means, in terms of him disinheriting me, for no reason, only because he is a sick fuck, also not his fault, and I will free myself from being hurt by my mother … I will figure out how to get my screenwriting work to the right people … and then „imua“. My body is aging so fast, I don't have much time. It would be nice to have a lover. Yes, seriously. For some energetic body work. But there is virtually no way for me to find a suiting man. Anyway.

Yeah … yuck, but – wow! The actual killer JUST lo***oks like the guy who my father is „addicted" to, the one who he wants to leave everything to instead of to me*** … the hotelier from Lake Klopeinersee … V. P.! JUST THAT FACE! Geez, that's … just … don't even know what to say.



Yeah. That's the guy. A spitting image of that fucker.
„True Detective" just delivered such an unexpected hint … thanks y'all.

<u>January 21, 2024</u>

Sunny snow-Sunday … walks with the boys, no call from mom … too little writing, watching „Nip/Tuck" reflecting of my years with Bob watching it.

January 24, 2024
Lake Hafnersee is frozen. Strange to think that I swam in it.

January 26, 2024 – **The Big Hair View**

Things have been so intense with my mother – in just can't stand her hateful attitude towards me anymore, her hateful glances, her willingness to lash out at me at any opportunity … I am now at a crossroads and will need to distance myself. I have panic attacks and pain in many spots, let alone what's going on with the growths in my body which I can keep in check when I am well. Haven't been well for a while.

Took a walk with Jacqui alone, while Tino was with my neighbor, an elderly woman, Ingrid, who loves him.

But the messages and hints keep coming … just amazing license plate numbers, but I have not gotten around to write them down.

Memorable from the last days and baffling as always:

I ***„received" from Bob the image of a head of messy tousled dark hair*** <u>seen from above</u>, just the other day, when I asked him to let me know if he is still around … and I thought, well, that is for sure not anything that will ever appear in my life. Sure enough … I watched, on whim giving in to a strange sudden recollection of watching it with Bob – ***„Nip/Tuck"***, and there it was! What I had „received" as an inner image: **That head of hair!** Unmistakably, and very unusual … and my heart literally jumped.

Joy? Maybe? Satisfaction? Yes, but more bafflement again – because it just always works. ***<u>IT ALWAYS WORKS.</u>*** I mean – look at that! A day *before* I was going to watch this – by chance! ***– I saw that head of tousled hair in an above-view*** already „on the palm of my hand" as a vision REQUESTED from Bob to let me know that we are still „on".

We are. Fuck we are.

<u>January 27, 2024</u> **– A Soul Mate?**

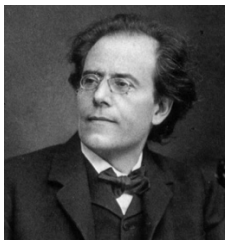
Saturday again. No snow. Sun. Weird „winter".

Came across a wonderful quote, Margaret Cameron wrote in „The Seven Purposes":

"I am nearer you now than I have ever been before, but the price of that is apparent separation."

And that after an amazing encounter yesterday: I took a walk at lake Hafnersee with my two boys, and just ready to leave, my phone rang – and a man by the name of ***Peter G. Mahler*** called – in American English! My lose acquaintance, the opera singer, who I had met in the forest several times, Marilene, had given him my number – and he asked if I could help him with video production, for a play he wants to have filmed or made into a film and put online. Wow. Of course I can NOT the fuck do this. But the conversation was spirited and interesting, I did not hold back. And he went with it. He

is a quite famous artist, it turned out, from New York and Gmünd/Carinthia, and a remote relative of the famous composer Gustav Mahler.



The special point here is that I had cmoplained so bitterly with Bob that I really have nobody in this mortal realm to confide in, to speak with – in English. And bam! An American calls me – and I have been watching some episodes of „*The Americans*“ just yesterday again. I was even surprise about myself, because it’s such a throwback to my time with Bob … and then, the first thing I see beginning an hour of revising work is the above quote …

Here is the entire part of the book by Cameron, that I just encountered this morning … and it is just so very telling. Should this guy be someone to confide in? No idea.

> A little later he said of his father: "He will discover that I am more a force than ever, and then he will be as proud as men who have sons 'over there.'… Should you prefer a son in the trenches or in the place of accomplished peace?… I am nearer you now than I have ever been before, but the price of that is apparent separation. Your life knows no such companionship as ours can be now, but that, is possible only at the cost of apparent and visible contact. This is gain, not loss. You are questioning that, but trust me. I know. You can't even guess what this means to all of us, Sis and Babe and Dad and you and FREDERICK."

(„The Seven Purposes“, M. Cameron)

Oh wow. I feel oddly inspired. I would not ever enter any discussion about whether or not it is „real“ what I am experiencing with Bob, but I would like this man to read it all. If he wants to be friends with me, he must. If not, no connection and no interest from my side.

> "But there's no hurry," he went on. "We've all eternity together now…. Only one thing can separate us. If you doubt my existence, I shall still exist, but your doubt will destroy the thread that links us like a telegraph—wire, only more closely and warmly. So you must not backslide, for my sake as well as your own."

I read his concept for that play he wants to get filmed – it is very well-meaning, deeply spiritual and philosophical, very naive, and the concept was written by my arch-enemy ChatGPT. The guy, Peter, had said, when I mentioned that the ladies in the agency I work for are using the AI for making texts, that he did also, and that the AI „will lie to you to think you are his friend“. Jesus. I went to check some examples of the writing skills of this „robot“ ChatGPT – and it is stunning and scary all at once.

So from what I read I now know exactly why I was going nuts over the strangeness of texts I received for editing. They were written entirely by ChatGPT. I will need to have a talk with my „boss“. I am not willing to „explain“ everything anymore regarding texts that an AI wrote.

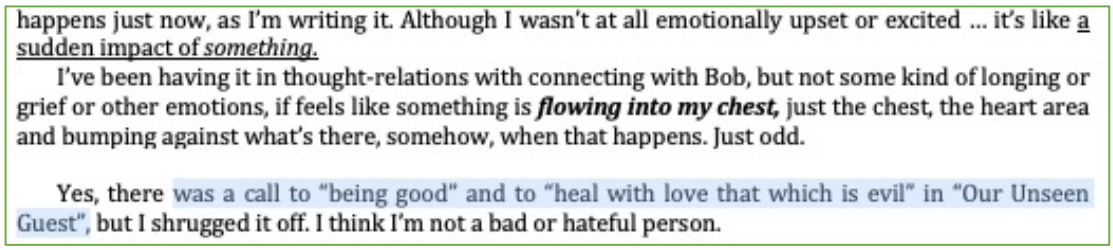
And what **dreams** tonight! Quite dreadful, having to do with my ***last school day*** coming up, and I realized that my place in the classroom was ful with ***stuff*** that I couldnot possibly clear out

the next day. So I tried to collect things to haul them out of the school, and there was also food, weirdly, something with cooked meat, and it seemed the more I tried the more stuff there was …

And somehow I was under water, in some kind of training situation, and a person gave a mouth-to-mouth rescue treatment to a child to demonstrate how to rescue a drowning child … it was all gloomy and odd and stressful and dramatic in that dream. I have dreamed before, over the years, of my last school day (as an adult, mind you, at the age of 19 when there really was my last day of school ever in June 1983), and even of a similar or even the same class room or school location. There were also dreams of flodding and danger of drowning in those school dreams, several times … me climbing on tables and knowing I could escape through the windows, but I was held back by someone else who could not … along those lines.

Very strange it all. I woke up because of gruesome backpain on the right side where I had strained the spot yesterday, making my bed …

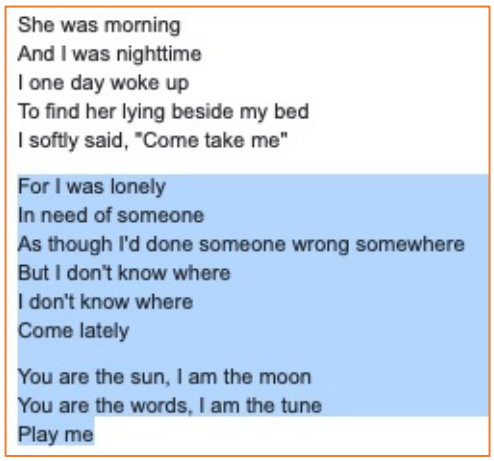
I have a hard time dealing with my hateful mother who is losing her mind … and just now, editing the first part of this C. D. ***I came across a quote from „Our Unseen Guest“*** from February 19, 2019:


happens just now, as I'm writing it. Although I wasn't at all emotionally upset or excited ... it's like a sudden impact of *something.*

I've been having it in thought-relations with connecting with Bob, but not some kind of longing or grief or other emotions, if feels like something is ***flowing into my chest,*** just the chest, the heart area and bumping against what's there, somehow, when that happens. Just odd.

Yes, there was a call to "being good" and to "heal with love that which is evil" in "Our Unseen Guest", but I shrugged it off. I think I'm not a bad or hateful person.

Okay. Will try. Some more.

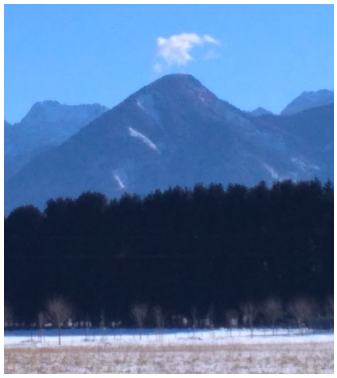

She was morning
And I was nighttime
I one day woke up
To find her lying beside my bed
I softly said, "Come take me"

For I was lonely
In need of someone
As though I'd done someone wrong somewhere
But I don't know where
I don't know where
Come lately

You are the sun, I am the moon
You are the words, I am the tune
Play me

Yes, that's how it all was.

I don't know why, but thinking of Bob I looked up the lyrics of ***„Play me“*** … and realized I had been ignoring other verses … and yet, they are just speaking for Bob, so clearly. Miss you.



January 28, 2024, Sunday – **Time Synchronicity – The Marble & the Eyes**

Managed to do some editing work on this C. D. chapter one – and only today I realized something in the entry of March 24, 2019 – an aspect of synchronicity that I didn't see back then!

January 30, 2024 – **The Day I Did Not Transition**

Today was the second day since Bob's death that I could have died. But – just yesterday, after a chat with CH, I decided that of course it is not my time yet, in spite of all the hardships and frustrations, and that I do want to live some more in this mortal plane.

And today, it happened: **I had a split second to save my life – and I had that second, because I was looking at – a cloud.**

I had a dentist appointment today at 1 p.m., but before that, I wanted to give my 2 boys a nice walk up at Aich meadow in the sun. It was a strange kind of internal struggle which road to take, and I thought I'll take the safer one.

So I went East to Augsdorf and took the sharp turn South-West in the needle bend next to the „Geschmackssache" restaurant. I drove by the three horses and thought that it was strange that they could stand on the North side of the meadow where there was no more snow, in the warm sun, instead, they stood on the South side near the road in the shade in the snow.

A few seconds later, I saw a cute cloud left of me, the only cloud in the sky, and it was a bunch of two round loose white cotton wool pads … and from them, a sharp „arrow" or „spike" grew out straight pointing West. I was going East. So I had this moment with Bob and said „Well, if that's your way of saying to me that my teeth are going to look like this in an hour after having been filed into shapt to fit under the crowns and that you are with me – thank you!" I slowed down from already driving slowly, nearly into snail-speed and watched that spike grow and point. It was a strange sight. I thought for a moment to stop and photograph it, but I didn't want to waste time and get on that walk with Jacqui and Tino.

So because I had slowed down to look at the sharply pointed pike that grew out of the cloud, I was slower than usual on that one-lane country road, with gravel and ice on it … and I drove up that little hill through the forest close to my intended parking lot. There was a slight left-turn …

And a huge, tons-heavy tree-trunk transporter (without the tree trunks, but with the steel transport forks on half-height, it's called a „***logging forklift on a truck***") came speeding around the corner downhill, completely ignorant that there could be oncoming traffic – and there I was.

The steel spikes like the ones of a fork-lift but much bigger and stronger (for carrying loads of tree trunks) in the front, emptly, because no trunks loaded, came right at me – and while the driver tried to stop, but couldn't and slid along the road straight at me, across the gravel and the ice … and everything turned slow-motion:

(I took the pics of the location a few days later.) I saw the spike on the right edge coming directly at my window-shield and at my chest, and I did not even think about what to do, I steered towards the forest … while the driver pushed the breaks as much as he could, sverving (I didn't see whether or not there were any trunks loaded in the back) and at the same time I put in the rear-gear and drove backwards as fast as I could, while still backing into the forest. Thankfully, the gulch-area was a few meters behind me down the road, and there was no tree, so I did not hit anything, … and the driver of the huge truck managed to get the truck to slide by my car, and the steel spikes did not touch it – it was a matter of centimeters.

This was a few seconds, but looking back, it feels like it lasted for minutes.

We even looked at each other, in „gliding" by, both of us white hair, both grinning for some reason, and I stopped, put in first gear and drove a little curve into the edge of the forest where there was just enough space, and up the hill, and the truck drove on and away.

I hope that the driver learned something. So much for the „safer" road.

I think for the rest of my life I will see the outer-right-side steel spike come directly at me, and I almost saw and heard it break through my windshield and impale me.

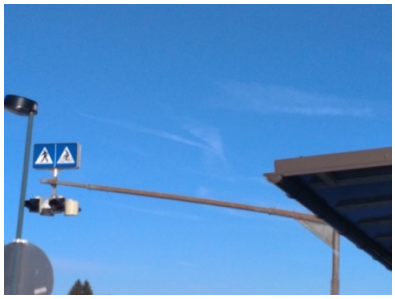
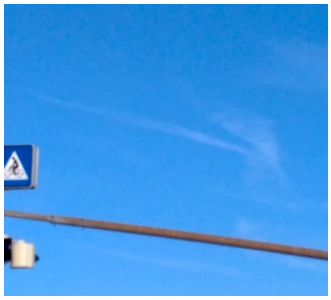
But it did not happen, because for some reason I acted so precisely and so fast, that I could drive backwards out of the reach of the monster so that it could slide by in that instant even though it was sverving, impossible for the driver to stop the monster in time.

I was not in a conscious-mind state in those seconds, but I was still „with Bob" and that strange spike-cloud … because I don't think that you can react properly if you try to think about what to do. So my life got saved by me paying attention to the spike-growing cloud – right before that potentially mortal spike „grew" out of nowhere right at me.

I should be dead right now.

Well. I am not.

Weirdly, driving back from my dentist ordeal, another cloud with a spike appeared – as if it was trying to give me the opportunity to photograph something similar than what I had seen at noon … but it took a minute for me to find a place to stop and photograph it.

Today I also remembered that a few days ago, there was some kind of stressful situation with my mom, and as I drove home from visiting her, a car with the license plate number „VL 302 FL“ came right at me. I remember thinking „Okay, that means that things can reverse really quickly“, and I thought that was strange. I did think that because my own license plate number is „VL 320 FL“. That's why.

There was something else very stunning yesterday, but I can't remember.
I have been having outrageously adventurous dreams in the last days, too.

So okay. I could have transitioned today, and I wouldn't have seen it coming. But I did not because I allowed myself to get into the „communication“-mode because of the cloud … and I reacted from a different place than the conscious one.

Imua, then. Imua.

February 2, 2024
Found a biscuit turtle at Rosegg … how odd.

February 3, 2024 – **The Orange Plush-Tiger**
Oh wow.
Synchronicity!
I decided to translate and revise a screenplay, the pilotfilm of my hybrid-sitcom-Reality-TV-format ***„Simple, Loose & Shallow“*** … because I have the opportunity to pitch it to a TV-network. So this afternoon, before meeting my old friend Martina at the local pizzeria „Ciao Ciao“, I did some editing work. And I came across a section where the female protagonist clutches and pats a „***plush tiger***“.

INT. MINNIES WOHNUNG / WOHNZIMMER - TAG
Minnie erhält eine Nachricht von Carlos.

Minnie liegt auf dem Teppich, starrt an die Decke, streich
gedankenverloren einen Plüschtiger. (Im Flur steht ein gef
Müllsack.)

Das Telefon klingelt (liegt neben Minnie), und Minnie grei
gedankenverloren danach, blickt auf das Display, blinzelt

INT. MINNIE'S HOME / LIVING-ROOM - DAY
Minnie receives a message from Carlos.

Minnie lies on the carpet, gazing at the ceiling, patting a
plush-tiger, lost in thoughts. (In the hallway stands a
stuffed garbage-bag.)

The phone rings (lying next to Minnie), and Minnie grabs it,
looks at the display, blinks, surprised, then drops the
phone, and sighs.

So after sitting with Martina at a corner table at the window for two hours, and elderly man sat down next to us. He ate some salad antipasto and then spaghetti carbonara (I think). After half an hour, a group of people came in, and they seemed surprised to see that man. In that group, a woman walked right by me and remained standing right next to me, and she even greeted me – and she was wearing: an orange plush jacket over leggings with tigers on them! Not tiger-striped, actual **cartoon tigers** where all over her leggings, right under the **orange plush jacket**. And I thought right away – ***„Wow, the plush-tiger has appeared!“***

And it has.

I have never ever seen tigers on a pants right next to my face work with a bright orange plush jacket – only after I had read my own script that mentioned a plush-tiger!

The odds?

None.

I had just told Martina that this series that I had concepted could be my break-through in the industry, if the folks who I'm about to pitch it to, will like it. And then – *the plush-tiger*!

This was no coincidence.

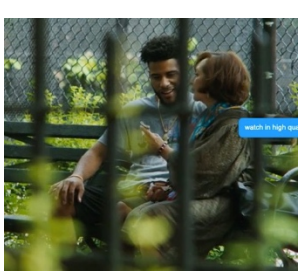
I looked around in the room for the woman, wanting to ask her for permission to photograph her outfit, but she had taken off the plush jacket and was sitting tucked behind a large table, so no way. That's why I had to google similar images, here they are.

Plus, I opened a website to check out what new movies are on it – and a series opened by itself, with the title ***„The Good Mothers“*** … about mafia. But what a title … when I am struggling so much with being exposed to a bitter and unloving mother whose caregiver I am.

Before all that … I saw amazing structures in the sky above Hafnersee …

February 4, 2024, Sunday – **The Elderly Woman Kissing the Young Man**

Worked on the translation – and actually complete revision – of the pilot film script for „Simple, Loose & Shallow“, and it's about an older woman who has a very young lover. So in the evening, after having come back from my mom to eat with her, because she simply wouldn't and send her meals on wheels back if left alone with it (and getting a hateful glance at leaving, when she thought I didn't see it, that got my blood to freeze in my veins … I just can't stand this anymore), I somehow saw that there is a new series „Mr. and Mrs. Smith“, and I thought I'd try an episode … only to see a scene early on of an older woman kissing a much younger man!



You barely ever see this anywhere, in any film.

But I did. During a break at working on my script about anolder woman with much younger lovers.

There!

February 7, 2024 **– Clairvoyance?**

Something strange happened. I was having a bit of a tough morning, because yesterday was a shit experience at the dentist, the injections hurt like hell … and I was disappointed that my mom didn't call at all, not once, to ask me how I was … and so the boys and I walked in the forest in the morning … and we took one of the small pathways where nobody ever walks. And as I watched Tino run ahead, *I suddenly had the impression of him standing in front of a tall person* who was coming along that path from the other direction … It was highly unlikely, but I called Tino and put him on the leash. Just that he would be safe if a dog would come …

There was nobody, though. But just a minute later – ***a woman showed up on that path!*** Right in front of us! She had red hair and freckles, and she was carrying a very small baby! I had „felt“ her presence before I could have possibly seen her. This has not happened ever in years … it did

happen once many years ago, but in a very clear way. With my first dog, Kimba. I was walking along a forest path, but in the other direction (today I walked towards East), and suddenly I saw a man with a long stick in front of my inner eye. And about three minute later, in that huge dense forest, on a remote path, a man with a long stick came towards me. It was like a projection of him had been present in my mind before the fact of the encounter. It was like this today, too.

Then, a few hours later, I drove up to Aich for a late-afternoon walk with the boys, and in front of my inner eye I „saw“ the car of CH turning in front of me into the road where I was turning. Where the near-fatal-event with the tree logging forklift-truck happened … but it was not her car anywhere near. A different car somewhere, a white one, but she has a dark blue one.

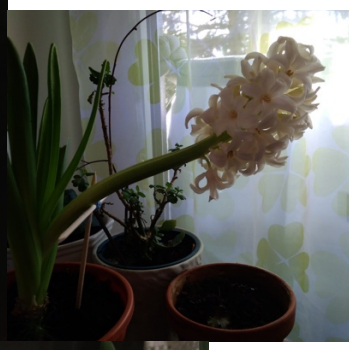
So I drove up to Aich, higher than I had intended - only to discover that CH’s car was standing in fact on the parking lot where I usually park!

I had also „seen“ it beforehand!

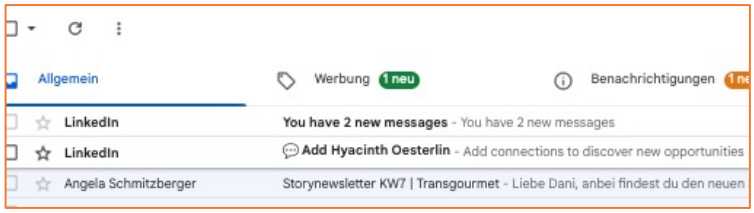
And then there was a third incident, I „saw“ a car coming in a narrow spot before it did – and I was already driving on the banks „for no reason“, and good thing I did.

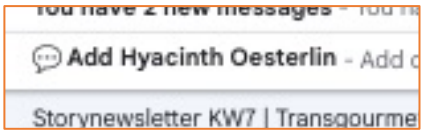
So I was very clairvoyant.

Also … I have been nursing a ***Hyacinth plant*** … the flower it became, just stunning.



I did think of the one perosn by the name of **Hyacinth** that I knew, the lovely sister of Lance Lumsden. And sure enough … she – exactly her! – was suggested to me as an acquaintance!


Allgemein
Werbung 1 neu
Benachrichtigungen
LinkedIn
You have 2 new messages - You have 2 new messages
LinkedIn
Add Hyacinth Oesterlin - Add connections to discover new opportunities
Angela Schmitzberger
Storynewsletter KW7 | Transgourmet - Liebe Dani, anbei findest du den neuen



<u>February 8, 2024</u>

I had a horrible day yesterday, out with my mother, I tried to chat with her, involve her talking so that she exercises her brain … and she didn't give a shit about what I said, did not listen to a word. And I so had it. I was so heartbroken by the hateful icecold glances she gave me … and I couldn't even look at her anymore, so that I wouldn't lose it. Those narcissist psychopath relish in seeing others cry, and she won't get that satisfaction from me.

I did cancel the meeting today between her, me and the new dementia memory trainer, Barbara. Barbara was nice enough to tell me it was fine, she would totally meet alone with my mom … she read everything I had written about how hard a time I am having, my health and all and that I cannot bear being looked at with hatred by my mother anymore. The energy my mom spreads around me, is killing me.

What keeps me sane is this:

The view of my faithful best friend Jacqui … any time during the day. He is my spirit.

So I hope for the best - but I now I must and will keep my distance, I read a lot of blog articles again where people share very similar pains like the ones I have. Nobody has the right to abuse and disrespect me. And the same for CH. She again was nasty and thoughtless to me – and I will probably not ever talk to her again. I will not forgive the attitude and behavior of people who hurt others just because they are bad inside.

Walking at lake Hafnersee with the dogs, I discovered ***two stacked chairs*** in the middle of the brush.

And then, something odd relating to last night:

I was thinking over the situation with my **teeth**, and that I might have to do something about my front teeth as the necks of the teeth are very worn, which is strange, because only at a few teeth, the others are fine. So I thought that in case I should get (which I won't!) new incisors, that it would be nice to have them in ***the shape that I adore***, the two teeth turned slightly towards each other.

And just now, as I am sitting with a shit back-pain and working on the episode 2 translation of „Simple, Loose & Shallow", a Reality-TV-hybrid that I pitched last night via Email to a TV-network (ATV, Pro7, SAT1), on a whim I opened a news-website, and there is a picture of ***my former boss*** (at a newspaper I worked in 2010): She is missing, and people fear the worst, as she had been accused of plagiarism in the last days, devastating for a journalist of her calibre.

So I googled her image, and there it was: ***She has those teeth!*** It may be a total coincidence, but my mind made the connection practically on its own right away! Me imagining that kind of teeth – and shortly after that I have a very good reason to look at exactly that shape of incisors. What if she is dead? Could there be a reason for all this coming together?

Oh my.

<u>February 9, 2024</u>

Okay. The journalist was found alive – ***under a bridge***. Well. Sound kind of poignant right? I felt for her last night and sent her a not of heart-energy, wishing for her to not give into the brutality of this world's value system.

Then … though, she has copied texts by other people, in fact has, as far as I have been able to find out so far, so what she has been accused of, is true, from what I can gather. *What did she do before ending up under the bridge?* 100 people with dogs were searching the area and the river Inn under that bridge … and she was not there. But showed up right there the next morning.

Hm.

I don't like this – and I particularly don't like that virtually no media company dares to ask this question. Her personal stuff was found in the water … if she had been in the water and made it out, why remain under the bridge? No way that she would have survived the night by minus degrees after climbing out of the river … so what did she do all that time? For sure she was not in the water. There was a huge search party … and she must have been hiding. Why then go to the bridge in right that area? She wanted to be found. She is trying to play everything. I'll be curious what will be found out – or published. The left-wing „flower-rain bullshit" is nauseating. Image a journalist not from the left-wing faction would have accused of plagiarism and pulled this „going-missing stunt"?! The media would have already made a lot of assumptions … and not pretty ones. But Alexandra F-Sch is being treated like a freaking saint. She was not. I remember meeting her in the staircase at the newspaper when I worked there as a layouter in the newsroom in 2010 … and when I quit because I was totally overqualified for the job, she came and said „What a pity, you would have nicely fit to our team". And I remember distinctly thinking „You have never seen me lady, I don't fit into this fucking layout crew at all, I am so much better than this." She had no idea how often I had to help the writers with their texts … grr.

Mom's new Caritas caretaker Barbara called today to share how the meeting went, very nice talk, seemed to go well with mom … who told her that the relations with her daughter weren't good. Well – no shit, she doesn't want any and treats me like shit.

Turns out Barbaras husband Reinhold died in December 2018 after long sickness. Wow.

February 10, 2024 – **MY YEAR**

My year has begun: **the year of the wood-dragon**. Even Google celebrates it.

Mom was again supernasty to me. But I feel different now. She has really seriously no feelings or consideration for me. I saw it directly in her face and her behaviour today. She fucking hates me. Okay. Officially – she is not considered my mother anymore. She is an older woman who I will help to the best of my abilities without letting her hurt me anymore. Ever.

What do you do when your own mother hates you when you hate yourself already? — Related

Laura Consier
Artist (2016–present) · Author has **116** answers and **60.5K** answer views · 3y

50 years of trying to get along with mine. I quit trying to have a relationship. It's important to respect your parents. It's not mandatory to allow them to abuse you. I had to block contact with many people. They are not necessary if they are feeding you contempt. You are a gifted and magical being. They are like nice demons trying to make sure you don't become happy and content. It is not your job to satisfy others. Each day wake up and tell yourself I am worthy and loveable I demand better than what I have allowed myself to receive. You put happiness on in the morning. Do not let them steal it!!!! I feel for you. I worked so hard to fix a train that derailed a long time before I was forced on it. I know how to fix. Stay away from anyone who harms you.

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I have found a lot of value in a YouTube channel that deals with narcissism from the perspective of the victim. It's called Surviving Narcissism, with Dr. C. It's absolutely superb, and the advice and information is top notch.

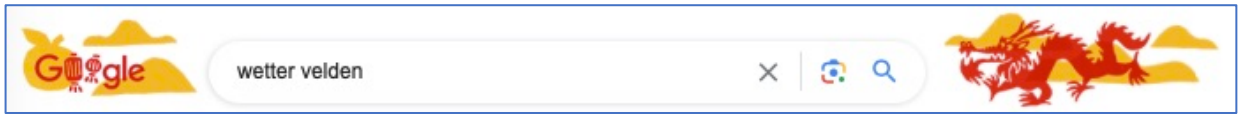
I even managed to look a way from and not at all talk to CH today, who I met three times. I cannot bear seeing her. I do not wish to engage anymore. The last time she insulted and disrespected me in her pills-haze a few days ago was the very fucking last time.

It feels good to free myself.

The lawyer has not sent me the letter I asked her for to mail to my father yet, inspite of me intervening three times. Well, I have decided: There got to be a reason for this. So I will be patient.

I rule.

I RULE, me, the wood dragon.



(Later)

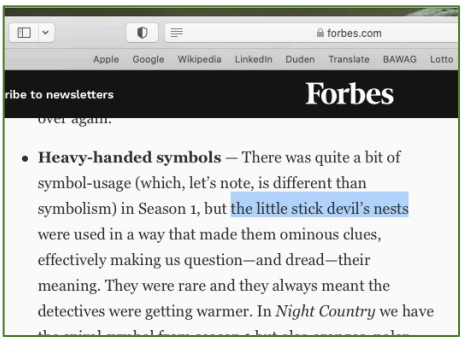
Oh shit, I read a review of the season 4 of „True Detective“, which I wanted to watch because Jodie Foster is in it, but it’s so bad, I can’t, I will only read the conclusion …and in a review the film ***„White Lotus“*** is mentioned.

And I googled the trailer – it plays in **Hawaii**. My heart felt like breaking and exploding at the same time when I saw the images. I had to stop right away, made it only to a few screenshots.

(Okay, just saw on Wiki that the first season is set on Maui, saw that right away looking at the hotel. Hurts like fucking hell.)

February 11, 2024
Strange, to walk through the forest … and after all that long time to again notice a „***Bobo***“ on a tree … flashing back to seeing Bob’s dying body. It never gets better. It’s just as painful as it was 5 years ago.

Read about some ***„stick nests***“ in a review about the „True Detective“ series „Night Country“ … of the kind that i have been seeing along our path … and an amazing bird of prey at Aich.


forbes.com
Apple Google Wikipedia LinkedIn Duden Translate BAWAG Lotto
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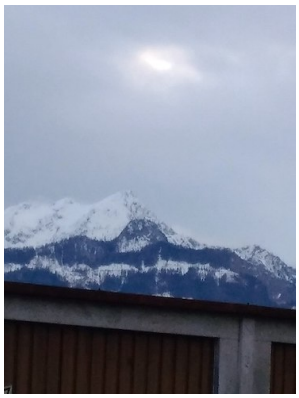
Forbes
• Heavy-handed symbols — There was quite a bit of symbol-usage (which, let’s note, is different than symbolism) in Season 1, but the little stick devil’s nests were used in a way that made them ominous clues, effectively making us question—and dread—their meaning. They were rare and they always meant the detectives were getting warmer. In *Night Country* we have

So according to the article seen those stick nests means that one gets closer to finding out something. Well.

February 12, 2024
Wow, what an amazing sight today: A ***puka lani directly above the volcano top***! Gave me the chills …

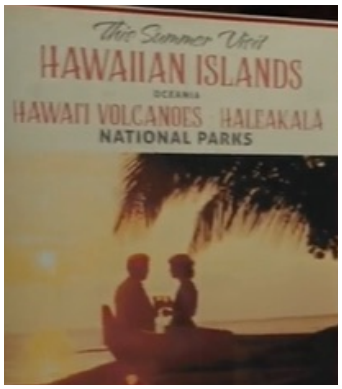


February 13, 2024 **– Hawaii in a Random Movie!**
Got my crowns on five teeth. Feels great. Mom pulled another unbearable confabulation and aggression tantrum on the phone … and I yelled at her. Can’t go on like this. She refuses to wash

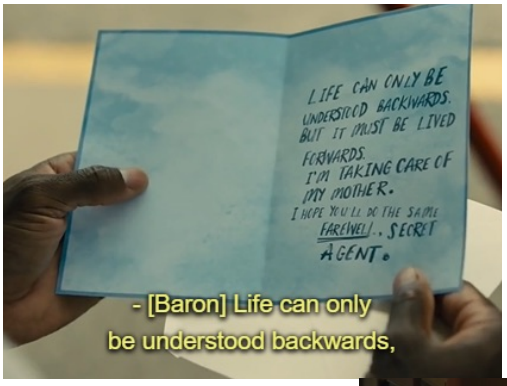
her hair, to change clothes, losing her mind – but that whilst speaking entirely clearly and using every opportunity to lash out at me, insult and hurt me.

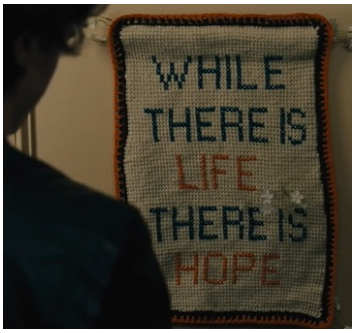
Still, we went for a walk …

(Later)
Watched a movie entitled „***Marmalade***“ – and it was actually very entertaining, watched the whole thing without skipping; And then – in the middle, a poster depicting the place where Bob and I lived, the **Haleakala**, the Maui volcano; And then very end, a character says „**Aloha**“ in the end, wearing a **Hawaii shirt** … breaks my heart. But it did feel like a greeting.



Oh geez, the **guy with the Hawaii-shirt** – *the same demeanor like* **Bob**, even some slight facial similarity … ***Bob would literally point with two index fingers playfully at me … just like this.***


LIFE CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS. BUT IT MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS.
I'M TAKING CARE OF MY MOTHER.
I HOPE YOU'LL DO THE SAME.
FAREWELL. SECRET AGENT.
- [Baron] Life can only be understood backwards,

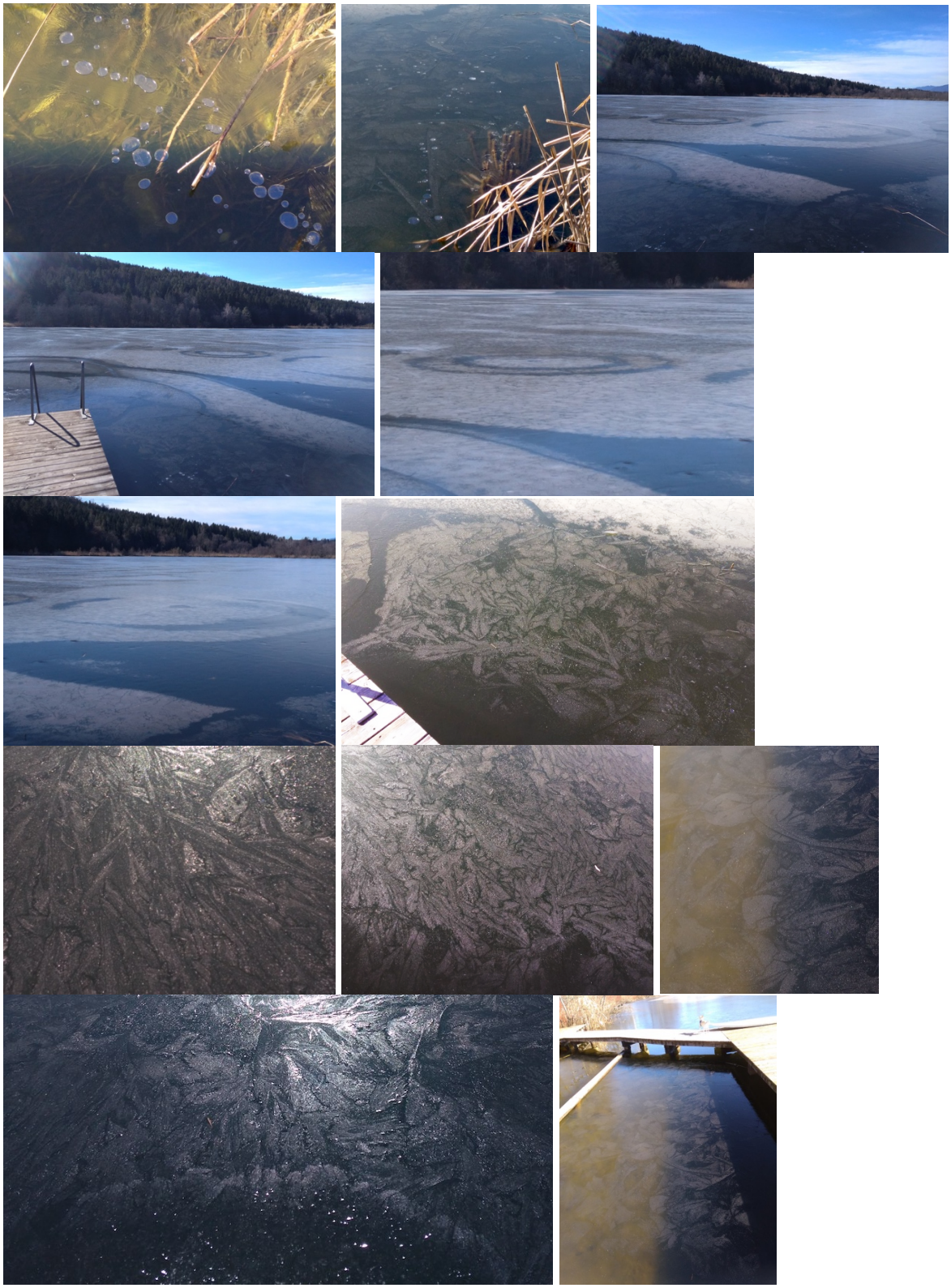


I saw an amazing **puka lani right above the volcano** close to where I live before that!

February 14, 2024

Drove with J and T to lake Hafnersee at noon, mom has her seniors meeting today, thank God. My backache nearly killed me in the night, tough sleeping. But my new teeth feel great. They are still my teeth, but filed and crowned. Love my dentist.

Amazing **cirular patterns in the ice** and **geometrical structures** as well as **bubbles** … amazing. It is very warm during the day, up to 12 degrees Celsius, but in the night again below Zero.



And there were reeds …

… and my best partner ever, Jacqui.
I also found some strange things at the shore … some heavy metal plate, a sponge …

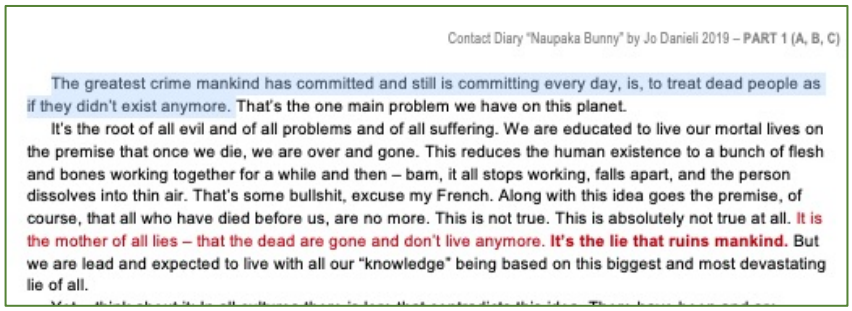
I bought a heart shaped bread and made myself a Hering salad, as the carneval time is over already.

Something interesting happened: In the morning, when I returned from the breakfast walk with Jacqui and Tino, I was just climbing up the little hill again to get back to the house – when a Kastenwagen car honked and stopped at the bus station … and I thought that may be someone who knows me. But I did not feel like talking at all – who ever that may have been. I did see the license plate number though, „818 EI“. It kept going around in my mind, who that may have been and whether or not they really honked for me.

So when I drove to lake Hafnersee, several hours later, just as I had reached Augsdorf after about three minutes drive, that same car came towards me, driving in the opposite direction, „818 EI“, the gray Kastenwagen! And in it was a dark haired woman who I did not know. (I think.) So it was not me who they had honked for. But how odd to actually meet that car and person again! What a timing.

That got me thinking. Someone in a movie said yesterday „Why not believe in the seemingly impossible?“ Yes, why not? Might as well think ONLY about that what I want, not that what frustrates me. So I am thinking my father will come around and write the entire property over to me – like for my birthday! Why not? It is possible! I should expect it, shouldn't I?

Making myself a nice Hering salad, oh yeah baby. And yes, I am working on this c. d. I must finalize editing the first chapter, which is too lengthy in parts … then close this one and send the whole thing off to people who are supposed to read it.



Contact Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019 – PART 1 (A, B, C)

The greatest crime mankind has committed and still is committing every day, is, to treat dead people as if they didn't exist anymore. That's the one main problem we have on this planet.

It's the root of all evil and of all problems and of all suffering. We are educated to live our mortal lives on the premise that once we die, we are over and gone. This reduces the human existence to a bunch of flesh and bones working together for a while and then – bam, it all stops working, falls apart, and the person dissolves into thin air. That's some bullshit, excuse my French. Along with this idea goes the premise, of course, that all who have died before us, are no more. This is not true. This is absolutely not true at all. It is the mother of all lies – that the dead are gone and don't live anymore. **It's the lie that ruins mankind.** But we are lead and expected to live with all our "knowledge" being based on this biggest and most devastating lie of all.

February 15, 2024

Clear thought:

Parents do not give anything in terms of spirit, soul or mind to their offspring, only the prerequisites to grow a body. That's it. That's why kids mostly are not at all like their parents. Their body resemble their parents bodies, in ways, **but what lives in the material shell – has NOTHING to do with the parents.**

That is for sure.

So all these ideas about families and that your parents should love you … bullshit. It's all faulty models of thinking and rules – that make a mortal's life fucking hard.

No, parents will not love you „automatically“. They might, if you as a person fit to their ideas of what a person should be like for them to love them. But other than that – you will be a stranger to them, and vice versa.

My mom is a poor person, not much luck or love in life, and a broken emotional set-up. I am her caretaker, but I cannot „heal“ her or make her feel better or – make her love or appreciate what I do for her.

Big insight.

Important!

Here are screenshots of **movie scenes** I saw in the last days, but I did not notice the date … that reminded me so much of Bob and me … has been a whilethat I would open a random movie or trailer, and up comes somethingt hat is just straight out of „Dani & Bob“.

February 16, 2024 **– The Insight of all Insights**

Making breakfast, thinking about my parents, I suddenly understood – upon the inner and actually said out loud question: Why did these two people even find each other attractive and have sex? Talking about my parents who were and are personality that do not match at all.

And the answer is:

There was a soul that needed to get a body. That soul was me – and I was about to return to mortal existence once again to further the project „The Bridge“, the connection of the realm of the incarnates and the discarnates. People who would never get along needed to create my body, so that I would grow up in the catastrophic situation I did grow up and have the hard life based on my upbringing and abusive childhood that I had … leading to my catastrophic relationships and all the deaths and heartache and sorrow … **BECAUSE**: If I had had loving parents and a wonderful childhood, I would not have been attracted to men like Bob and to Bob himself, who were broken, would hurt and reject me … and I would never have developed the interest in the „Beyond“.

So it is all part of a big plan – **and I myself made that plan, have always been involved in that plan, for eons!** I made up this concept in the beyond before I was reborn into the physical shell that my hateful emotionally broken parents would create and that would grow into my mortal body with all the mortal circumstances that would bring about this insight of TODAY.

Got it? I have gotten it.

So no reason to be heartbroken or sorry about what my parents did or do or don't do … they are also part of my story and of the plan. That Bob is a bit „directing“ from „above“.

The only difference between my life now and other lifetimes is, that my spirit, my consciousness had reached a new level in the beyond, and even though we do not consciously know about our existence in the beyond, I was able to develop such a strong intuition and so much insights into the spiritual realms, that I always took the righ steps – even though they were devastating for my mortal persona. By brother having that horrible death, Bob having that horrible death, losing Sigi to drugs, and my parents hating me from my birth … it all brought about the „ME“ of today.

I cried over my unborn child that was killed against my will … but I did remember the feeling of being pregnant with her and having the strong, immensely strong impression that this being would hinder whatever I had to do on the planet. I can even „switch back“ inside the „me“ of that time, I can „walk along the street in Vienna“ again, thinking that something was growing inside of me that was eating me up alive, and I cannot hinder it … if I do not abort. This may be a reflection of my mother felt and thought when she was pregnant with me … but even that was part of the plan. And the horror I felt when I saw the ultrasound and the doctor said I was pregnant, with Rudi present … everything dropped inside of me, and I knew „no“ …

That I changed my mind on the table already being anaestecized and screamed that I wanted that baby, but the crew would want me to „interrupt“ the flow of patients and said that I should have thought about that earlier and went through with the abortion … that was part of my mortal suffering, that AGAIN would force me toward the beyond.

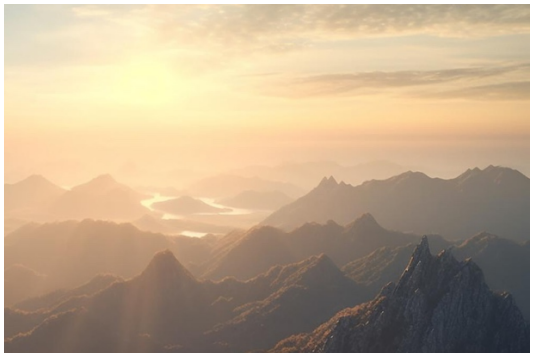
So, that was my insight while makeing breakfast, today, a much to warm sunny February 24, 2024, the day before my mortal shell will have ist 60th birthday. I do not look like 60, my body certainly does not … and because the life expectancy has increased by at least 15 years, one must deduct these years from the bureaucratic age, so I am 45. Poor Bob had to die so young.

But then … we are indeed working on our projects together, aren't we, my love?

(Later)

Wow, very painful meeting with mom … no details, just am tired of her hateful ways against me … but I am the bigger person and a dragon, so …

I sent Elisabeth (who had sent me a lovely parcel for my birthday and a nice email) an image of a **dragon** … and as I looked more closely, **there is the circular water-thing** that I saw on lake Hafnersee on February 14! Wow!



Oh Stoneman, I miss you so fucking much.

February 17, 2024 – The Birthday Greeting With the Number!

So my mortal shell ist 60 years old today.

Took a walk with mom and the boys at lake Hafnersee today – and there very countless red hearts right along the path where we always walk … along a fishing pier, and on the ice. Reminds me of th 24 silver hearts I found before traveling to Bob for the last time, on Schafberg in Vienna. And the first spring flowers.

I also found some odd things … like.a towel hidden in the brush … and interestingly, I received a large, beautiful beach-towel as a birthday gift from CH!

And there was again a „puka lani“ exactly above the volcano top.

Kind of comforted me a little because mom did try her best to discipline herself, but her disdain for me was showing with every glance, and whenever she saw that I was taking pictures, she was stepping back to hide.

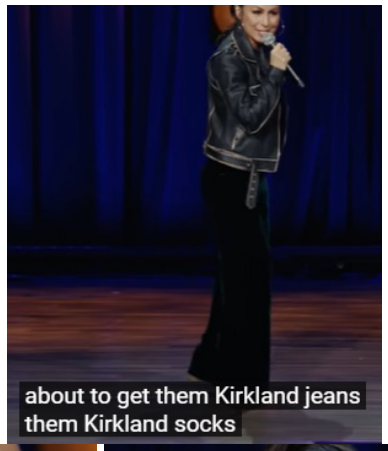
She took me to dinner, but it would not have even occurred to her to get me a chocolate for my birthday. At dinner, she ate so hungrily, that I was strangely touched. I know she keeps throwing away her meals on wheels … sigh. She is like a child to be taken care of.

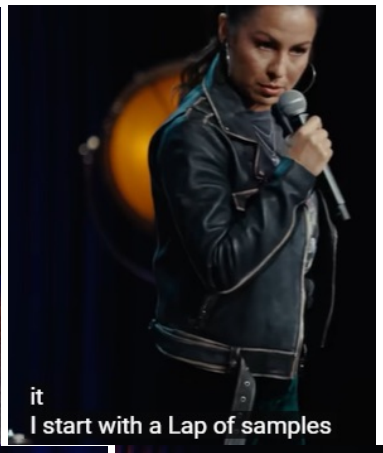
Oh wow, and boy did I get „serenaded“. I should know it by now – but it still baffles me. So I did some translating on the screenplay of the 5th episode of „SLS“, just do get it done and be able to do serious communicating with networks and companies, and then I thought I deserved to watch a movie. I watched a bit of the first part of **„The Onedin Line“** and of **„Poldark“**, two series of my childhood, that my parents, my brother and me always watched, every week. The love stories were so bitter sweet. But only hearing the Onedin-jingle hurt like hell, but I had never heard the orginal languages, so okay.

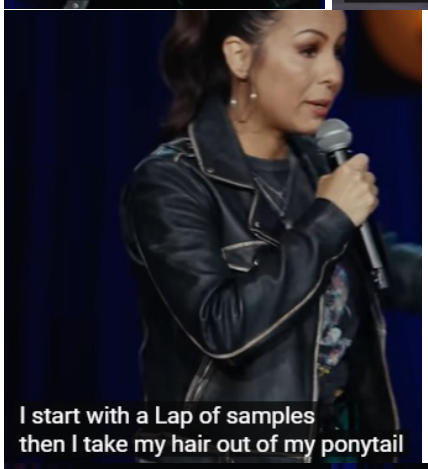
Checked out a few trailers, okay, I thought I give the very badly rated „Madame Web“ a try, because I like Dakota Johnson. It was so bad in the first minutes, that I had to stop. Then I watched more trailers of crime shows … but then I thought, as it was about 11 p.m. that I won’t spend the last hour of my 50s with gruesome shit. And I found via Sarah Millican the Hispanic **standup-comedian Anjelah Johnson-Reves**. And I liked her so much and she cheered me up so much, that I got hooked instantly.

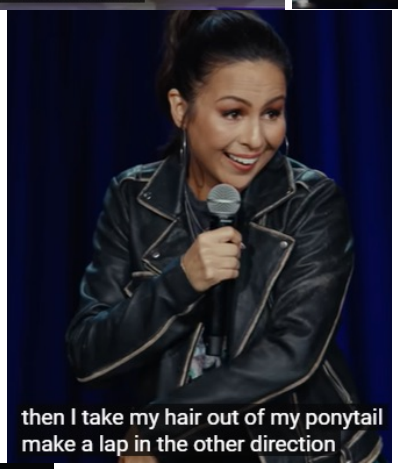
And of course, there it was: She loves **Costco** and the **sampling**. <u>And that was Bob’s and my thing.</u> Brings tears to my eyes. Bob made sure to get us to Costco during my last visit know how

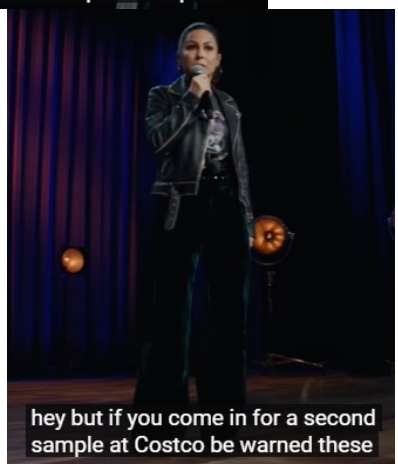
much I loved the **Costco-shopping** with him. So there it was, in that random program that I had never heard of before … but it was not all:

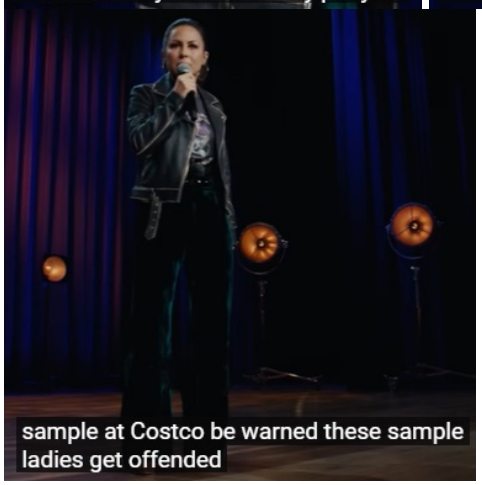




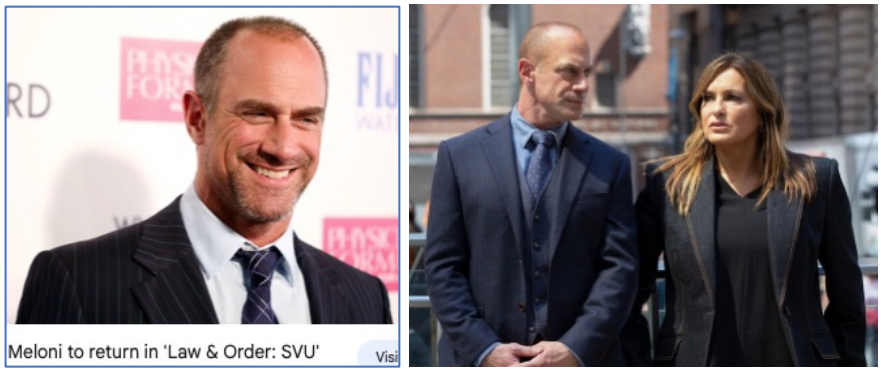








It got past midnight, and I was 60 now, and I thought I'd skip or stop watching, but could not. I kept watching. And suddenly, bam! Anjelah told the story of how she had a crush on detective **Stabler of Law & Order SUV, Christopher Meloni.** I like him, too, actually So she said that she loves crime shows – just like me! – and watches everything she can get a hold of – like me! – but her favorite is Law & Order SUV. Mine not, but I find it interesting. So she shared that Stabler had quit – and after ten years returned to the show. And she was all happy and found him more attractive than ever. Then she read up on Christopher Meloni, who shared, that the airing of the first episode of his first show after his return was exactly – wait for it! – **on his 60th birthday**.



So Anjelah, the comedian looked into the camera and **said „Let's go, 60!"** meaning **„Happy Birthday people who just turned sixty"!** In the minute I was turning 60!

So Anjelah said **„Let's go 60!"**

and the day after that Premiere episode he posted on Instagram that
he posted on Instagram that it was his 60th birthday
60th birthday and I was like wait a minute
let's go 60.
let's go 60.

So now that is synchronicity. Shit yes it is.

It's a matter of seconds, of instants, all through life, to end up in a situation where stuff fits together like this that I get a 60-th-birthday greeting on my 60th birthday by a total stranger because I followed my intuition and watched a program that I had never heard about before.

So I am in the right place exactly. And everyone else, too? Right?.

That is good to know.

Mom called in the morning to say happy birthday and called me „Schatzi", so this was sweet. Received a text from Martina and from an old friend from Vienna, Monika, who always keeps up contact. Sweet.

I think I want to finalize things with Walter and do chat with him after all, might text him later. And connect with Andrea, the dog trainer. I want to drive to Vienna for a few days in Spring, but want to leave Tino here. Vienna dog parks are not for him.

So well, took a morning walk in awe of last night's birthday greeting, and thought about what I am grateful of. A lot.

Very sad, thought, for hearing nothing from my father.

My story continues, and I will stick to it.

(Later) **My father called.**

Took a walk with Jacqui and CH in the late evening. My freshly renovated teeth in the lower jar acted up to the point I had to take left-over antibiotics. How weird. The first three days after the dentist had put them in – nothing. I could chew, it was grand. Yesterday suddenly one tooth felt tender, and it gave me horror this evening.

But as I walked with CH who told me about stroke-like episodes of her old dog Pauli, **my father called.** Seriously. It was about 7.45 in the evening, and he called for my birthday. He did not really say happy b-day. He only said he thought he'd call so that I wouldn't think he was such a bad person … No more details about what he said, but the content was NOT „how are you my daughter, I have ignored you for two years now", or „What are you doing" … no, it was he, he, he. And when I asked if we could meet, he said he was not in the shape, but he will get back to me. Yeah, right. Or maybe he will.

So I was surprised and super nice to him and recorded part of the conversation to be able to prove that he had promised me contact … I was happy and also told my mom.

But waking up, I realized that my hurting tooth was a warning. I need to have the proper „bite" this year. I cannot be the playball of my parents of anyone anymore. And I won't. My father did not call for me, but for himself. Okay. But I will not let go anymore. I want what's due to me. And I will get it.

Happy 60s, Dani!

(Later)

Walk and lunch with mom … and it was just so apparent how she struggled to stay nice. And I had a very hard time, when she refused to eat the fruit that I put on her dessert, just so that she would eat some fruit. I felt the deep hot frustration right away, facing that childishs, stubborn behavior … and I resent it. I hate it. I won't have it anymore.

About my father …

I just thought about how many folks in the beyond would have wanted to congratulate me on my 60th anniversary of my body being born … and I did not even think of them yesterday. Only just now, it's evening of my first day as a person in her 60s, I felt such a flush … thought about my brother and all relatives who have passed … and Bob. And how they are standing around and applauding, maybe.

And I am left wondering: **Why the fuck do I have an inflamed jaw around my molar, and why on my birthday?**

(Later)

The pain. It is the pain I had to indure in the past. My teeth reminded me – do not fall into the trap again. Only because your mother is nice to you for one day, does not mean, all the days before don't matter. Only because your father calls just to call, not asking you how you are, just telling you that he can't connect right now because he is suffering the loss of his wife three years

ago … doesn't mean that he cares for you. He does not. He won't. She does not. She won't. Thanks, teeth. Got it.

February 20, 2024

Father called. I called back, could not reach him. Worried. Drove down this place, rang, dog Sandy came – horribly fat and neglected. Broke my heart to see her like this. I climbed over the fence, went around the house … saw my father for the first time after 2 years. He said he had not called, even though of course it's clear from the call list. He is so old and so feeble. The kitchen a mess. I changed Sandys bed … I must do things about the both of them, will do. Cannot write more, it is stressing me out.

February 21, 2024

I had a horrible dream of drowning, the first time – a dog, like Tino, tried to breathe under water while submerged, and I watched it swim under water, his mouth gaping, him looking up … and I managed to pull it out from that murky pond with lots of people around or on it (maybe on boats)?

The same creature – this time more a little girl, for some reason got into the water again, and there were all the onlookers, and they saw, like I did, that the girl already submerged again – and nobody did something! I yelled and asked them to dive, but nobody did, but it was really a pool, all dark water, and I dove and thought that I had to grope and feel my way along the bottom to get to that drowned girl …

but I never found it … I dove many times, groped my way along the sides of the pool, and I didn't find the body … it was so horrible.

There was another aspect of that dream … even more dreary and scary right after that, can't think about it … And: Bob was in my dream, directly, last night, and I can't recall right now.

(Later)

I found a broken **piece of jewelry** right next to my car when I drove to pick up mom:

Five „Kauri"-shells remained intact with a pendant of mother of pearl (fake, I guess) with a half-moon shaped line of crystals … I photographed it and then put on onto my Ouija board. It has meaning. *It reminds me of something, but I don't know yet of what.*

(Just as I put the images into this entry, I am watching a movie called „Five Bild Dates“ … and there is „5“ … ha!)

February 24, 2024 – **The Dream of the Rabbit and Mom & The Logo & The Chairs in the Song**

The weirdest dream:

I was ***traveling*** with my **mother**, unclear, where we were, but there was a big city, and we were in the airport area. My mom kept disappearing, and there was a man, a **stranger**, with who I had to stay in contact, or who I had to follow, but I couldn't, because somehow he went different ways all the time. Then, there was a **white rabbit** that looked like made from crocheted white string or material, had actual rabbit size, but it was a real rabbit, and it could speak and sometimes was more like a young woman …

There was a **long line of people** from outdoors into a huge **airport building** who wanted to **board** that **plane**, but because I had to look for my mom, had something to do with that man who kept disappearing and had to help the rabbit, I just could not get in line myself. There was an element that I had to take a shower, right there, in the open, like seemingly everyone had done, but the **water was only trickling**. I had that rabbit with me, who needed to go somewhere, and I had to bring it … which I did. But I knew if I let it free it would have to cross the highway to get back into the forest, and that it would likely not survive, so I tried to figure out where to bring that rabbit that it would be safe … there was a long green stretch kind of in the middle of that city, like Danube island in Vienna, and I thought that this would be a good place … but that was not where the rabbit was at home! In a way, I was distracted all the time from everything I was about to do, and somehow, a **woman** (strict, tall) appeared and seems to have helped me with the shower - so that the water was flowing strongly. Strangely, I had made do with the trickle, and I had dried myself off already, ready to settle for this, when the **water started to flow strongly**, because the woman had made that happen (?), and I stepped under the flow again, even though I was dry and clothed. But I did not get totally wet again … because I had spotted my mother and had run after her. The rabbit had moved on, and I did see it later with that man in one of the queues at the airport, and I knew that both were safe or okay … it is kind of blurry, just that the rabbit was more like a young woman then …

So I entered the customs airport building after my mom - only to find that she was already again one step ahead of me and had already passed through that gate to the terminal, and I couldn't follow her directly …

Wow, this seems so meaning-laden, I don't even want to think about that dream further.

I saw that rabbit again and that man, and I think I connected with the man, and it was a good feeling, and somehow there was golden light. And the many people in like where more like a backdrop and not a barrier between me and where I was heading.

And then I woke up, because my dear dog Jacqui came to my bed again … I had seriously slept in … got up only at 10.30 am! Wow! My poor dear dogs, so quiet and respectful.

What a dream.

(Later)

Oh – NOW I know why I thought that **the five shells and the moon-pendant seemed familiar!** It reflects something that I have seen many many times before **… the logo of lake Hafnersee.**

Today, when the boys and I walked there, I „saw“ it right away.

Mahalo Bob, I know that was you.

(Later) **Suncoast movie – mourning my brother**

Crying over the death of my brother, over 30 years later.

So close to the events back then … his suffering … our suffering … all the horror … understanding so well what my helpless mom went through … wow, because of a movie I had no idea what it was about … „Suncoast“ … about a ***young man with cancer dying … and his sister,*** mistreated by her mother … like I was back then. But also the topic was that once they are gone, they are gone. And – ***they are in a better place.***

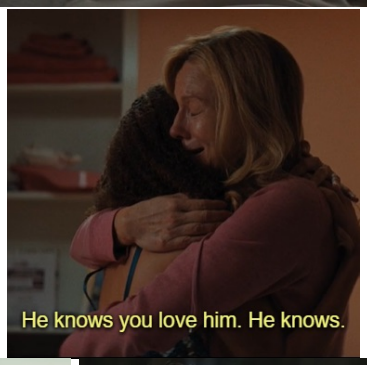
I'm sorry I wasn't here.

- I need to talk to you.
- He can still hear you.

Don't go.
I don't know why I wasn't here. I'm sorry.

You can't leave me here by myself.
Don't leave me, please!

I was so selfish. I was so awful to you.

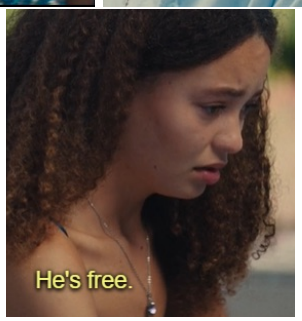

He knows you love him. He knows.

He died.

And it feels just like you said.

he's in a better place now,

and I know he's happier.


He's free.

I can feel it.

So I was wondering why I had photographed those two stacked green ***chairs*** in the swamp the other day … they are in the song in that movie …

♪ Get inside their beds
with my green gloves ♪
♪ Get inside their clothes
with my green gloves ♪
♪ Get inside their heads ♪
♪ Love their loves ♪
♪ Now I hardly know them ♪
♪ But I'll take my time ♪
♪ I'll carry them over ♪
♪ And I'll make them mine ♪
♪ Get inside their clothes
with my green gloves ♪

And I watched a bit of a movie with a guy in it who really reminded me of my brother. What a fucking fate that he had to die at barely 27 of cancer, my brother. What a fucked up mortal story.

It all is in communication with each other, it truly is.

Still don't know why I photographed the garbage in the forest a little while ago.
Walking at lake Hafnersee today, I suddenly had that thought that the reason why I was not supposed to move forward with filmmaking and why I have been hindered to do so and met all the wrong people may be … that I myself won't live all that long? Can that be?
So I have to prioritize things, seriously. Or maybe I am wrong.
The butterfly right after the 5-shells-find kind of made me think right away that someone's transition is impending.

<u>Feburary 28, 2024</u> – **„480 JB" & the Stone**
Oh the messages.
License plates galore. No time to take note … but all „910", „222" and „480" – just one after the other. Today I took the dogs on an entirely new route where I had planned to go for a long time. A car with „**480 FT**" had just driven by us. And I was stunned to see at the turn a car with **„480 JB"** parked. „480" Bob's and my „code" for „audio", „speaking", but also „video production". And our initials. That was new.
I hesitated to photograph it, because there were people around … so I walked like ten steps further – only to face **a tall large stone** right there! In that village! Facing me.

It was … so clear. And then there was the painted picture of a religious scene, not sure, what that meant, but it was interesting to look at.

A tall stone on my path, huh. Unexpected. Like in real life.

I must „imua“. With communication. With making films. I must not be so tired and worried and exhausted and scared, I must be strong and proud and powerful.

To honor Bob's and my projects. To fulfil my destiny.

February 29, 2024 – **„Robert“ emailed! And: A Bible Quote!**

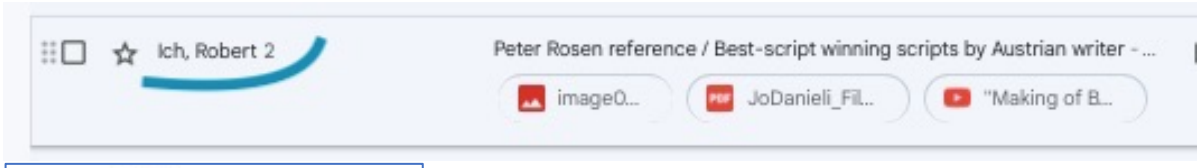
Crying over Bob, talking while driving to Hafnersee – and boom – just then, **„DK 222“** coming right at me (no crash, just a car passing by with that license plate numner). So „DK“ gave me the German language „Denke!“ right away, meaning „think!“, and „222“ is the code for „laughter“, „fun“ … our address on Maui, „Haulani Street 222, the house of laughter“.

Still, tears welling up just thinking about it. No can think about it, that is the truth.

(Later)

Oh shit … what a fucking surprise:

I received an ENGLISH LANGUAGE EMAIL by a certain „ROBERT“! I really thought my heart would stop. It's some reference by Peter Rosen, and I had written him more than a year ago … and just today, that I had challenged Bob so heavily to give me … „something“, I find this in my inbox. It felt like back in the day **when „Robert“ in the sender's spot was always my Stoneman.**



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… what a fucking thrill.

And something else happened: I asked for Bob to just show the fuck up or give me a sign that he is right here … so I get out of my car, any I catch a glimpse of a small piece of paper that I had found a while ago on the ground … and I have put it in the car to keep, it's a quote from the Bible, and it reads: „***Only a short time to wait, then The One will come, who is meant to come, and He will not fail to appear.“ (Hebr. 10,37)***

So there. Was that an answer or what? And I found a lovely colorful pebble.

March 2, 2024 – **Eerie Silver Ocean AND THE DATE!**

Oh I have wished to find images of that eerie ***silver ocean*** that Bob and I saw way back in the day … maybe in 2004? … when looking down to ***Kealakekua Bay*** … It is mentioned in some chapters in this contact diary … as an example of strong closeness with Bob … for example, on **March 2, 2019**.

March 2, 2019 – **More Crystals on My Way**

Weird that I keep finding those things, close to where I live. Found another diamond shaped fake **crystal** today.

Today I meditated a little, when I lay down to rest and got tired … I kind of drifted off, but then an image "entered" my mind so clearly, and it's so strange, what image … from my film "Native of Owhyhee", a very special **spot on Big Island**, where we looked out over the **silver ocean**, towards Kealakekua Bay (where Captain Cook had found his demise), weirdly silver, never before had I seen the ocean like that. And I tried to think back what was the special thing about it … and yes, Bob was there. But I remember standing there, back then, looking at that eerie scenario, and I did ask myself if

Oh wow – ***I just notice that it is the same date like today, only five years earlier!***

I will never forget the spot and the feeling of standing ther with Bob … but I could not make myself look for my own original imagery in my documentary … five years of work … I should really do something with it. And suddenly, a tiny glimpse in a movie's entry I saw … and there it was … that eerie sight.

In this same series – of which I only watched a bit, because it is a true story, there is also this amazing image … of how humans are really owning body machines for a while … that at some point cease to function … destroyed by some other body machine or by nature …

And last, but not least … in the course of checking out movie trailers, I found a love story over a decade about two people who just don't find together … and as I saw an image of Domhnall Gleeson, I flashed back so hard to ***Norway, the day Kimba died, August 7, 2001***, when I saw that young man sitting on the reling of that old abandoned artist's house, facing that black haired woman in the black fur coat … and that's the type he was … and Kimba seemed to see them too (I seriously just teared up, after all that long time) … and Kimba sat right on front of me, staring at the two people too! But they were not there, of course, they were just visions. An hour later, Kimba would die. And I would end up in Hawaii, meeting Bob eight months later.

March 4, 2024

Walk with mom and the dogs at Rosegg … and I saw a tiny white Weasel in the grass … it watched us … how strange, that a white thing like this is in the dirt … and all the birds of prey can see it so easily.

And the clouds were just baffling …

(Note: Saw the weasel again in the same spot on March 8.)

March 10, 2024, Sunday – **Dream of Bob**

What an amazing dream. I was with Bob in some place that was like **Russia**, and I was with him consciously, … I even woke up during my dream and went to the bathroom, and all the time I thought *„No, don't let the dream end, I am with Bob, I want to stay with Bob …"* During my bathroom break I slinked to the kitchen and wrote down a few words … to not forget it … while I thought that something intense like that I surely won't possibly forget. But now, in the evening, I have to look at the notes for details … my mind is just full of Bob's image … and my happiness with him.

I don't remember what we were doing in that dream, but he was smiling the whole time, looking healthy and tall and lovely, and we were having a great time … but we both knew that it was not going to last.

My notes were too few, I just remember that there was a scenario of ***urgency***, and it involved my former real life friend on Maui, Ines, so disappointed me so bitterly, one of the many people of my life, who took advantage of me … An apartment I remember, where we all were, and there was a monster of sorts, but I don't remember what, it is only one of the notes, that word.

There is a dense atmosphere of a foreign country … where I had to … ok, an image is just coming back … I had to walk a long path through that foreign city .. *empty streets, winding, huge house fronts, all totally alien to me, how did I get there?* It is like I did not know the way, and the ones who could have told me, ***Ines*** and someone else, some man, did not help me. But I was involved with them, somehow, I had to help *them*, in some way … oh, now I know! It was *their* ***apartment****! In that foreign Russian city, dreary, like filled with white fog*, and a big tower in the middle, some kind of a landmark … and I was looking for shelter. And I entered that apartment, but I knew I could not stay, I had to go back to where I had come from, but it was dangeorous. Was there a war? An ***attack***? I remember something huge in my dream, threatening, like a huge bird with spread wings, or a shadow of a monstrous being … and people had to flee and hide. But I was out in the open, with Bob … and I can't recall what we were doing.

But it was an amaziing, weird dream … No idea how it ended.

I did not visit my mom today … gave her a day off, and she me … then I realized that it was today her last Sunday in her 70s, she will be 80 years old as of bureaucratic age, on March 13. Wow.

I walked an entirely new path with Jacqui and Tino in the rain today, not a soul out there, so nice … and as we went to a meadow where I had not been before, right there, where we entered the field, was a **carcass**! Just the ribs and a few bones left … and only because it rained the dogs could not sniff it right away … thank God, Tino woul have been all over that skeletton. Yikes. How the fuck did I end there? I did not photograph if, it was so gross, and I was so baffled. Of all the places I could have gone – in the huge huge forest and all the fields, I chose exactly the small path – actually walked off the beaten path for a moment – to stand facing a carcass. ***Of a deer, likey.*** But who the hell ate that deer? A fox? They say there are wolves in the area.

Kind of fits to that dream. But the dream was not negative in all its spookiness, because Bob was in it. I can't recall exactly when Bob appeared or disappeared, I only see him and me in my memory in that strange whitish foggy light, him being higher up, me looking up to him, as he was wearing something light-blue or beige or white … smiling.

I miss being with him so so so much. Many times lying in my bed I am flashing back to lying on my beloved Maui futon … alone in the big house … when Bob was working hiw Not-Friends on the project that would destroy him and our relationship. I can „be" on Maui … anytime. My memories are so strong right now. Not sure why.

Also:
It was CH's 46th birthday recently, and I am just so disappointed in her as she told me that she had chosen to take more psych-pills again. So that means her personality is non existent … I have no way of getting to know the true her. I did notice a change in her behavior a while ago … and told her so … only to find out now that she had straightout lied to me again. Over and over. I had gotten her a *stress ball in the form of a unicorn* with a tiny golden horn … and just now I found an image of something I had found at lake Hafnersee the other day. That is her. But I am giving up on her now. Sad to say. But necessary. I need my life force of people who do want to get better and be their true selves.

Yesterday I photographed the remains of two felled trees somewhere in the forest … the strange pink color of their interior kind of baffled me. No idea why.

March 11, 2024 – **The Smirk-Stone & the Old Friend**

Wow, this was odd today!

I met the two women I had been thinking about being the only two I really would like to meet. One, Andrea, Tinos former trainer, at Rosegg, where I took mom for a short walk, after we had a visit with her future friend, Rosi K., who will take walks with her and maybe play games. Will see how this will work out.

Then, after cooking veggie stew and feeding mom, I brought her home. I had been thinking about another friend, Gerti, the last two days and had thought what dates I could suggest her for a long overdue meeting. Even while I was waiting on the parking lot for Rosi K. around noon, I thought about her – and I was baffled, because just then she drove by, but did not see her.

So after dropping of mom, I took Jacqui for a walk along a path down a hill I normally don't walk. (Tino was with my neighbor, they love each other.) There, in a corner, was a sweet arrangement of „***Schmunzelsteine***", meaning „Smirking Stones" to be taken by passers-by as gifts. And I had again thought about Gerti, and I was about to take my phone out to send her a text about suggesting to meet next Wednesday of Thursday. I picked a stone, the first that attracted my attention – and I looked at it, as it has a very round almost square face ...

And as I looked up and walked on – the car with Gerti came up the hill. And she stopped – and I had just thought about her. But the weirdest thing: She told me of a huge health-scare two weeks ago – she had woken up with the right half of her face paralyzed? No explanation why, they couldn't find anything … but it is one of the things related to strokes or to Covid „vaccination". And the Smirking Stone pretty much expressed Gertis face. So that's why I had felt attracted to it. It was so strange standing there talking with Gerti holding that stone in my hand …

Wow, life brings odd stuff. I found a **turquoise star. Along with the smiling stone …** Makes my heart pound, catapults me back to my life with Bob. Again, these weeks, I look forward to be with Bob on Maui again soon – and then I realize, that this is never gonna happen again.

I also encountered a **green stone with a shark smile.** Coincidence? When Bob's name is Stone, and his favorite colour was teal green?

March 13, 2024

Lovely sunset yesterday, before my mom's 80th birthday. She had her senior's circle and was celebrated, and when I came visit in the evening, she was her usual grumpy self against me. She would never consider that her celebration was organized by me. Whatever.

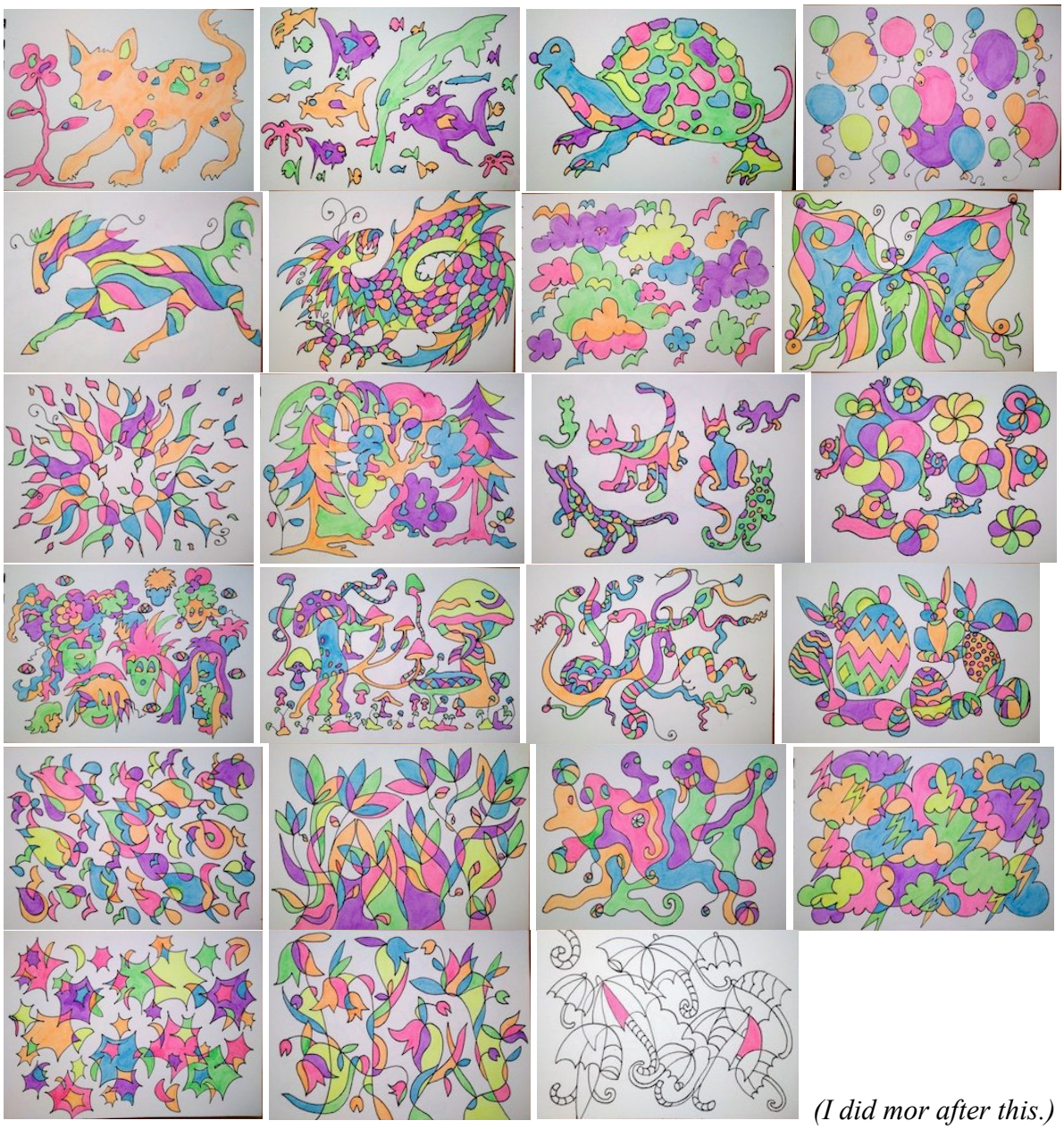
And nature's wonders coming out … just to hurt me? Like this car license plate, **„222 KY"** – does this belong to the „smiling stone" … as **„222" was our „house of laughter?**

March 17, 2024, Sunday

Huge blow-up with my mother yesterday, she showed her full hatred against me, even attacked me … a line has been crossed.

Today I took my time walking with Jacqui and Tino … and on the way back, I encounteres a car with **the license plate number „250 CR“,** and it felt so meszmerizing, I almost heard Bob say those first digits of his phone number, like he did a million times, and his name was Robert Curtis, so there even was the „CR“ … It is all so painful and hard.

I watched a fun series that was cancelled after one season last night, „Bad Judge“, while I did some drawing, I did a lot of drawing while „watching“ films at the same time … strange stuff, but it calms me …. I got the colors and the pad from CH for my birthday. Huge blow up with CH the day before yesterday, prompting me to not even read her texts anymore, never again will, it is over for good. I feel strangely free after having realized – once again – what a sick addict she really is. Don't want this anymore.



(I did mor after this.)

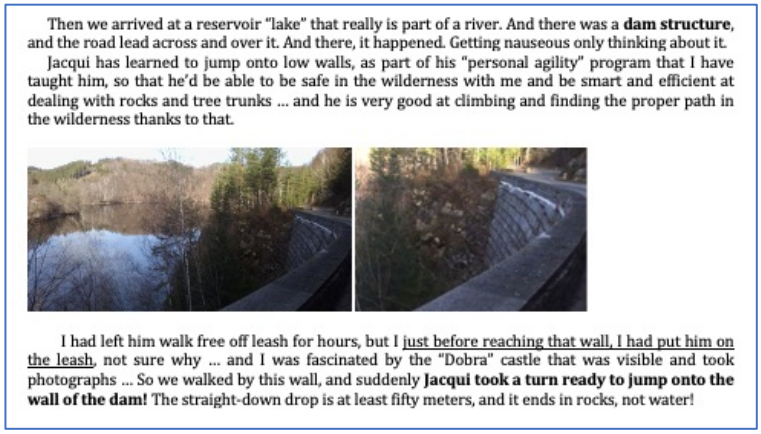
So during that show about a wild judge, played by ***Kate Walsh***, who I love, the title character ***„Bad Judge“*** did something that was on my mind a lot in the last weeks, I even talked about it, in relation to dementia … she ***cut a donut with scissors!*** And I had seen **scissors on a tray** that my ***father*** had prepared for his lunch, together with a spoon. So it was reflected back to me in that series. I noticed it right away, but I was lying down while watching, totally exhausted after the eklat with my mother, who I even sent home with a taxi cab, I could not stand being with her anymore … and so I did not take screenshots.

To say that I don't feel good is the understatement of the year. I really am not sure where to turn anymore. Even the „experts“ that I am talking to about my mother have the weirdest suggestions … totally ignoring that I have been up close with my demented mother and KNOW her and KNOW what she needs. I can't take one more suggestion like „you must give yourself more space“ – FUCK don't I know that! But this is a dementia patient who denies having dementia and is helpless on her own, even though she hates me, is entirely depended on me.

So I am going to hire a professional caretaker for her for twice a week … but it must be a person who must do what I tell her to do – and not what my mother tells her. My mother cannot remember people who were with her half an hour ago! The circumstances around her 80th birthday were horrific in terms of decline ... but only I can see that. The others meet her for an hour, ask her, „You understand?“ She says „Yes“, and they take it for granted.

Things must change. I cannot have my mom at my place alone with my dogs anymore. I do not trust her anymore. She can become violent. And so can I.

Today five years ago, on **March 17, 2019, Jacqui's life was „saved“ by mere gut-feeling and my reaction to it.** I have been **editing part one of this Contact Diary, and I just ended up on March 17, 2019, TODAY!** Five years later!



Then we arrived at a reservoir "lake" that really is part of a river. And there was a **dam structure**, and the road lead across and over it. And there, it happened. Getting nauseous only thinking about it.

Jacqui has learned to jump onto low walls, as part of his "personal agility" program that I have taught him, so that he'd be able to be safe in the wilderness with me and be smart and efficient at dealing with rocks and tree trunks ... and he is very good at climbing and finding the proper path in the wilderness thanks to that.

I had left him walk free off leash for hours, but I just before reaching that wall, I had put him on the leash, not sure why ... and I was fascinated by the "Dobra" castle that was visible and took photographs ... So we walked by this wall, and suddenly **Jacqui took a turn ready to jump onto the wall of the dam!** The straight-down drop is at least fifty meters, and it ends in rocks, not water!

So, well. And now …

March 19, 2024 – **Greeting from Peter?**

Oh wow. I had a mouth-gaping moment today.

I finally met with Gertie, an acquaintance from the Sigi-days, who might become a friend … she woke up with half her face paralyzed several weeks ago, nobody has figured out what it was, I supposed – because she has been having severe backache on that same side – that it was a form of migrane attack.

So we took a walk with Jacqui and chatted and chatted, then sat down to look at pics of her life in Danmark, she is married to a great Dane (smirk) with two adult kids, one a female police officer, one a plastic surgeon to be, and somehow she began to talk about ***my brother Peter***, who she was in love with when they were kids. And she told me that she will always remember **a story he wrote at school** – and that was read loud by him in class: ***About a droplet and its journey through the natural cycles and into the tap.***

And I sat baffled: Because shortly after his death, I had written ***a fairy tale about a single droplet and its journey through the natural cycles … entitled „Das zwölfte Tröpfchen".***

It was a heart-stopping moment.

My mother gave me a scare today, when I called, and her voice sounded all gaspy and exhausted and dark … and when I asked her what was wrong she said that she can't stand the „situation" with – me! That I „claim" to have taken care of her, and now want money from her – I did mention that she still owes me! – and that she wants to be left alone because I make her life miserable. Now I have been the one to keep her alive and get her mind to recover on the cost of my private life in the past three years, fulltime. And … oh what am I even yapping … there is no fucking point. I was very upset, and I can tell that my heart and everything don't handle that kind of upsetness well anymore. I am shaky, can hardly focus on work, nauseous … typical narcissists – must see those who care about her suffer.

I put a bag with a *pear strudle* and two *books* to my *father's* garden gate …

… and he called, thanked me and invited me for Easter lunch. Well. Surprised I am, a bit. I had been hoping for this. Also the vet did call him for the dog's shots earlier than normally – and he even told me about it, that he went today, and that Sandy's nails were clipped, and that the doctor had said that she needs way more exercise. He lied and said that the doc had said that only he must go with the dog, not someone else, because surely the doc has suggested that my father find someone else to walk Sandy. But it is so much better than only a month ago. The vet followed through. I must thank her.

And now … let's see what the spring will bring. I must take Bach flowers, that's for sure.

A new caretaker visited mom today for the first time … a bit of a strange young woman, but I like her, Christina, with beautiful eyes and a calm and yet strong demeanor. I hope my mother likes her.

March 20, 2024 **– Pauli is dead.**

Learned today, that CH's dog Pauli died on Monday, March 18, 2024, supposedly had a stroke, and the vet put him down. Oh I can't even express the agony. ***We had a big blow up with her ex M. threatening me just two days before that – when I asked her to let Pauli live with someone else because she in her pills haze will ruin him.*** And bam. Too late. I wish I had intervened earlier. In the last two years, CH and M ruined the old dogs life … I don't even want to get into it.

Crying.

Asked Edith, Bob and the others to let me know if Pauli is with them. I received something like … a **pale peach**?!

Yes, a pale peach-type round thing.

Keep thinking of the **butterfly** that flew ahead of me and my two dogs the other day, in the spot where I had seen CH and Pauli just earlier, and I thought that somebody will maybe die … I had even told Ch about it.

And I was right. Have fun, Pauli Mauli … I am glad I did pat him the other day, when I saw CH with him last, and she was her usual pill-hazed fucked up self. I detest her, can't even express how much.

„222" – the house of laughter appeared in a series I have been watching**, *„Graceland"*.** I like the ensemble … have been watching every single episode … but I don't really want to. A little I do, but … anyway. It is a good way to get my mind off we … reality.

March 23, 2024 – **THE PEACH as a DIRECT MEASSAGE**

Oh wow … the pale peach-shaped round thing manifested. I had asked Edith or Bob to let me know if Pauli is now with them …

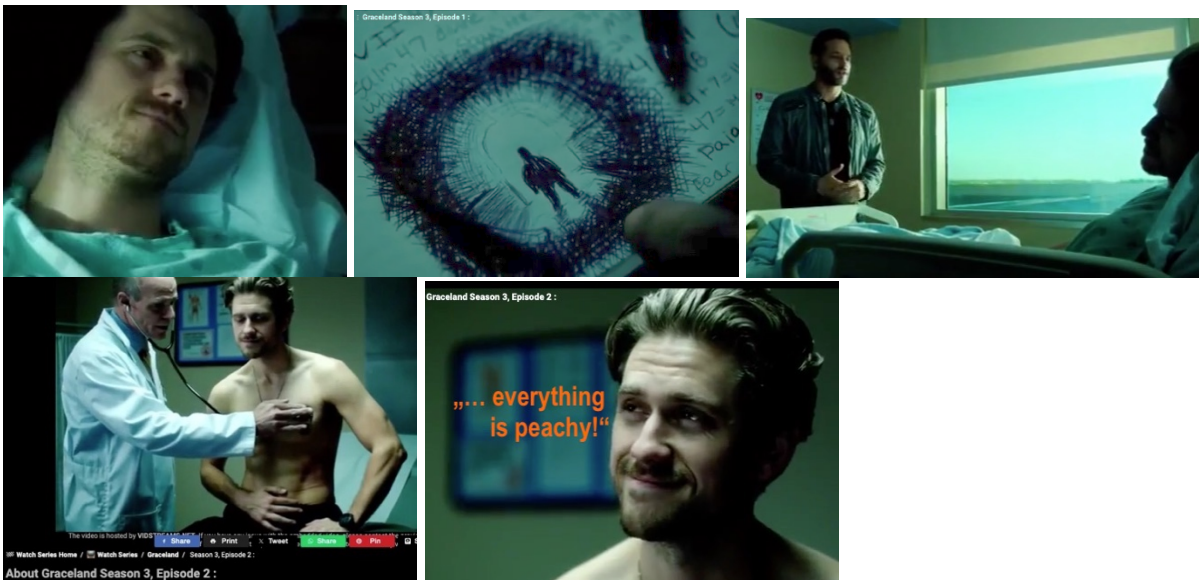
It appeared in a series I have been watching … ***„Graceland"***, about a group of FBI-agents … strangely I watched every episode … and a lot of events happened in that apartment they were all living together … I could have seen that peach shaped thing before? However, I barely ever looked at the screen, was more listening to the events, because I have been doing my colorful drawings. So last night, I was watching the final episode of season 2 – and there it was: **The peach shaped round thing.** ***Right in my face.***

I saw it and recognized the message right away.

Suppose I must be comforted now. Seeing Pauli everywhere. Lovely soul. First with a mentally ill man, CH's brother, then she adopted him, and his life got maybe slightly better … but the stress the poor animal had, living with two drug- and pills- and alohol-addicts must have been pure hell. I did write to CH exactly that … right after I saw Pauli which would turn out to be the last time.

Okay. ***I accept the „peach".*** Pauli is fine now, happy with Kimba and Gipsy and the other dogs …

(Later) **The Peach manifested directly.**
Oh shit … I can't believe it!
I have been watching the beginning of season 3 of ***„Graceland"*** while drawing again … it is a stormy Saturday … and I really really did not want to watch … still did … and here it is:
At minute 23 in episode 2 of „Graceland" the character „Mike Warren" is examined by a doctor due to Mike having flatlined for 6 minutes … in which he had a near-death experience. He told in the previous episode that he saw a bright light and his grandfather … and so he had just told his colleague „Jakes" that he knew that he had been „send back" … from the beyond, that is.
So now, as the doctor examines him and asks if everything is okay in his head, Mike says – wait for it:
„Everything is peachy."
PEACHy. I shit you not.



So, yes. Pauli is fine, and the Disca and I are „still on".
(Too bad I did not find a version of the show with subtitles, but it's in „Graceland", episode 2 of season 3, exactly on minute 23.49.)

So. There.

March 24, 2024 – **My Right Knee & The Peach again**

Walking in the forest with my two ***boys I asked Bob if he was with us*** … and thanked him for the peach-revelation. And I observed myself as I was limping, **my right knee having been extremely sore and often swollen for days now.** I received some kind of **flat red or purple velvet men's cap** on my hand when I asked Bob to let me know if he was present.

Then I suddenly flashed in my mind to my **knee**, and this thought was there, „loud" and clear:

„Be cautious with your relationships with men.“ And that's what the right knee stands for – the biggest „joint“, the most important connection with a male aspect of your life, can be my own active, „male“ side or my father or any actual man. Therefor a cap, too?

Of course I am invited for Easter lunch by my father coming Saturday, and maybe that is the warning? I have been considering to ask my father to let me rent or give me the bungalow where I grew up in which is on the same property where he lives. And I have been having my doubts and worries if this would in any way be doable, smart … how it could possibly work … and the doubts have become huge. But it is my home. I deserve to be there. My father is old …

That said, in the forest I realized how „old“ I actually have become, due to the emotional stress with my mother and my father in the past four years … and all my life … and Bob and all …

So it is a huge warning, I get it, that I can barely use my right knee now, ***I must take every step extremely thoughtfully and thinking ahead,*** no way I could run or even walk in a trusting way. I cannot put pressure on my knee, it hurts like hell when I am not cautious.

I know what you are thinking – and I agree: What is not to understand?

I do understand.

And I will be cautious.

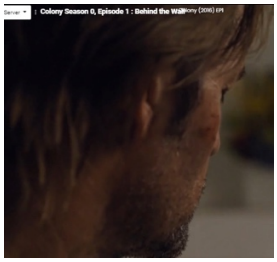
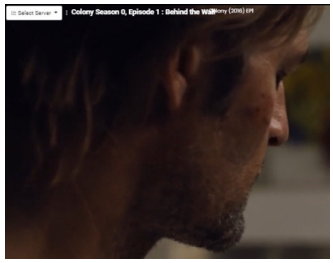
Very.

(Later)

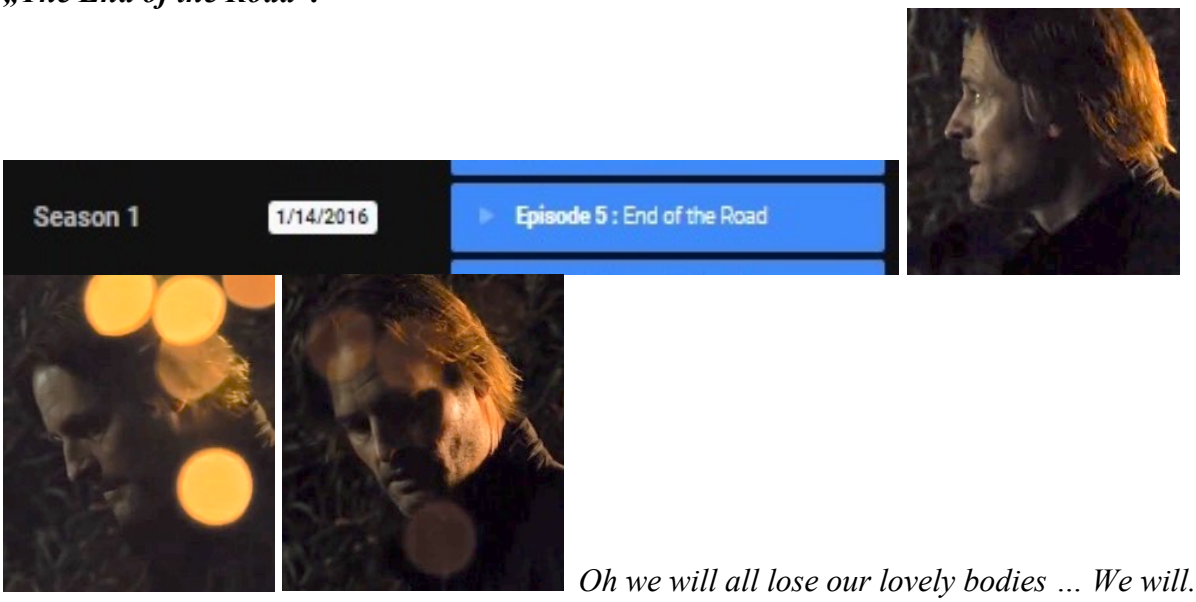
So tired today, was hoping for a big thunderstorm, but no such luck …

Made a cabbage-potato stew, brought it to mom, we ate, played a round of Memory, she was nice. I have given her Bachflowers for the first time in months the day before yesterday … seems to work. Gave her more today, and no, she does not know. She would refuse. They work anyway. So no placebo.

Then, back home, felt so much like spending a nice Sunday afternoon with movie watching, tried out ***„Colony“*** … a scifi series – that I really do not like because of the obnoxious „wife“ character – but I was baffled shitless about shots of the main character „Will“: **I saw Bob.** Did.

That was Bob when I met him. There were even a few lines about how people were jealous of his great hair … and people were always jealous of Bob's great hair … oh wow. I feel so alone. And yet … so talked to. And there was another surprise: The title of the film that cost Bob's life, ***„The End of the Road".***



Oh we will all lose our lovely bodies … We will.

I am more convinced than ever that I must be utterly and courageously honest to my father … at our Saturday Easter meal together … but I am not even sure what my truth is.

(Later) **The Peach – again!**
Oh Jesus!
The Peach manifested AGAIN! I picked a random new series, the very weird and not my taste „Palm Royale", about a club in the 1960s and 1970s … and a woman just (while I was working on the pics of Bob above!) said to her new friend: **„You are a real peach, Maxine!"**

Wow. Got it. Really did.

Just before that I lashed out at my poor puppy Tino again for licking urine on the ground, while not taking his evening dump … I got so angry, because just before that, I had read the report of my mother's caretaker and how she is complaining about me all the time and lying outright. I am so done with this shit. **I am a „real peach“** too, have been to my mother. Not sure I can do more.

March 26, 2024 – **THE PHONE & „BOB“ on wood**

Oh wow, this is intense.

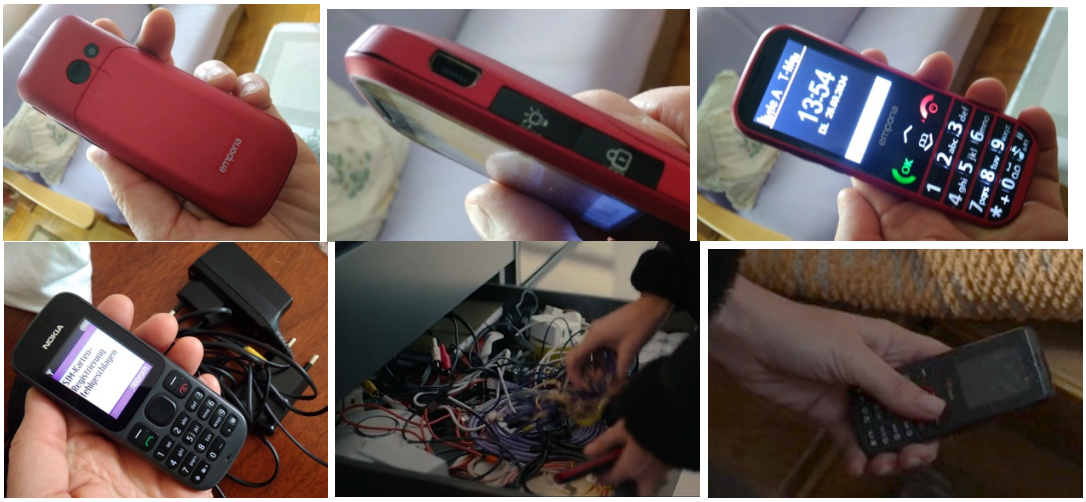
Yesterday, my mom presented me her ***old phone*** that won't change … and it looks like the charger ist broken. So at home, I found ***a very old cellphone of mine, in a mess or entangled cables*** with two chargers … and I plugged it in to see if it works. I thought wow, such an old model, nobody used this anymore …

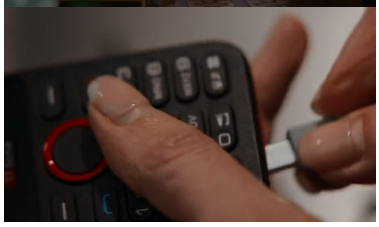
Later, after working late in my editing job, I picked a random (!) crime series, ***„Fool Me Once“,*** it just came to my attention while I was scrolling pretty aimlessly, just needed something to distract and entertain me for a while. I knew in the first minutes that I wouldn't watch the series, but would read up on the plot, I didn't like the feel of it … but I hung on, just because.

And then it happened:

The main character looked through the stuff of her dead sister – and hidden, **she found: a very old phone just like the one I had found (!) with the matching charger.**

Check it out!





No, that is no coincidence. Fuck no. There are no odds! There are no such phones in movies, and on the day that I find one and have to do with another one (my mom's) I pick a random movie where the main character also finds this kind of phone?

Great.

So now what?

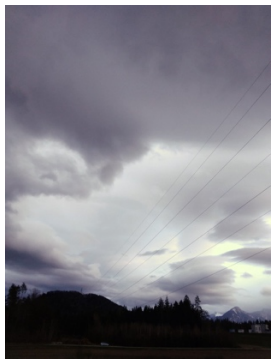
Communication is on. I must „imua".

Last night I somehow birthed the idea that I should get in contact with Katie McGrath, the wife of J.J. Abrams about my „Regents of Clouds" project. Will send her the NOO and TFT DVD. Yup. Will do.

Also … I noticed the word „**BOB**" at a spot where I am nearly every day: On wood.

Plus … the clouds!

Nature, our playground. I want to know how the disca see clouds …



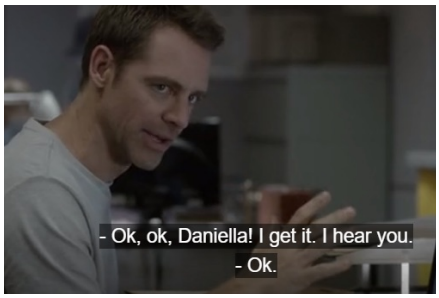
March 29, 2023

Day dreams of me moving out of this place, recently, wondering what to do with the **red sofa** I like so much ... and promptly, random new **series „Cracked" ... a red sofa** ist carried out of the main character's apartment.

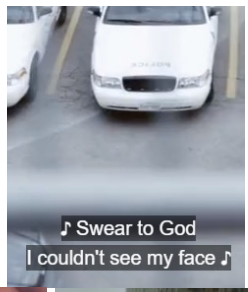
… and a lovely wolf moon blanket …

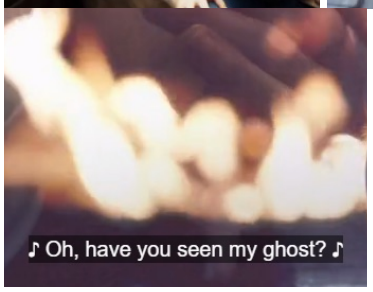
Then a conversation why a character left the main guy - because *he would never talk about anything seriously, would always just answer with a joke* - EXACTLY like Bob did in our relationship, no way to talk normally with him ... I had forgotten about it. A part of me has not.

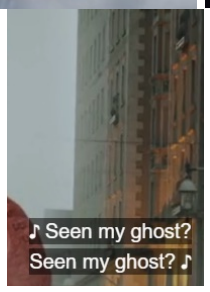
Plus, the name of the female main character ist ***Daniella***. So strange to hear my name pronounced the way I heard it thousands of times living with Bob on Maui.

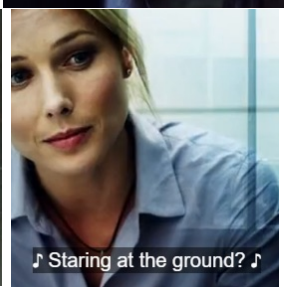


Oh, and the intro song, about a ghost:









Also, there is a monologue that Danielle holds, it's exactly like I was talking about ***thinking of Bob …***

I dream about him.
And in my dreams, we're walking on the beach.
He's walking in front of me, barefoot.
And he looks back and his hair is blowing in his eyes,

Oh I am flashing back there so often so hard ... so closely. I even stood there with Bob in the kitchen - I remember every detail, the knobs, the cupboards ... and as I looked into the cupboards and saw all those supplements for mental health, I realized that I never dared to ask Bob why he was taking all this ... he had a form of dementia and knew it. So in the kitchen, I saw Bob next to me ... and I asked in real life in my half asleep state if we could meet there, with "we" meaning me and all the discas I know ... ***and I saw them lined up on the other side of the counter*** ... Edith, my brother, so many mothers ... did I imagine them? Or was it a glimpse into a different dimension?

Yes, and the stars … the **„chain of stars“** showed up finally … **Kaleilauhoku** – my name.

<u>March 30, 2024</u>

Friend Peter Stern called ... from way way back … worked together in Kimba days … part 3 of Cracked with the stars and the chain of stars appeared. Did I mention that the **stars** showed up on „***Cracked***“? Odds? None.

Easter lunch with my father. He is so old. Needs help. And Sandy, Ediths dog. It was so emotional. I was so afraid of him, so strange … and then, he seemed so helpless. His home, so dirty … Sandy breaks my heart, she is so overweight …

A puka lani appeared … again. After my Easter walk with mom … who I picked up after leaving myfather. Didn't expect to, it was already 4 p.m., but mom sounded like she had waited for me to come … so … As always she was so grumpy and pissed off, cursing behind my back … hard to handle. My nerves. Panic-attack-y often.

March 31, 2024

Sleepless night after visiting my father and witnessing his dog Sandy's ordeal. He is feeding her to death ... I must interfere.

Today I went again to bring him the ointment I had promised. He had forgotten that I would come, and looked all clean shaven and much less miserable than yesterday. Calls Sandy a "Luder" when he talks about her ... heartbreaking. But I kept my countenance and stayed friendly. My father is playing … I think, I really must not trust him.

So I felt like watching something nice, and I started ***"Renegade Nell",*** set in the 1700s, about a young woman with ***superpowers***. The first time we see her, she has a ***bird's feather*** between her teeth.

After watching the disappointing episode one, decided I won't continue watching, the storm picked up outside, and I went to look out of the kitchen window ... only to see ... a ***bird`s feather*** in the plant, the hyacinth, that I had put out there on the window sill. That has never happened! So ...

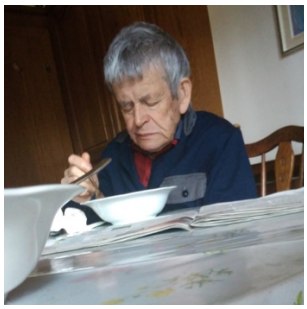
I ran into CH this morning when I was walking the dogs in the forest ... she was yapping and being oh so sad and suffering because of Pauli's death ... while it was entirely her fault that he was so miserable and got so sick in the past years ... I could barely stand looking at her, but she walked with us ... all in her pills haze. She has plans to remain a social parasite for the entire year, no intention to work, even though she had said she can't work because of Pauli ... all a lie. I detest her so much, she couldn't possibly imagine ... I will take measures, oh she will not get away with any of this.

And the feather ... oh yes, I *want to be Nell with the superpowers* ... that she gets from a sprite by the name of Billy Blind.

So ... what about me?

April 9, 2024

Discovered a little lake about lake Hafnersee … lake Penkensee … took a way longer walk than I had expected … good to get to know new neighborhoods. Still, I think I would like to live on the property where I grew up … where my father now lives all alone with his poor dog, Sandy. It's a tough situation … will share another time … it demands all my self-discipline, but I do care about this broken old man ... He deserves to be loved … but he makes it just so so so hard.



April 12, 2024 - **The Gray Noise!**

I am thinking so often that I should finalize this Contact Diary and send it off, but then I have so much stress regarding my mother and worries about my father and his poor dog … that I can only manage to watch series and movies online to relax …

But last night, lying in bed, I had such *a strange impression* … it was pitchdark, and as I opened my eyes, feeling hot, needing to change my bedding, **the room suddenly kind of lit up … but not bright, but some kind of visual „noise"** like on TV when no channel is available or when there is interference was all around me! I did not see Tino sleeping or anything, it was just that light gray visual noise, and I consciously looked around and thought to myself that I am really not into any kind of apparitions … so I think I even said out loud „Don't ever spook me, got it?" And the gray noise disappeared.

So then, in the evening I thought I'd like to watch ***„The X-Files"*** as a distraction from my stress, and long story short: **The gray noise** appeared in an episode! There are no odds for something like this!

I hadn't been able to reach my father by phone for two days, put a bag with sweets and a letter on his garden door knob, and he did call me last night … his phone was broken. He said that I could come visit any time … which is good, and we made an appointment for Sunday.

Sure enough – today he called again and asked me if I could come an make *pancakes* for him – but tomorrow. I know him enough – he wants to test me and have things his way. So I said sure. I am so concerned about his dog Sandy …

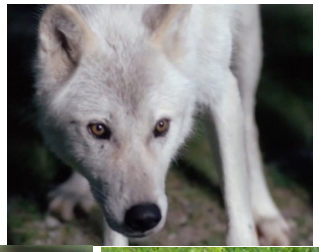
Weird thing: I walked into the hallway with my boys in the afternoon, and there was a ***trail of blood drops*** towards the basement door, which was closed. I opened it, wary, and there was a

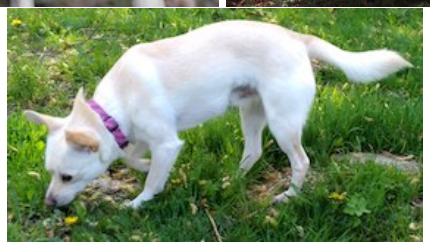
puddle of blood behind the door, but nobody and nothing there. Strangely, I had the vision of a cat having been chased by a dog and bitten, or the cat who lives upstairs having fallen down … I went to clean that mess up, as there were already footsteps in the blood, like people are too dumb to even step over it!

On the way to lake Hafnersee with J and T, a car with the license plate number **„250 BM“** came right towards me. And on the way back, a car with **„250 IY“**: This was strange, as „250“ is the beginning of Bob's phone number. The last one I read „I know why“ … but I am a bit out of touch, but feeling I should get back in touch.

Have been watching stuff … like random movies and the series ***„Private Practice“*** (I watched when I lived in Griffen, and seeing it I do remember the characters, but not the stories) … a lot of crying about my lost baby … and then the images … I have wondered so often how it would have been ***if I had been with dead Bob*** … and here it was … the guy even looks like Bob ... along with an ***image of „our lanai in the rain“*** … oh sigh. I am so much into my past, still.

Also … ***white wolves*** … like I call Tino always my „little white wolf“, and Jacqui my „big handsome wolf“ … And there they are reflected right back at me on „The X-Files“ …





Even ***„Sandy and Tino“*** appeared …now that it has been totally on my mind how Sandy and Tino would get along … and then this (on a random movie, I did not even end up watching):

(The real Sandy)

April 13, 2024 – **It was the Cat!**

Visit at my father's went well, I made the pancakes, cleaned the kitchen … he fell asleep sitting at the table – geez, what if he falls over in his sleep and hits his head? He had told me on the phone, too, that he had fallen asleep after lunch! When I asked him if he wanted to lie down, he said he never sleeps during the day. Well. Sandy must have still gained weight in the last weeks … he tries to give her the nasty treat shit … all the time, so that she won't bark. He has no nerves for her anymore. I must talk to the vet.

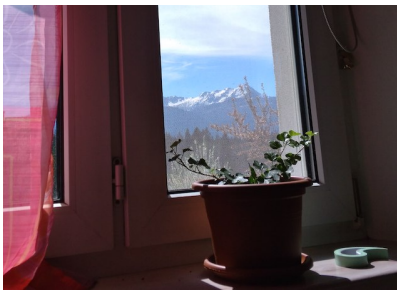
(Later)

It is late, and I heard loud voices of the two neighbors in the apartment of the guy above me (who lives with two cats and never goes outside) … and I pressed my ear to the wall, and I head the other neighbor say that **his cat had fallen down from the second floor balcony**, and that the operation costs 1000 Euros. So that was the blood! I had guessed right! Poor, poor animal! But those people had not bothered to put a net up but they let the cat jump up on the balustrade! Jesus Christ, I can't even express what I would like to do with those fucks!

April 14, 2024

Nature … so green … a rabbit on our path … supposedly comforting … but were is my partner, the one to talk to, to share …?

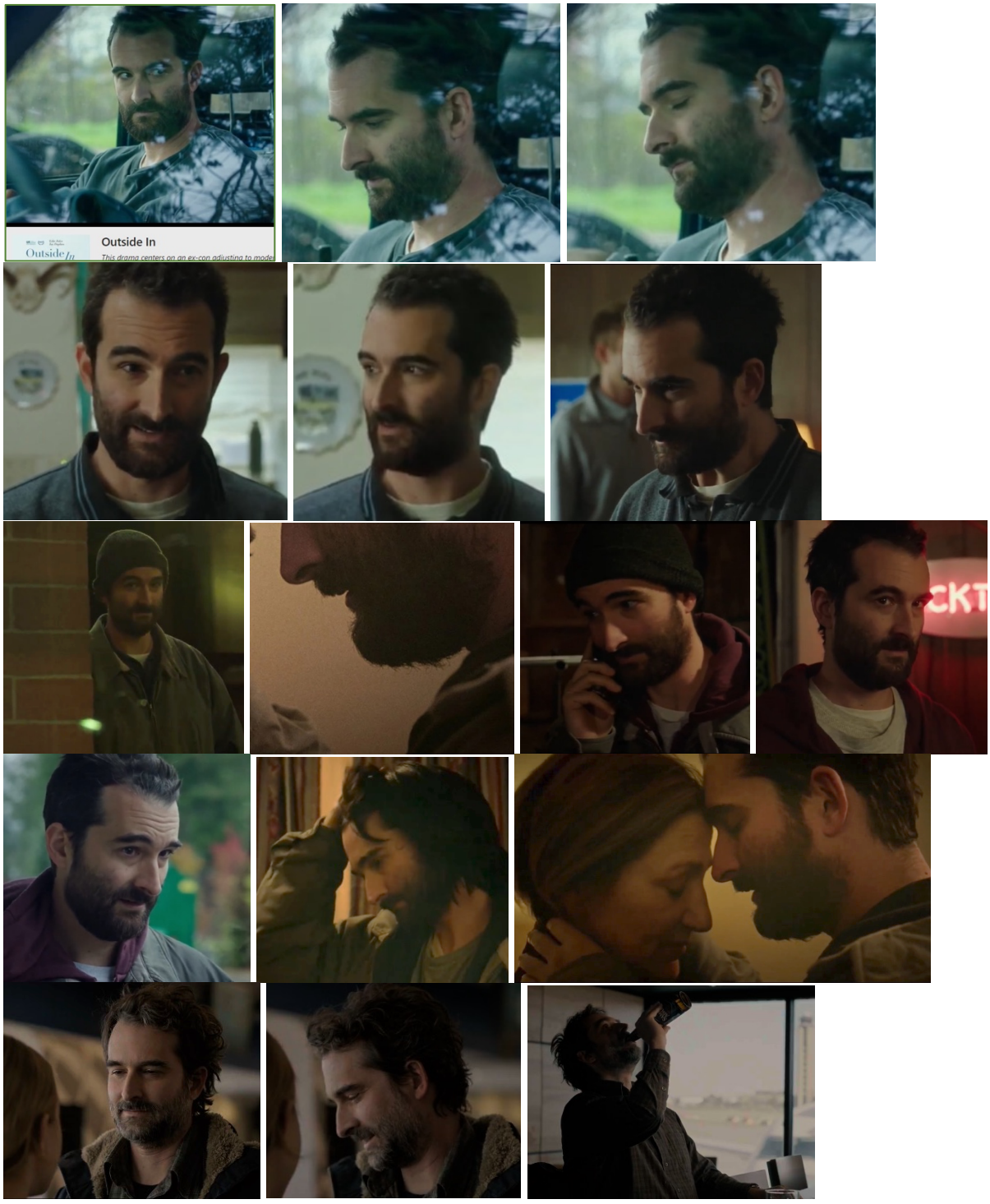
Leaves under water at lake Hafnersee … waitingto emerge. View from my living room, right at the „volcano" … hurts every fucking time. I can't even describe what I experienced lately in terms of injustice (Catholic Church) … I only know for sure now that there is no fairness in this world. One day, I will retaliate.

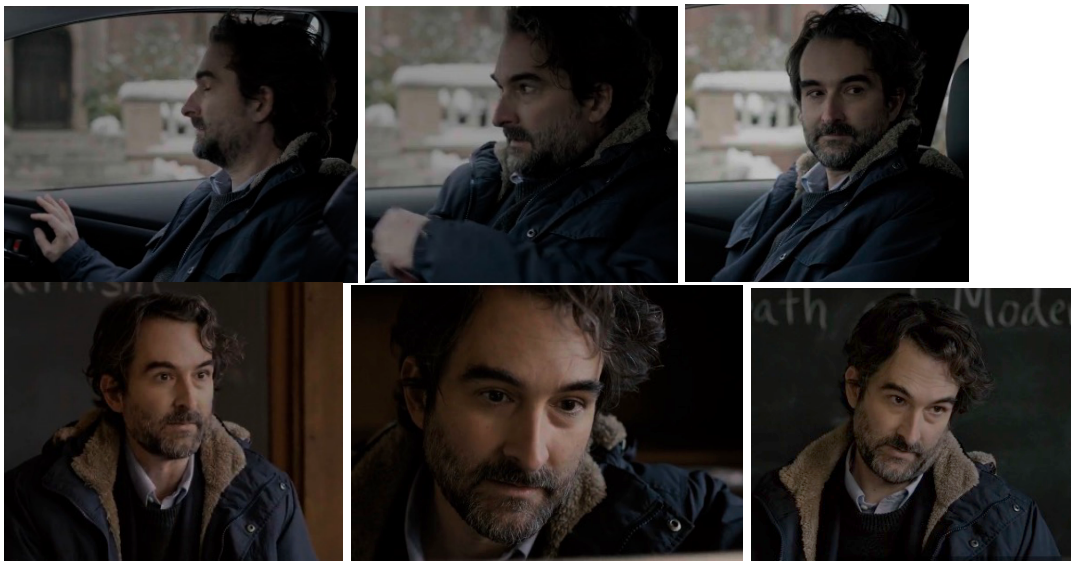


April 21, 2024

I have been thinking about contacting my „old friend“ Walter, the only person who could help me with my father (getting the latter’s „heir“ slowly out of the picture, because this is what my father actually wants too, but he still is too dependend on that guy … oh I have recordings of my father proving this all … but I have been hesitating …

… and there „he“ was, in the form of ***Jay Duplass*** – in two random movies I checked out. So strange … seeing someone so similar … can’t believe it.





And the clouds … in the last days … kind of comforting … supposedly inspiring?

There was a mirror image of a tower in the clouds …

Tino … so happy in Spring meadows … and Jacqui slowly and quietly … and the jumping and running again.

April 23, 2024 – **Snow, a lot of snow**

… and a day later, all that would be covered white.

Had a session with a psychologist again … to have something to show, someday, if Burn-out should become an option of helping me get retirement or something … only to realize how ridiculous those sessions are … she listening, me talking, choosing what to say … playing her like I have to play my father now. No way to ever have a normal conversation with him … I have to weigh every word before I say it … it is beyond difficult.

But I cooked lunch for him a few times, we talked on the phone, will go shopping for him tomorrow … so there is some kind of „connection“ … except that since his birthday-call he has never ever said a word about me, asked how I was, what I was doing … anything. Ever. But he will take every opportunity to provoke me, to insult me and my mother, he is so aggressive …

And there is his poor dog Sandy … I hope she holds out a little longer, being locked up for most of the day, no exercise … I only know one thing that if she should ever be really sick or obviously suffering … I would take her to safety and not try with my father again. He is fucked if he trusts his „friend“ and the latter's new foreign woman … they want the property and my father out of the way. With me he at least has a chance that I would make sure that he won't suffer … IF I was the one living on the property and in the houses where I grew up.

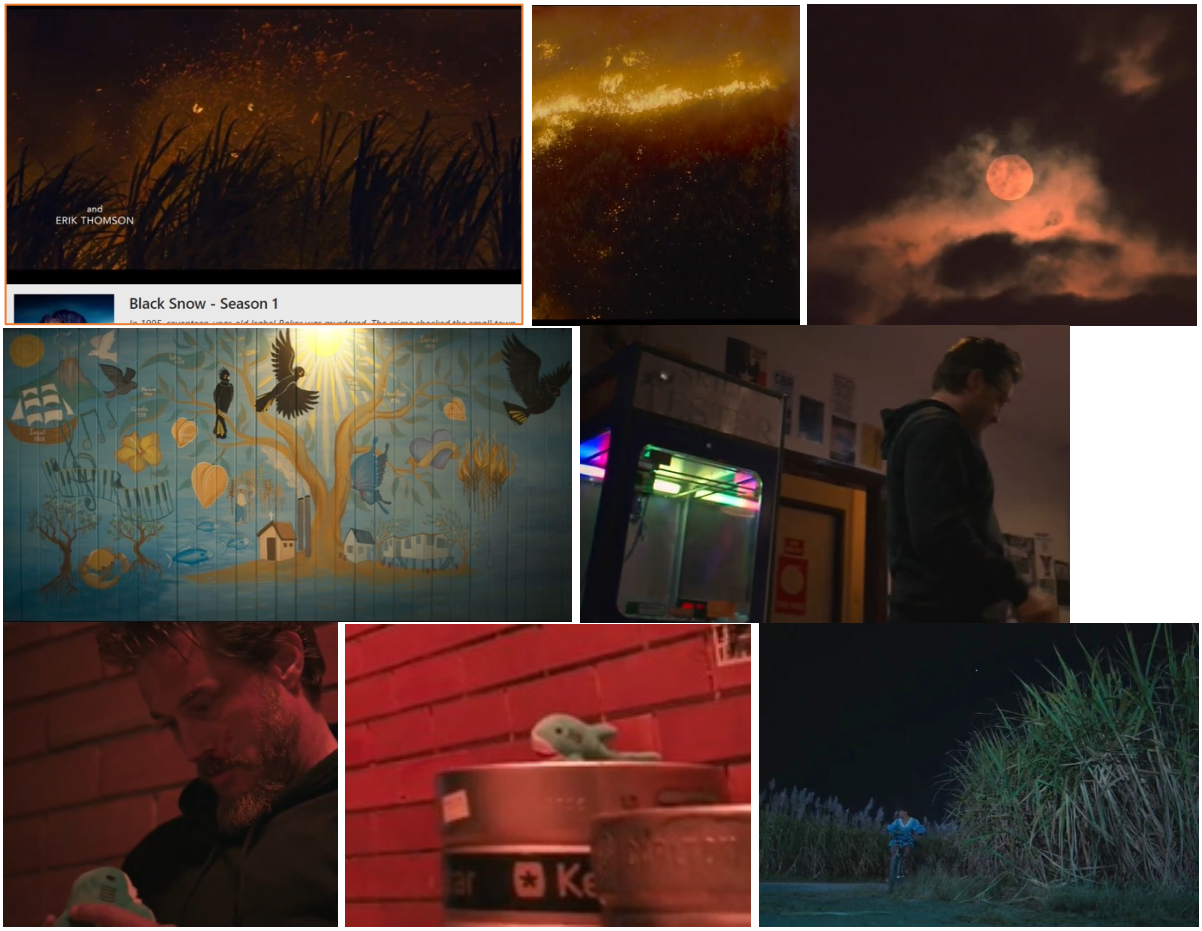
The next weeks will be interesting.

Today, on the phone … I called the first time after my visit on Saturday, where I cooked Gulasch for him … and he was bitter and aggressive and outright nasty to me … but I was able to keep my shit together. Oh wow.

My life … I miss Bob so much … so much …

Mom is kind of fine. My dogs are too.

I peeked into a movie that I just randomly found, *„Black Snow“* … and there was so much stuff that was just „Bob and me“ … ***sugar cane fields! Burning cane field with the „black snow“*** all over our lanai in the morning … the black ashes … oh those Maui days! I miss them so much. Sharks! The moon! It was like year ago in Griffen, when the random movies just „spoke“ to me … this one was full of hints and greetings.



I feel sorry for my father in a way, but I keep reminding myself too, how he treated me all my life. He is a very sick bad person. He should not have a say about anything anymore. He should trust me. Because he is so mean to everyone … and nobody, especially not his „heir“, will ever give a shit if he should ever in a vulnerable position.

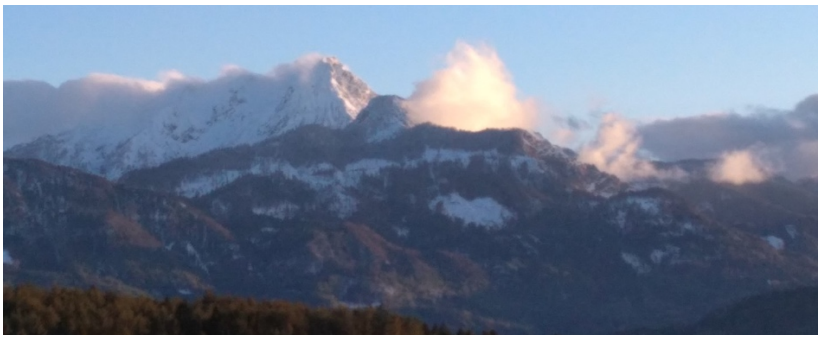
My two boys give me strength, and I love them.

April 25, 2024

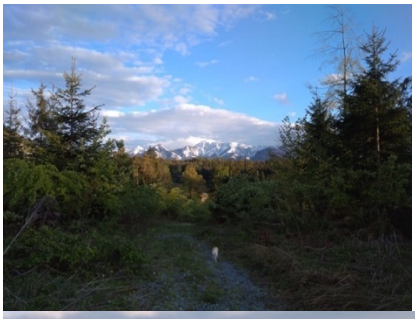
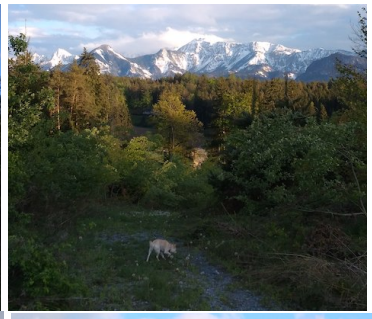
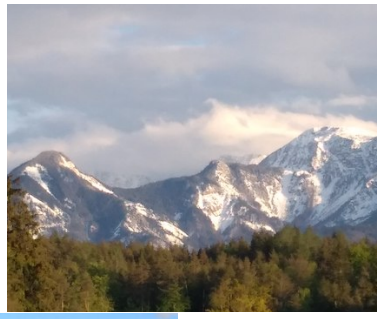
I looked into some ridiculous movie about a real life female drug lord, „Griselda“ – and sure enough, there it was: Hawaii!

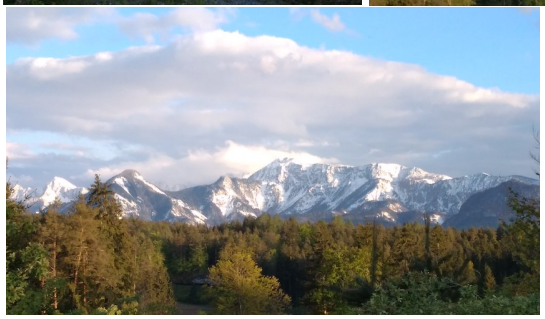
April 26, 2024

Out in nature with the dogs … keeps me sane. And special license plates.



But I cannot make myself focus on the „bridge“ … the situation with my parents is too demanding …



May 3, 2024

Gets me every time, when I encounter „**910**“ … I will never forget the impact on my soul when I saw the license plate number of Bob’s beloved teal Honda Accord for the first time, „**MEA 910**“. It felt like I fell in love with it too, not only with Bob. And everything that happened developed toward the „thing with 910“, as „mea“ means „matter“, „thing“ … the last day I would ever spend with Bob, the 10th of September 2018.

May 4, 2024 – **The Movie Song & The Bridge**

So much happening … I have no time to write … did not have to, at least, will write more now, until I will conclude this CD for now and send the current version off to the people who must receive it.

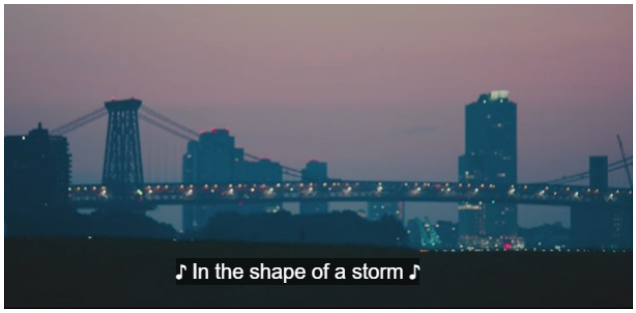
So I watched a „random movie", **„Meet Cute"**, I have no idea how I „found" it … I just scrolled around, needing to get my mind to relax by watching a movie after the stress with my father the last days … and since I still have a hard time writing, I feel so nervous and driven … I will say this: It was the **song** in the end of the movie that I watched that movie for … and the realization of what the story wanted to say: Life is messy and painful, but we must accept it and roll with it. We must live through our story, no matter how hard … it is all connected, and we can't escape our „kuleana", spiritual plight. It all has reasons.

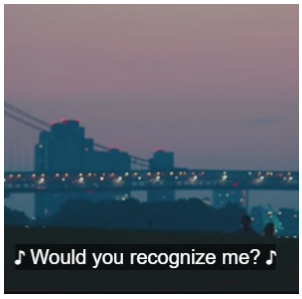
„Meet Cute" is about a woman who uses a ***time machine*** to **erase all the painful experiences in the life of the man she loved** …

intervention, driven by genuine concern and love. ***Meet Cute*** invites the audience to embrace the imperfections and surprises of life, suggesting that the journey, with all its ups and downs, is what makes our experiences truly meaningful and profound.

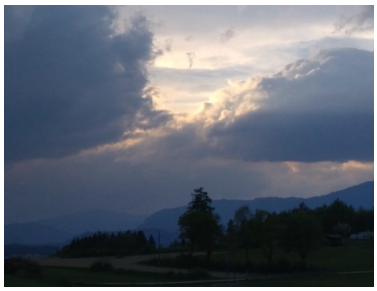
Moreover, Gary's decision to lie to Sheila about her future, essentially using a fabricated narrative to pull her back from the brink, underscores a complex moral question. It highlights the delicate balance between truth and deception and the lengths one might go

And the man at some point – when she is ready to take her own life because she hates the world and life and the realization how her mother fucked her up in her early childhood … and ***he asks her if she is not even curious about what is on the other side of the bridge?*** There it was – „the Bridge", the theme of my life since Bob's passing, and of course before, too.

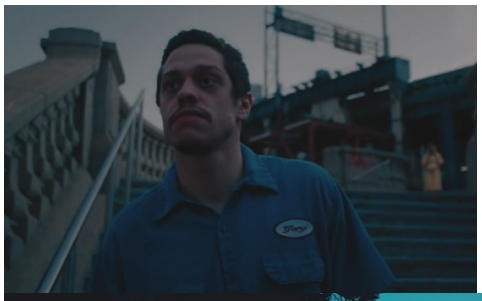
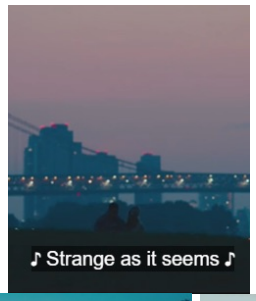


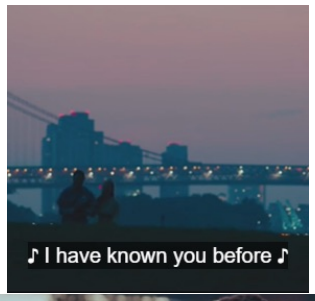


Yes, I have been looking ***at storm clouds*** a lot lately …

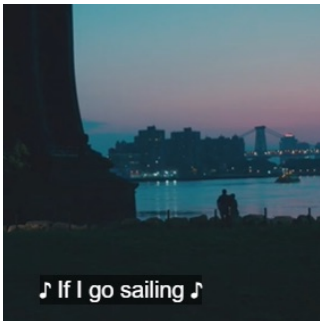


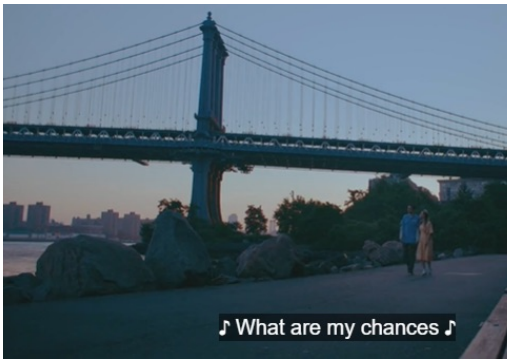
And the song in the movie goes on …



Yes … no shit, we have known each other before, Bob ***… and it was not our time „yet“ …*** to have mortal stories to intertwine to continue the project „**The Bridge“** … the bringing together of the two realms … the one of the discarnates and the one of us, the incarnates … the „mortals“.

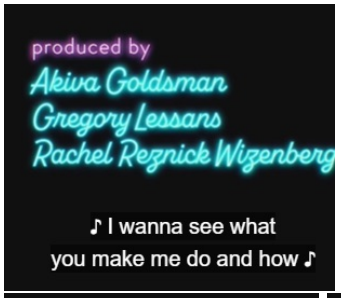


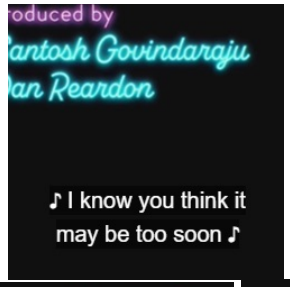


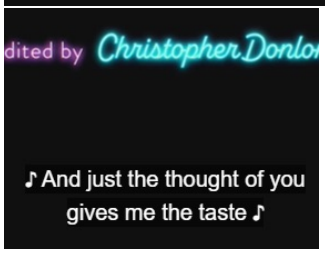
Oh the two lovers … ***under the bridge*** … the bridge, united, at last. I reached Bob's shore, when fate or life brought me to Maui … after the death of my beloved dog Kimba.

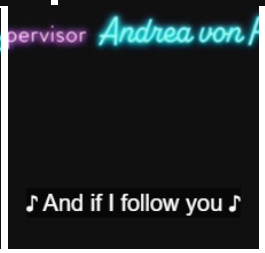
I found that movie by chance.
Yeah. Right. *There are no odds.*

The song has other interesting lines too … just speaking to me.









Oh shit yes I will follow you.

May 5, 2024, Sunday – **Bob and I Are Back On: The „Vanilla" Cake!**

Oh my.

Communication. Synchronicity … this Contact Diary … well, it IS MY KULEANA. And I got the answer to my questions so promptly in the last two days … it's just so intense. It feels good and painful at the same time.

The situation with my ***father*** … too much to put into words. I don't and can't share … it's all about me having to decide if I even want to or should strive to live in the house where I grew up to be able to take care of him. He needs care … he is nasty as hell, full-fledged narcissist tantrums, psychopath and sadist behavior … but he still is a human being suffering, and I can't turn away. I also must take care of ***Sandy***, the lovely Beagle he cannot take care of anymore properly.

So I have decided that I can only do one thing: Be entirely outspoken about what I want, and if this won't work, it is not meant to be and I shall move away. With Sandy. Mom is astoundingly fine … doing well on her own, I don't visit her so often anymore, got help with that … and her mind is just so sharp, including her shortterm memory is improving. „Impossible" according to the therapist. Anyway.

So after two hours of excruiating discussion with my father yesterday and my mom calling me today telling me that she is fine, will walk, eat and do exercise, I am allowing myself a free Sunday with my 2 furry friends, I thought. Of course, first there was a long phone chat with CH, always her same problems, even though her dog is dead … but oh well, during a walk she allowed me to vent about my father and listened, so guess I owe her. I hope for her that her withdrawal of pills will work this time … anyway.

So I took Jacqui and Tino on a lovely sunny walk to the **lotos flowers pond …**

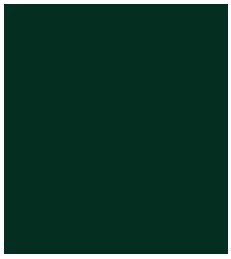
Very interesting, as I sat there in the shade of the one remaining tree, I looked right at the ***„Bridge" that leads into the water*** … and I was so startled, because that was the „view" of the movie I had seen and shared with CH yesterday: ***„Meet Cute"****,* about that woman who uses a time machine to erase all the painful experiences in the life of the man she loves … as described. And the man at some point asks her if she is not curious about what is on the other side of the bridge? ***It was reflected right back at me.*** *I WAS on the other side of the bridge!* I had not sat on that spot before, and only when I looked up, I „saw" the reflection of that movie experience, that had startled me so much with the song in the end …

I had known, seeing the lyrics, that the song was the reason for me to watch that movie … and the realization of the meaning of the story: Life is what it is, and as long as we accept our experiences, we can handle them.

So there **at the pond** and especially on the way back, ***I thought of Bob so intensely,*** and I spoke out loud, while walking – which I had not done in a long time! - that I realized now exactly how everything was and had to be. How I loved Bob **so much and longed so much to be close to him** … but he had to live his life to become the man who would reject his great love, me, so that the longing for him would continue after his mortal passing, so that I would – being the intellectual I am – ***use everything from my life to „follow" him into the beyond,*** so to speak, with my „searching for him" and longing for him, so that this interrealm communication could take place and I would write about it and share it.

And I asked him, speaking out loud … while a true spring (***wind) storm*** was coming up … and little Tino sought shelter behind me as we were sitting in the grass later, and I had to hold Jacqui's ears closes … of COURSE, the ***„storm" was in the lyrics too*** … see:

So, anyway, I talked out loud to Bob saying that ***I was just not sure if I was doing was the right thing to prioritize*** at this time … my relations with my father had been eating up all my energies after I had just been able to let my mom „free" some more because she is so much better … and I said to Bob that I simply didn't know if I was prioritizing the right things. And I asked him to „Put something into my hand" to let me know that he understands my question … and immediately something like a ***„sea urchin shell"*** (without spikes!) showed up, and then, I asked again, and the word ***„spinach"*** and ***dark green color*** was the instant vision or impression. So I said something like „really, a fucking sea urchin"? It was in gold and dark brown or black … „… and spinach?"



So we sat down, and I reminisced a bit about my life on Maui … and how the last time Bob and I sat together, at Baldwin Beach, looking in the actual opposite direction, North, than where I was facing today, and even then I did not dare to touch Bob, sitting next to him, he on my left side. I will never forget it, he, in his dark bright teal fleece jacket, so frail, so thin, so hopeful … after all, he was out on the beach with me … it was so windy … Jonathan was there, too …

And the I remembered that I never said properly good-bye to Bob, we did not hug, nothing, I just kissed his forehead and walked out of his bedroom … I was so sure I would be right back, and I said so. But I would never see him again.

I had such an urge to tell all that to my father, too, suddenly, and I think I will.

I got so sad that I had to get up and walk towards my car … but Bob was still right there, with me. So I thought ***I should share my mortal impression of nature and the wind and all …***

I also said „Play me", and I „was him" standing there, in the wind and the sun, and feeling the air and the ground … and I really got into the „Being Bob" feeling … and then I touched Tino „as Bob" … and the ***sudden flash of energy*** seemed to prove, that he „got it". <u>And then I asked him to let me know that this reached him</u>, and I stretched out my hand North (a the wind came from the South directly)

and asked him to put something on the palm of my hand to let me know ***that*** I had reached him … and immediately **something vanilla-creme-yellow** appeared, **from which grew something long yellow, like also vanilla** … the impression of the fact „sweet" and „vanilla" and „creme" or „pudding" was irresistible and right there and clear.

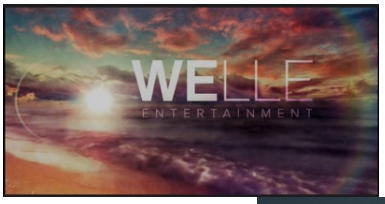
So I said „Sure, fucking Vanilla … stuff."

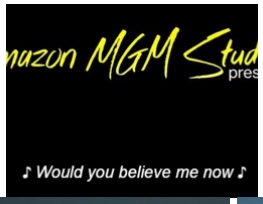
And then, an hour later it happened:

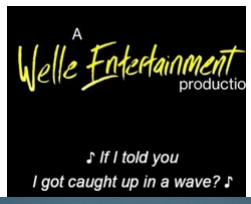
I had looked for a series I want to watch, „Dotty & Soul", had seen the trailer last night, seems interesting, but it was not on my streaming sites. So I checked the putlocker site, and it wasn't there either. But there was a list of current movies … and the one with the title **„The Idea of You"** intrigued me. So I started to watch it … and there was the song …

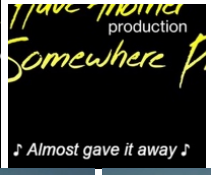
… and it is about a singer of the **band „August Moon".**

You know, I thought my heart would stop. *August* was the last month I had spent with Bob, who was my „*Moon*" … there are no odds.

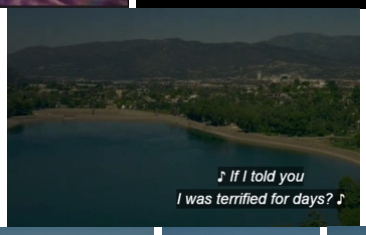

WELLE
ENTERTAINMENT

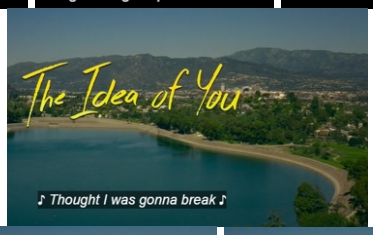

♪ Would you believe me now ♪

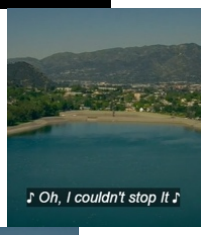

A
Welle Entertainment
production
♪ If I told you
I got caught up in a wave? ♪

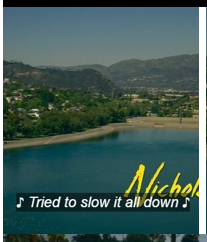

production
♪ Almost gave it away ♪

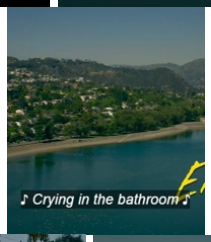
A
film
♪ Would you hear me out ♪

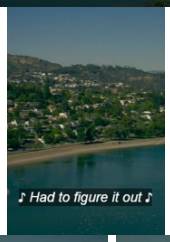

♪ If I told you
I was terrified for days? ♪


The Idea of You
♪ Thought I was gonna break ♪

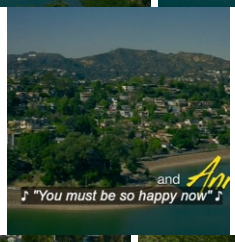

♪ Oh, I couldn't stop it ♪


♪ Tried to slow it all down ♪


♪ Crying in the bathroom ♪

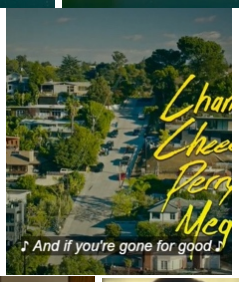

♪ Had to figure it out ♪

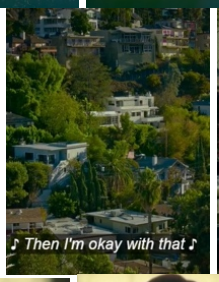
♪ With everyone around me saying ♪

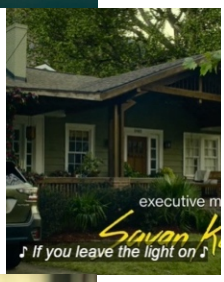

and
♪ "You must be so happy now" ♪

WELCOME TO SILVERLAKE
SUNSET + JUNCTION
♪ Oh, if you keep reaching out ♪

♪ Then I'll keep coming back ♪

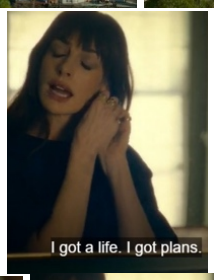

♪ And if you're gone for good ♪

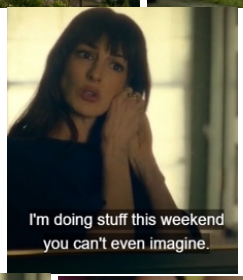

♪ Then I'm okay with that ♪


executive m
♪ If you leave the light on ♪

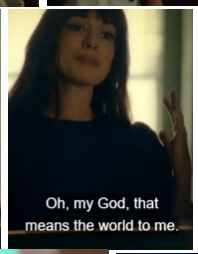
♪ Then I'll leave the light on...

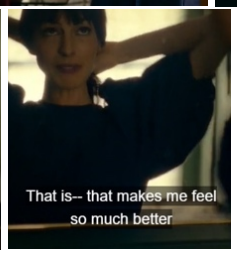
You get to meet August Moon?


I got a life. I got plans.


I'm doing stuff this weekend
you can't even imagine.

I'm doing stuff
you could never do, Daniel.

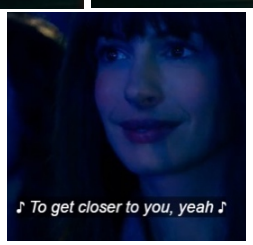

Oh, my God, that
means the world to me.

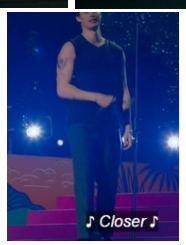

That is-- that makes me feel
so much better

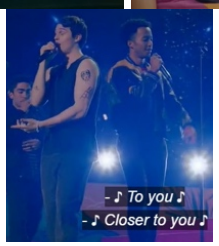
about the fact that
you fucking destroyed my life.

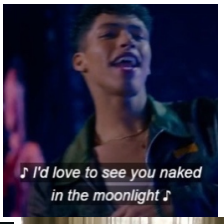
Once a Moonhead, always a Moonhead.

I mean, just look at him.

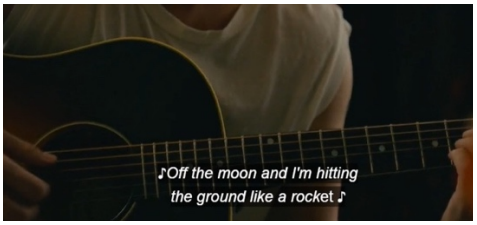

♪ To get closer to you, yeah ♪


♪ Closer ♪


- ♪ To you ♪
- ♪ Closer to you ♪


♪ I'd love to see you naked
in the moonlight ♪

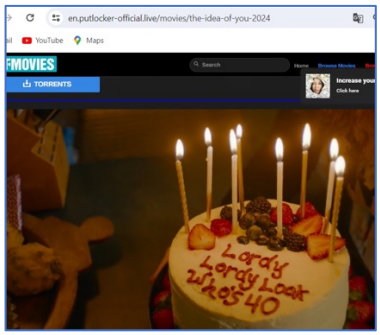
♪It took a lot
of time to say ♪


♪Off the moon and I'm hitting
the ground like a rocket ♪

♪Can you tell me,
oh, what you wanna do? ♪

♪What you wanna do,
what you wanna do over ♪♪

I couldn't handle a sad romance, though … so I thought I should just read up on the ending, which I did … but I had the feeling I had to watch just a little longer … and then I got it right into my face, this:



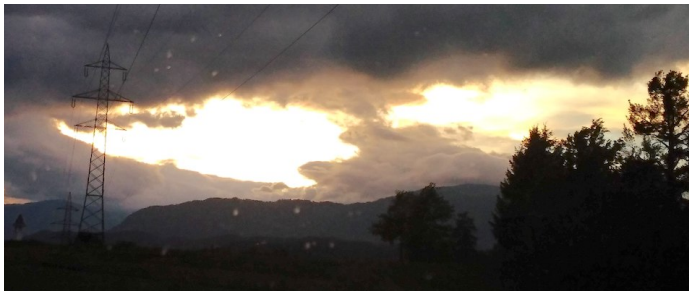
Yes, **this was what Bob had made me „see" an hour earlier at Aich: something vanilla-creme-yellow** appeared, ***from which grew something long yellow, like also vanilla*** … the impression of the fact „sweet" and „vanilla" and „creme" or „pudding" … it was ***THIS CAKE*** that Bob had „given" me.

We are SO on the right path, I am SO in contact with him … and I think I really am doing fine following my gut or drift or whatever it can be called.

It is inspiring, invigorating, infuriating, depressing, motivating all at one. I miss being with Bob so much, I think I could suffocate if I thought about it too much.

The „bridge" to remind me of … my true path?

And … oh the sky images … just power … meant to „em-power"?



I must add here something that I forgot to mention when it happened: I was at **Aich** again, on a walk, the other day, recovering from yet another horribly stressful encounter with me father … and and I was so ***pissed at Edith***, about what she had done, getting the dog Sandy when she herself was already in such bad shape … and then left the poor animal to be with my father who was a maniac back then and already in pain all the time … that I really ***vented out loud at Edith*** … then asked her to „put something into my hand" to prove to me that „she got it all".

And immediatetly, **a black „animal" head in the form of the head of Mickey Mouse** showed up. So I was naturally baffled. I have the tendency to say it out loud what I saw, so I said „Oh sure, a fucking Mickey Mouse head?"

So a few minutes later I was on my way down the hill after the walk with the dogs - and there it was: **the Mudi dog** that I already encountered once on the same spot – and all I saw was „Mickey Mouse" head!

The inner startledness that I experienced with that sharp hot „heart stab" was the proof, that it was indeed what Edith had made me „preview" … and the fact that it was a dog that showed up „as Mickey Mouse" was another fact, because my ranting at her had been about her dog, Sandy.

Now, when I saw that Mudi dog a few months back for the first time, actually on the same spot, I had immediately thought that it looked like a Mickey Mouse … and so no surprise, that I had „received" that as an inner image again, right before I had seen that same black Mudi dog head again.

What a sweet dog, that Mudi, by the way … and I am very worried about her … the street is hellish. It is windy, and normally one cannot drive fast … but there are sometimes crazy drunk young folks on the way …

The first time I saw the dog I did stop and got out, ready to capture the dog … but she ran away very fast.

So there.

That dog's head was exactly the head Edith had „given" me into my hand as a vision, and evidential that she was there and had heard everything I said and knows everything about Sandy and my father and me. It was the ***instant manifestation*** that I had experienced in the years before the intense time with my mom started … and I teared up in the car and could only say „It fucking works every time".

Two images I took have a strange „halo“ around them … as if someone would look „out of“ some fogged up window.

May 7, 2024 – **Dream of Keanu Reeves**

It was an island, certainly in Hawaii, a wonderful large oceanside property, with a flat wide open main house and many smaller buildings, and I kind of looked from the outside in … but I knew I had to be there, to in, live there, it was supposed to be mine … but it was not …

Andrea my real-life neighbor (with who I have barely ever to do, and I was stunned in my dream that she was in that dream!) and at the same time Gerti (the other acquaintance, not really a friend, I barely know her!) turned out to live with Keanu … who appeared there, so handsome and youthful and sweet … He did approach me, but I don't know why … it was the woman who talked to me, and she told me - with the property with all the lawn and flowers and white buildings and the ocean behind her … told me about her life, talked about „our two daughters“, meaning Keanu's and hers - and I was in shock, about their seemingly so close relationship that they had kids … but it was their two dogs she was talking about … saying that the two dogs were keeping them together. I thought wow, what an ignorance, you have Keanu, and you don't even really want to be with him?

Then I met Keanu, and it turned out that they were not in love, but they would stay together to be safe … but I really really wanted to be with Keanu, and the more I talked with him, the more I knew that the same was true for him …

It was such a tragic and dramatic situation and experience just like with Bob and me … so intense, emotionally, almost unbearable … and I saw in my dream everything from my own perspective and yet somehow as an outside observer too … and there was that big dread and horror that I knew that I could not stay in Hawaii just like that … I was about to „be taken away“ I want to say, again, likely would not be able to live with Keanu there, whilst we were clearly meant to be …

Oh it felt so real and so familiar … the longing, the dread of leaving, knowing others were at home there but not me … but I belonged there.

How horrible … there was this huge ocean side property … but I was not able to live there … the sun, the flowers … yes, there was something about plants … that Andrea/Gertie showed me … and in my dream I thought how in the world did it come about that this woman, who does not even care much, gets to live there when I long so much to but don't have the chance … and she does not even want to?

She can live there, it is all hers, the man, too, and she does not appreciate it …

it was so arrogant and unfair and just heartbreaking.

Heartbreak … that is my life's curse, as it seems.

Yesterday I had a horrible screaming duel with my father only to realize, later, that I am so DONE trying to do things to make him happy … if I can't be happy with his behavior or the place, I cannot and won't live there.

Maybe that's why I had to see that wonderful property where I knew I belonged …

Oh Bob, oh life with Bob … where are you?

May 7, 2024 – **Dream** of Keanu Reeves

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Oh Bob, oh life with Bob … where are you?

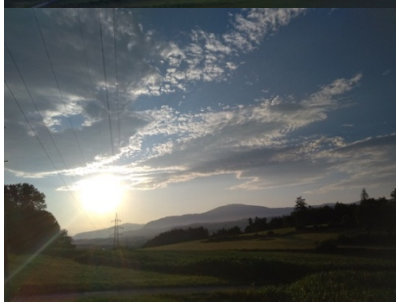
At the dentist, there was a *frog humping a bug* … go figure.

May 9, 2024 – **JO XOO 7**

The puzzle-cloud … always amazes me. Plus: Today I felt spoken to big time, because this is a sample of the „speaking“ license plate numbers I only saw yesterday: **VL 808 CR, VL 808 DJ und VL 808 HI!?**

And today: **„JO XOO 7“** … so „Jo“, that's me … and there is a „X“ hug, and so much more.

And on the11th and the 12th … more amazement and inspiration.



May 13, 2024

I have been seeing a car with the license plate number „**Fee**“ many times … and every time I thought about ***Fe(e) Fischer***, the lady through who I got Jacqui. And there – today: I was looking for a file relating to my father on a harddrive, and there was a folder with old pictures as a safety copy from my old laptop – and I opened it, and there was – Fe! Wow! I had no idea that I had those images of her. I do remember taking them, though, the day we drove to Slovakia in 2014, where we were meeting an elderly couple who were supposed to adopt a dog named Choki. But that dog was so timid and wouldn't walk but hide, that they did not take him. And I

befriended him that same day – and later he would move in with me and became my beloved „Jacqui“.

I know this appearance relates to Sandy, my father's dog who is in grave danger.

I dug a little more into this folder, and Bob gazed right at me, with an expression like he had known back then that this image would be so significant so much later … now, that I only have a picture of him to relate to his mortal self.

It is very horribly painful.

My father told me about a hike he and Edith did to Sternberg, and that she lost her ***sunglasses*** there … very expensive ones. And immediately I thought of the expensive ***sunglasses I found a few days ago, Gucci***, on a walk with my dogs, and I was wondering what that is supposed to mean. So there … lost sunglasses appeared double. A greeting from Edith? And the penis-cloud rising in front of my window?

(Note: Putting remaining pics into this doc today, September 25, I came across another sunglasses find, on July 5.)

May 15, 2024 – Message from Hanni and Franz?

Oh wow … amazing!

I visited my old friend Gerti (the one with the paralyzed face who used to love Sigi) today, on a whim, drove to her after dropping off my mother (who just can't help herself hating me and gives me those glances and snaps at me at every opportunity) … didn't take J and T … and Gerti was so sweet to ask me about my father-situation and allowed me to explain and vent. And she strongly advised me to stay away if necessary and let go of everything …

Her grandmother lives in the house too, together with Gerti and her lovely Danish husband Lars, and so strange:

I thought, before driving, what I should bring Gerti as a gift, and she had gotten me a flower at her visit, so I grabbed that little Buxbaum tree that I had raised, but that I know needs to live planted in the soil, and I took it to Gerti. The grandmother was so happy - as she loved Buxbaum and had that brush all around her garden, but all died off … and now she got a new young one to raise! Oh she was so happy!

What are the odds for me to bring a Buxbaum of all things – and hit the emotional jackpot of a lovely old lady? Whatever I would bring to my mother, she wouldn't want it and toss it out …

So suddenly, Oma Lassnig appeared on the terrace and began to talk about my grandmother Johanna and my grandfather Franz … my father's parents! And just the day before yesterday I had stood at their grave, where Edith is buried, too, and had asked them if they could see me and were here, too! And today, that old woman talked about them! Nobody ever had! She did it totally on her own, just appeared and said that she remembered Johanna and Franz …

Wow! That seems like the message I was asking for!

May 16, 2024 – **Pula!**

Drove to Villach with my father today – I don't even want to get into details about his attitude and behaviour, and he was and is in so much pain, his hip, his shoulder, his back …

And he suddenly began to chat about how he remembers taking a holiday with my brother and me and a friend of mine in Pula in Croatia … wow, so many years ago … I must have been 16 or something like that … it was strange for him to recall this, and not even in a nasty way … He was never again at the ocean, he said, not in the south, only with Edith at the North sea … And just as I was pondering upon where Pula was and that I can't remember details, the car encountering us on the reverse lane had the license plate **„PULA 1"!**

Now this is absolutely impossible … no coincidence … this is synchronicity. And I am tempted to think that it was my brother Peter saying hello.

I must say that I have been having horrible dreams in the last nights, danger, dread, betrayal, fear, horrible people ... I could probably recall, but I don't want to.

And something horrible happened today … my father fed Sandy chicken bones -and this is so dangerous!

Poor dog must lie in her plastic basket all the time … I was in the basement again today and in the bathroom, wow, it all needs airing and cleaning.

My father was so miserable, it hurts seeing him so small and worn down, barely able to get in the car and out … forgetting everything, yet breaking out in hateful bursts … for that he has the energy, always.

I was thinking about all that while working later at home … and the ***little pumpkin*** witch that I got from Maria (my neighbor who is hiding out now) dropped from her spot next to the flower pots to the ground. I was deeply startled, it felt, like something has happened elsewhere, and it was „announced" to me … but what?

I really want to have many days all for myself and my dogs … but this is an illusion right now, I must go visit my father, possibly daily, and walk Sandy … he is in too bad a shape. If he falls, and nobody hears it?

Or Sandy … I don't even want to think.

May19, 2024 – **Moon at a crossroads**

Took a walk with mom at Velden … and there was that **moon at a crossroads!**

May 20, 2024

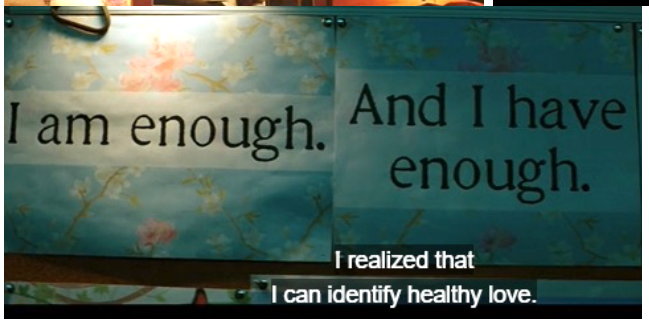
Amazing license plate numbers, mostly with „910“ and „911“ and „222“. I can’t memorize all of them … but they are striking … in their comforting quality as I am dealing with my father … his agony, his anger, his pain … I cannot go into details, I can’t bare thinking over everything that happened in the last days, my worries, my feeling suffocated … very very hard.

Kind of okay with mom … although her shortterm-memory sucks, but I got some caretakers for her … so I have some relief there.

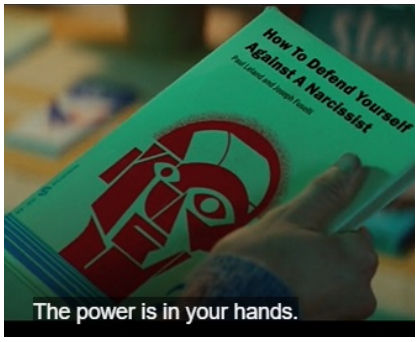
CH is in rehab, detoxing completely, should visit her … don’t want to.

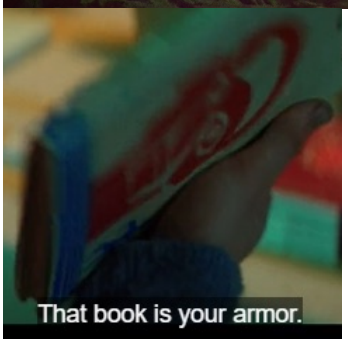
The „puka lani“ that I saw today was so inviting …

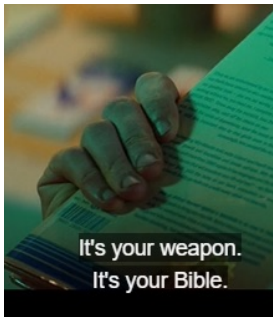
I watched a weird movie called „**Renfield**“ yesterday – the beginning at least, didn’t like it … and for some reason I scrolled forward all the way to the credits. And there were the messages, loud and clear. I had to laugh, really, because those end title cards …



I mean, can the ***inspiration*** in those fucking hard times be any clearer!??







What are the odds of finding something like this?

Because: Also about **narcissism**! My father is an evil narcissist monster! And my life has been hell in the last months … And: Bob was a member of „**Lifespring**“! What are the odds?

And: Conny had texted me about „dress for success“ today! In English!

Oh my, I was thinking that I was dreading the moment when my father hurts himself, but it is bound to happen … and of course he cut his hand severely. Problem: He freaks out if someone wants to help, won't go to the doctor, does his own bandaging … driving me crazy. At least I get to walk Sandy every once in a while … he gives her all the shit leftovers … I can't rescue her the way I want to.

So I kept thinking how horrible it is that she is alone locked into the kitchen by herself all the time … what if something happens in the kitchen, my father in the first floor, doesn't hear anything …

and sure enough: Came to visit yesterday, the kitchen had been flooded while he was out … supposedly the dishwasher … and Sandy was locked in the kitchen.

I did not even talk about Sandy with him … he was so upset, having tried to clean up with his injured hand (thumb) … and I had to clean all the drawers, all full of water … which means, that it was not the dishwasher, he had forgotten to turn off the water, I bet! Because the sink was clogged … he lies, whenever he opens his mouth. He is so aggressive … but I kept thinking, wow, I barely finish the thought of something might happened, and something happens … three's the charm, though. So what is next?

Today he called me already at 10 am, telling me that he wanted me to cook the Cordon Bleu for him - he had all but forgotten that I did that already yesterday. He had no idea anymore that there was still puree and salad and a leftover Schnitzel.

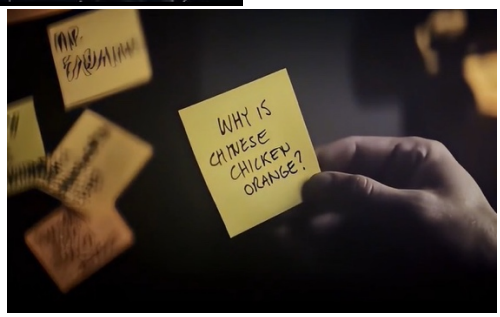
He sounded so confused and all … and I had to take a leap of faith and NOT visit him today. My mind needed a rest, I couldn't take another day of abuse by my father. His hatred, his horrible verbally abusive ways …

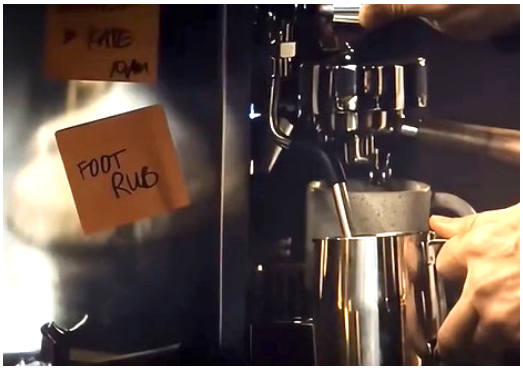
I went swimming twice already in the 17 degrees lake Wörthersee … the first time on May 17, in Töschling, North shore, with mom present. The other time today, at the usual bathing spot at Auen, where I went all last summer.

Oh what will come …? I am feeling so sore and weak and fragile and yet I know I have to be strong for my parents, for Sandy.

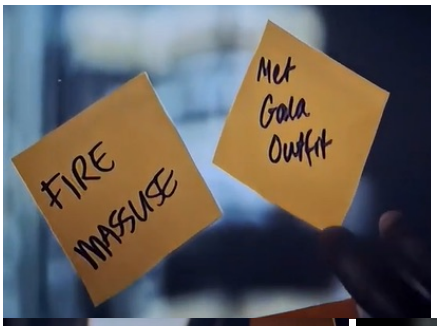
How?

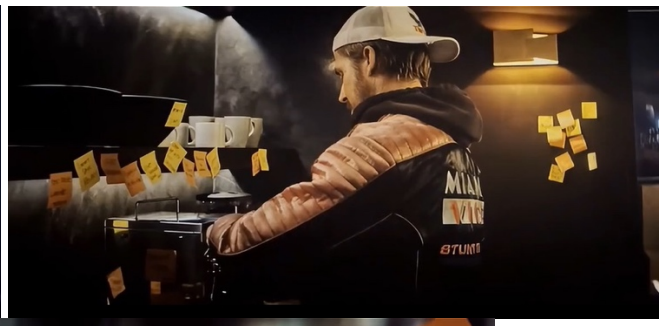
I also watched a movie about a „**Stuntman**" … and wow was I pushed back to my time with Bob and as a filmmaker … Bob had put post-it notes everywhere … for years …

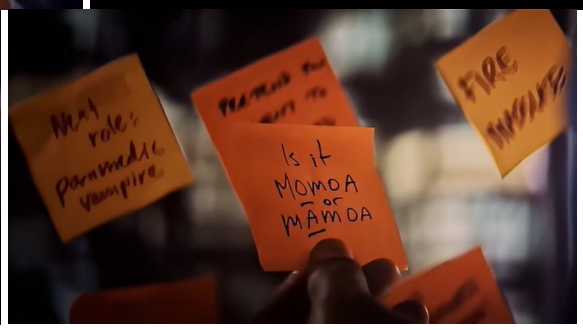




(Oh yes, „foot rub“, that’s what I gave Bob every night when I was with him in summer 2018)







…. And I wrote that crime series pilot and treatment „**Serafina**“, where a ***speaking bird*** is a main „protagonist“ … all that in that movie … which is about moviemaking, after all.

It felt like such a push … I must find myself again. Who am I? Bob called me „his writer“. What writer, Stoneman, now, that you are dead?

May 22, 2024

Horrible situation with father who does go crazy … and a weird cloud … *(Note: Little did I know how insane the summer was going to become with my father completely losing it and me*

worrying about Sandy … it is now September that I am writing this. And the situation is far from resolved. But I am on it.)

Parents are body starters. That's what they do, those two people who „give life" to us - which is bullshit, by the way. What they give us is a set of cells, literally two, in order to start a body. They can't help it, they are made that way and designated to start another body, as soon as they feel sexual attraction and are young enough to be fertile.

So our parents are not the ones who give life to us, but they start the organism that will grow into our body out of two merging cells.

And that's it.

Parents are nothing but bodystarters. After the mother parent has sheltered and nourished the new body enough so that it can hatch and keep growing on its own, she has nothing to do anymore with the kind of person we become. The father parents has only donated that one gonade, the sperm cell, and nothing more. He has done nothing else in order to get that new body-option to grow into a body and then into a person.

So there, again.

Our parents are body starters, and our mother has a bigger role in that and a more important one. Yet, she also just „starts" a body, but to the extent to allow the new organism all basic parts inside her womb where it is protected through this phase. Then - plop, „baby" gets out of the maternal body, and done is the connection, forever.

If there is an emotional connection - great. Then the ordeal of the adult humans having to protect and feed and care for the kind humans will be easier to handle.

But the spirit or soul or consciousness that makes its home inside that new body has no connection to the parent bodies, doesn't even have to be alike in the slightest.

So our parents can hate us, because we are so alien to them.

We can hate our parents, because they are so alien to us.

All natural.

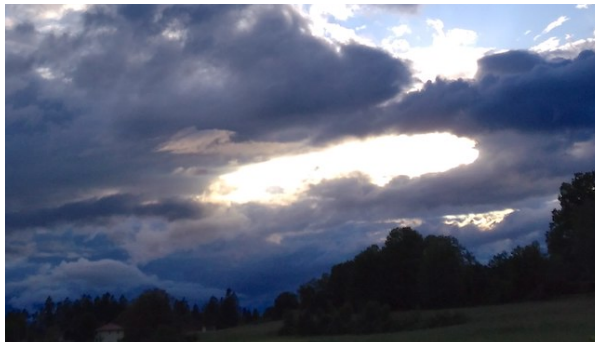
All fine.

All normal.

We only must begin to get it - what the humans relations really entail.

<u>May 23, 2024</u>

Talk about a „door to heaven" … my beloved Pukalani right there … where I live now.

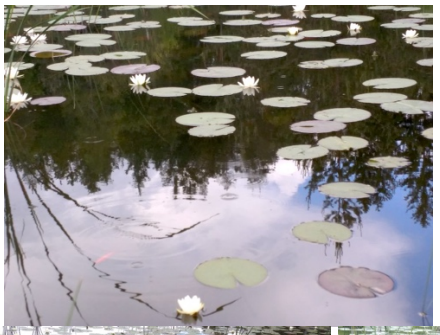
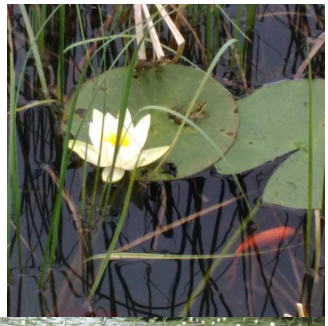


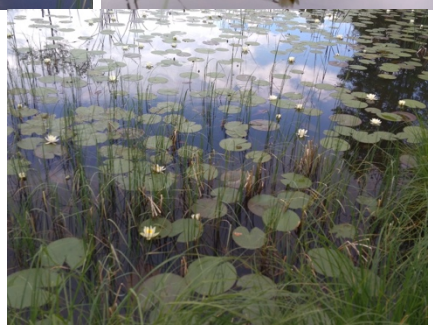
May 24, 2024

Question / answer
Red lips
peach
Amazing license plates

May 25, 2024

Driving to Aich with the dogs, weary if I could possibly go visit that creature that is my biological body-starter today (as my father has been a monster, incessantly cruel, threatening, evil) … and if I have any support by the other side at all … looking at the pond, the bridge … I feel closer to myself, at least.



And of course, the clouds tried to „comfort“ me … right?

And sure enough: I drive by the Gasthaus Jägerwirt, and there parks a car with the license plate number „**WINNER 7**“. Oh wow. I had just worked on translating my screenplay „Serafina“, and it was about a parrot who keeps saying the number „7“. So that got my attention. Right then, too, I drove behind a car that was a real slow foreigner, and I realized that I drove like I was in a hurry, not too close up, but close, and I said to myself, „I don't even want to be fast, but slow“. And right then, a car came from the other direction with the license plate number „FAST 1“.

Seriously!

So after an hour walking and visiting the lotos flower pond with amazing penis-style and „pointing“ cloud formations, I drove back down the hill, on the other side, actually, again wondering if I would be able to face this fucking monster today, at all, even though I must do it for Sandy, and a man stepped out from his house to get something from his car, and he wore a T-shirt with „ENGLAND 12“ written on it. I hit me right then … this was Bob telling me that he is watching the series I binged yesterday while translating „Serafina“ for most of the day: „Killing Eve“, and it plays in Great Britain (England) and is about a secret murderous organization called „the 12“.

I kid you now. Along with the „red lips“ and „peach“ impression yesterday … I should be able to armor my spirit against that pure evil that is R., my „father“.

He bent over the table the day before yesterday and yelled - after a few minutes of incredibly fucked up behavior! - at me that he would kick me in the arse if I should ever visit his grave. He gave me a totally clear expression of what he really thinks of me. I will never ever live there on the property with him, and I must tell him that today. And see after Sandy.

Oh if this could only end!

<u>May 26, 2024</u>

Went with mom for a short visit at a local fair – promptly found a **silver ring** right where we sat down … still on the table. And then – a special license plate number …

And:

Yes, „**Bob Stone**“, my one and only.

May 27, 2024

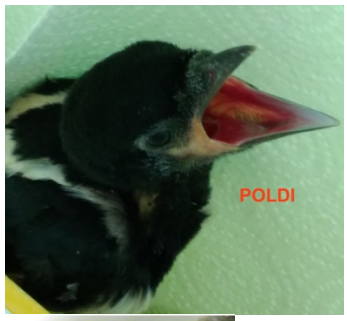
Always gets me, seeing the „volcano“ right here in Carinthia … it is the mountain called „Mittagskogel“, the „southern hill“.

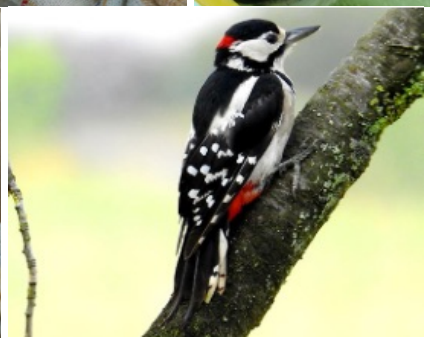
May 30, 2025 – **The Woodpecker**

I found a flustered little wet bird in the morning, as I returned with Jacqui and Tino from our walk … right before a big downpoor, next to a tree. Took it in … found out, it was a „Buntspecht“, a ***Great Spotted Woodpecker***. I thought it might be dead, put him in a nice next in a box and let it rest. After a few hours, it pooped, then it turned in the box …

At some point I carried the box outside on the balcony so that it could hear the other birds. It immediately lifted its head, listening, the eyes wide … and before I knew it, it spread its wings and lifted its still fluffy body up, struggling – but then it actually took off and flew away – exactly in the direction of the tree where I had found it.

It was beautiful. Reminded me of Poldi, the magpie, that I raised in my last months in Griffen.





June 4, 2024

Oh the delay … so long since I last wrote. I did gather and note amazing license plate occurrences … and I took license plates literal, said them out loud, and everything I got it right … like **„808 EZ“** I read as Bob saying to me „it will be easy“, like „E“ and „Z“ – right before visiting my father the other day, and be being literally scared, because it has been hell with him …

But for the life of my I could not take the time to write in this contact diary. I have lots of notes and pictures and screenshots … will work them all in, but when?

In the next days.

I was so stressed emotionally because of my father that I had to divulge in binge-watching of series, like „The Great“, a series about Catherine the Great and Peter III, fictional … but so wonderfully distracting … I can't even to into my father and his poor dog Sandy right now …

It would be to much stress …

I had such a shocking low income in May, just 1.132 Euro … and I learned from my „boss“, „Oh by the way, we are letting KI do most of editing now, so sorry“ … no fucking consideration for me, having to pay taxes and shit … I have no fucking money, paid so much to the insurance so that I could go retire in September … turns out it was wrong because now I have no money for the taxes and other shit …

And all the illegal foreigners get everything for free …

It is not a fun life here anymore.

Today, at my father's, again, he was in kind of limbo, just sitting at the table, alone, dog lying next to him … I brought him ice cream, which he enjoyed, but the dog had shat into the kitchen, where she is locked in for hours and hours and the whole night … and he had the Frechheit to say that I must stop bringing her those soft treats … fuck you, asshole. He did not let the dog out, yesterday, it was raining hard, I bet she was alone most of the day, and he had forgotten about her … so poor dog had to shit in the kitchen. When she heard the garden door screetch, she came dashing out of the house … so happy to see me. Gets me into tears. Her bedding was full with vomit, and when I insisted on getting a new sheet from the basement, I heard him curse upstairs that I was doing „some damn cult with the fucking dog“. No, father, asshole, I was giving the dog only some fresh clean bed so that she does not have to lie in her own vomit.

He had not cleaned out his garbage in a week … and even though again he said he was going to do it the next day, he has said that at each of my past 3 visits, and I simply started packing up and ended up cleaning the entire kitchen … the sink crowded with dirty dishes, three pans with oil and fries in them … I am sure he feeds them to poor Sandy … oh fucking fuck this cannot go on much longer. I cannot bear it.

He is losing it, he is exhausted and lonely and helpless and wouldn't admit it …

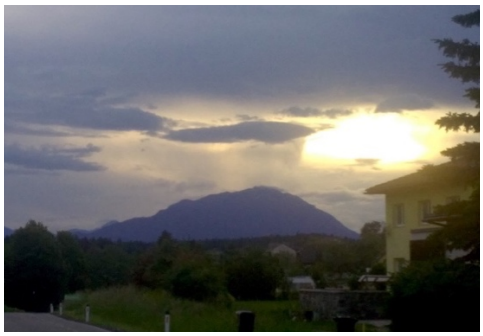
At least he let me walk the dog today, too.

Mostly I just don't know what to do anymore.

Go with the flow. Sure. Go with the fucking flow.

Just today, though – a wonderful **sky shark** made from clouds … and the license plate number „**422**“ – which signifies „videoproduction“, as it is the usual color scale. Plus … Bob's initials and our address … uncanny.

Nearly forgot the wondrous „puka“ …



June 5, 2024

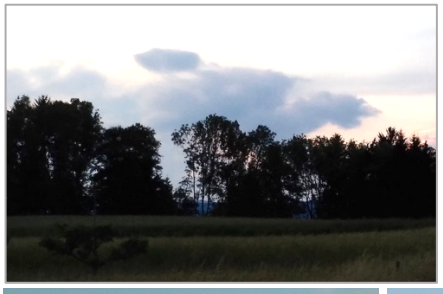
Found a strange white „bow“ on a path at lake Saissersee … *(Note: I am putting these pictures in three months later … I do not remember why the bow had significance, but it had shown up in some other area of my life.)*

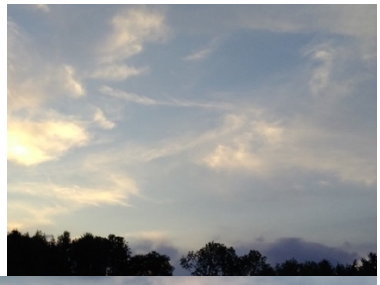
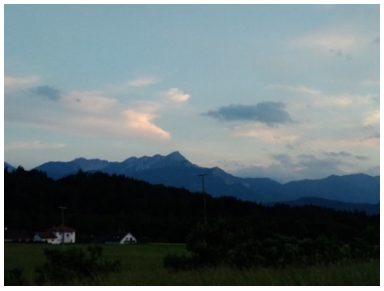
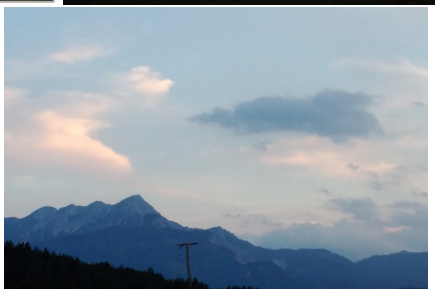
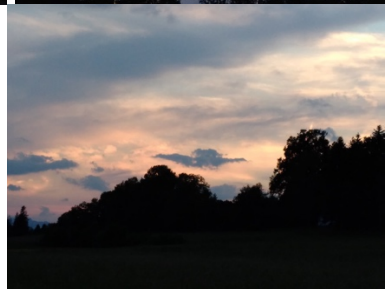
June 6, 2024

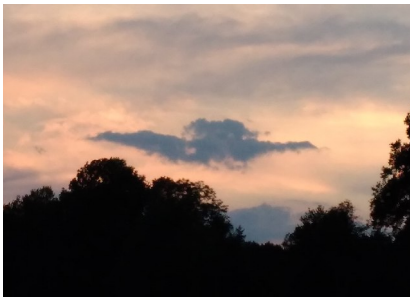
Nature and the sky give me comfort … and I hope my two great loves, Jacqui and Tino, can enjoy it too, because they have to deal with my tense being all the time …

Walk with mom at Rosegg … amazing to see the grain fields – and single plants sticking out. Why? I was thinking many many years ago … that anything that comes to one's awareness has meaning. I was sitting in a train compartment on the way to Vienna where I was living back, then, I think sometime around 1995, and I saw one **tiny red flower** somewere on a rock surface where I just traveled by … and I thought wow, maybe nobody has ever seen or will ever see that little flower than me … So I am supposed to „do something" with the impression.

It has never left me, that knowing that **there are reasons why we see details on this earthly plane … (Note:** Just as I wrote this on September 10, I realize that this summer, there has been a **red flower** that totally surprised me … it grew out of a Calla plant that I meant to throw away many times, but I kept watering it … I had taken it from a dump in Griffen in 2020 … and this year it sprouted bright red petals … several times!)



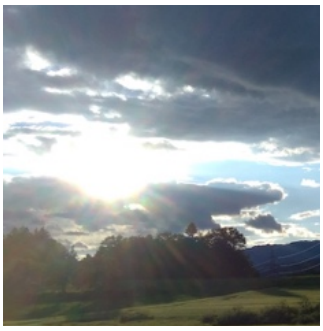







June 8, 2024

This sky immage struck me … a cross right inside a „puka“.

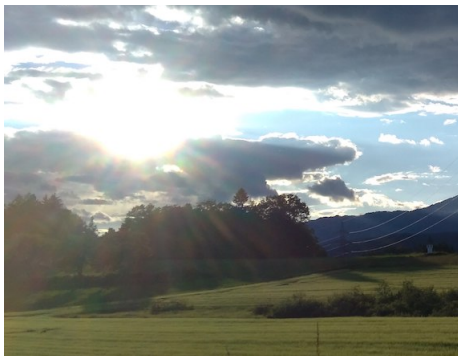
And the sunrays … reminding me that „above“ or „beyond“ there is a whole other world.



June 14, 2024 – **A Pearl**

Well, found a very **big pearl** while walking Sandy. So everytime in my life when I have found a pearl or pearls (fake or not), big change was around the corner. Oh well, I hope for change, actually. And then, a license plate number of many, with „480“ in it – Bob’s and my code for „talking“, because it stands for „video production *audio*“.

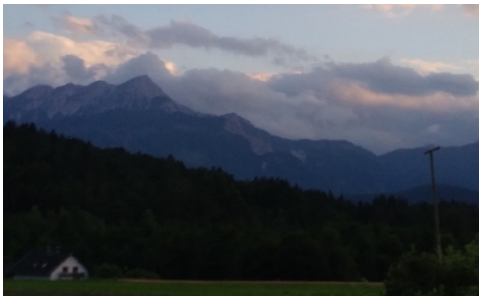
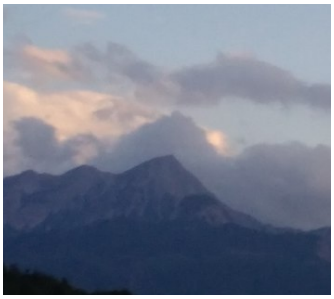
And the sun rays at Aich yesterday … reminiscent of Maui.



June 15, 2024

Went to my father's house … the clouds above it were amazing. And … like messages.

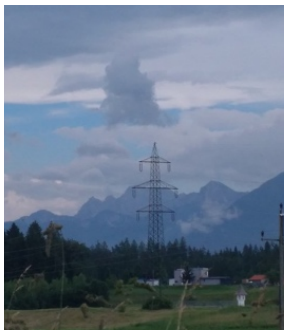
Weird, how the clouds „topped" the volcano.

Like the ones at Aich on the same day.

And sunsets are just as stunning as they were on Maui.

June 16, 2024
Lesson in perspective: Interesting, how one can be in one position one moment, turn around and then see how a cloud seems to „mimic“ a power tower … It takes awareness to see it.



Or this – as if the clouds touched the power lines and started to glow …

June 26, 2024
Walking with mom at Rosegg, we keep admiring the crops in the various seasons …

June 28, 2024
Found a card with the number 7 on the hiking path where me and the dogs always walk …

… and a strange plastic carabiner, when I walked with mom in Rosegg.

June 29, 2024

My brother Peter's birthday.

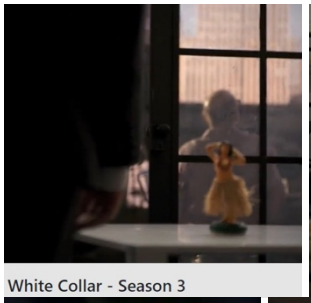
So many synchronicities, and I have no time to write because of my situation being suddenly out of work and on welfare and my mother and my father … the beauty of nature, especially when night falls, is a reminder of the finiteness of all things mortal and material …

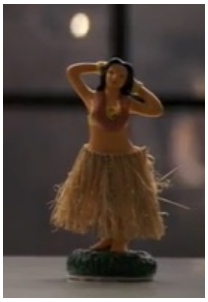
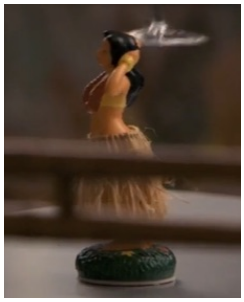
… but for example **a star symbol** in ***„White Collar"*** (which I have been binging to get my mind of my dread) and then ***on a van*** at my mom's place …

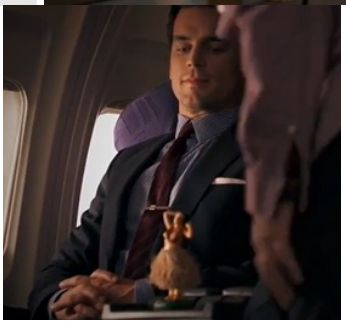
„Bob“ as a name in „White collar“ … the name a main character „Mozzie“ gets for a fake ID, and when Neal, the star of the series says **„Bob? You don’t look like a Bob.“** I could not agree more. But Mozzie responds „I like Bob“. Oh my. I was covered with goose bumps about this exchange.

… and so much stuff happened I will only recognize once I look at the pictures that I have gathered but have yet to look at. Lost my job … am on welfare … owe money to the insurance … can’t really retire … found out, that back in the 90s several (!) publishing houses I worked for did not register me as employee, so that now I am lacking the months for retirement … oh I did pull the arse-card …

A **Hawaii doll as lucky charm** of the main character „Mozzie“, and he calls her „**Lolana**“, „The Heavenly Falcon“ … but I know that this is wrong Hawaiian, it must be **„Iolani“,** because this means „the heavenly falcon“ … oh my Hawaii days!





I don't dare to think about them … I could suffocate on my longing. My heart is so heavy all the time that I feel that sometimes it even doesn't want to beat anymore. I know it is the toxic horrible influence of my father … who behaves in the most evil and violent ways … I cannot write about it, my heart begins to flutter right now.

Horrible horrible situation with my insane father … learned he gives coffee to Sandy.

He is yelling and cursing and behaving like a totally mad creature … hard to handle, things must change.

June 30, 2024

Morning day vision dream of Bob **in housie, totally clear, wearing a light teal helmet,** no face part; then he had long gray hair like Patti Smith, whose pics I looked at yesterday; He turned away and walked to the front door and flew away like a fairy.

Then I walked Sandy, and we were attacked by a dog on a nice shady path along a creek … the tiny owner could barely hold that vicious creature … Sandy and I were so scared … I attacked the dog back, and she retreated and we fled while the tiny Italian owner lady held her with all her might. I cannot handle stuff like this anymore. I wish I had that garden where my father lives … where he does not want us … my father is a beast. An insane monster. He has no right to treat me like he does … or to have treated people like he has.

Maybe the „helmet" that Bob wore in my vision and the long gray hair (like mine) were a hint at „protect yourself" … and from now on I will have my pepper spray close to hand … I did not even think of grabbing the pepper spray … actually, not sure if I even had it with me. But from now on …

July 2, 2024 – **The Hawaii Paradise-shirt**

While I was on my way to an appointment at the unemployment office, **a man with a T-Shirt with a Hawaii landscape and „Paradise"** written on it came straight at me … wow. I was so stricken … I had to ask him to allow me to photograph it … it was very very old, he said. And he still cherishes it.

It was sure uplifting, but heartbreaking at the sametime. Why am I in this place? No job, no money, no real home … a beast of a father. And of course I am right back at my childhood where he abused me (and my brother and my mother) just like he is doing now.

Also … an „arrow" appeared in the sky! Pointing … where?

And then … one giant cloud „pointing“ at the top of the mount Gerlitze … amazing.

Also, to license plate number I saw today … is just so weird: „**SM 12 TAX**“, „SM“ for Bob, who signed with the initials of „Stone Man“, and then „TAX“ … Bob was a tax activist … and I read all the literature about it, and he was right. The American constitution states as much.

July 3, 2024 – **Uncle Charly & the Beetle, CH & the Book and the Apple & the Business Card**

Oh wow. I lay in bed last night, just pondering after another emotionally draining encounter with my insane father … and suddenly I thought of my **„Onkel Karli“,** the brother of my mother, who had died decades ago, found in his car in a reservoir lake. Nobody knows what happened to him. But he had just come from a dentist appointment - actually which I did yesterday! – and had bought lottery tickets, so suicided was most unlikely. So I suddenly startled just by the mere thought of uncle Charly who appeared so clearly in my mind. And I said „Oh shit, I never think of you!“ But since my childhood I remember the license plate number of his **VW Beetles**, **„K 83.420“**, he always drove Beetles, a red one, an orange and a white one. He and the beetles were inseparable during my childhood, and we drove often to the Klopeiner lake swimming in one of his beetles.

True - why did I never think of uncle Charly in terms of connecting to the discarnates? (Oh if feels good to write about this again!) So I imagined him distinctly while lying in my bed and sent a lot of love-energy towards him.

So this morning, I visited my father, like agreed, to see if he wanted to drive to Villach, as he had said he might, and he already greeted“ me with spite and horrible hatred … I can't go into details, it was horrible, and he yelled at me „Geh zum Teufel!“, *„Go to the devil“*, literally. I took **Sandy** for a longer walk.

And at the beginning of the walk, me totally worked up and shocked and hurt by the horrible insane verbal violence of my father, thinking of what I should do … I suddenly stood facing it:

Get this – **a VW Beetle drawn on a stone!** I need not say more, do I?

But that was not all this day.

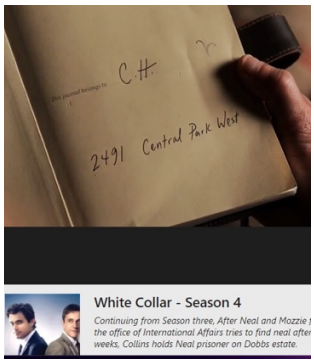
The signs and messages about „connectedness“ today were amazing: I had spontaneously taken my dogs and **CH** on a walk around (!) lake Hafnersee. And CH (Cornelia H.) was nice enough to listen to my desperate rants about my fathers cruelty and craziness, and she gave me some very valuable insights.

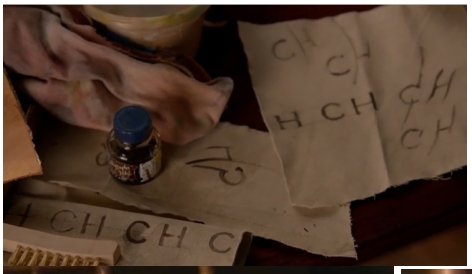
We took a break for coffee at the cafe where my mother had once worked, and I told CH again the story of how Bob had **flung a heavy Beta-tape at my face**, with full force, from about 1,5 meters distance, and had I not ducked, it would have hit my face and got stuck there likely.

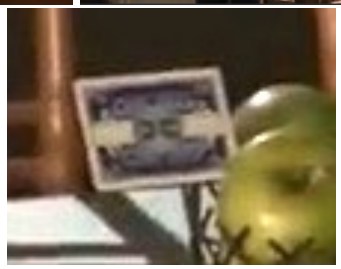
Then, leaving the lake Hafnersee area, we walked by a small patio, a smokers' place, and there were three **books** on a table. And CH grabbed one of them and carried it with her. Something about a brass orchestra.

And here it comes:

Back home, I was seeking and finding solace in watching some more ***„White Collar“, season 4.*** And: There was a character called **„CH“ - who carried a book**, just like CH had carried her book! **„CH“** was even written on his robe and in the book! I was immediately alert – and sure enough: Shortly after, the character Neal **flung a business card at an apply** - just like I had demonstrated to CH this afternoon, but only in gestures – so that **it got stuck in that apple**, like the Beta tape would have been stuck in my face.







There was also a scene with my favorite flowers, Peonies and a dog statue – like a mix between Jacqui and Tino.

Wow.

Talk about as above so below …

We had talked about our fathers affect our choices of men … CHs father is dead, but mine is a monster and alive. It is becoming unbearable to me to see his hateful grimace … and when he yelled „Geh zum Teufel!“ - „Go to the devil / Go to hell!“ today, my heart broke for good.

I will not forgive this ever, even though he is mentally ill, obviously. It has to be present to me that he did that, I must never forget it, that he is insane, because I was nothing but nice to him … he said many horrible things today that prove how sick he is in his head … but this yelling at the top of his voice was something like a signal, that somehow this must end. I cannot expose myself to this anymore, and I must rescue Sandy. She doesn't even want to go back home after our walks … my father feeds her with all garbage he has, with coffee and who knows what else and gives her tons of unhealthy teeth-cleaning sticks … while she is already horribly overweight. She loves to walk with me and is so happy to see me – and more than once, my father has broken out in hateful tirades of sick jealously because the dog loves me. I must get her away from him. I can't stand this situation anymore. I am already praying for change.

Plus … I watched about of the series ***„Turks & Caicos“*** … and I did not like it, but the main actor reminded me so much of Bob … and of life choices and attitudes that totally fit Bob … and of his name appeared too, in „Glad**stone**“.

Does Gladstone have a good name?
Good enough.
Big mistake, should have lived off other people like a socialistic left-wing dick.
This guy can live on the islands because he's got gold-plated security.
While we were out there, we were taking risks.
Tell you what happens to people who take risks...
They get screwed by people who never took a fucking risk in their lives.
That's the way it is. There are a few people who lead, who innovate...
And then there's the rest.

And on lake Hafnersee, the image „as above so below“ seemed to remind me of the things that should matter.

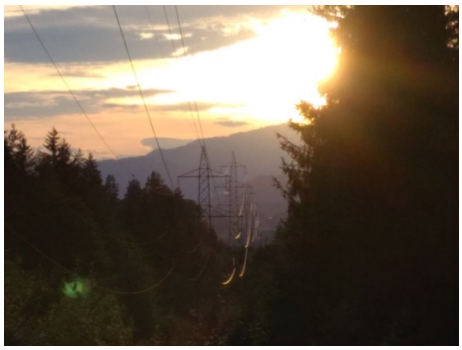
Medicine … Spiraea, the basis of Aspirin, everywhere! Good, my „headaches“ have become severe.

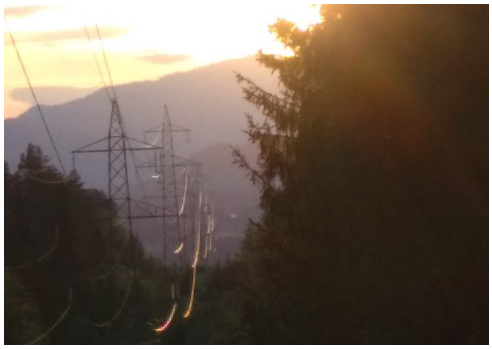
July 4, 2024 – **Red Beetle manifested!**

Oh wow! A **red VW-beetle** came driving along the street today – right after I had that impression of the beetle as described above! What are the odds? There are really not many red beetles around – at all, anywhere! But I could not photograph it, as I was driving. The sky over lake Hafnersee … just as varied parts as the world below.

July 5, 2024

Nice views to get the mind „moving“ out of the daily drugery … struggling to get close to my father to maybe rescue his poor dog who barely gets any exercise and is locked in the kitchen so many hours a day … and him, too … as he is a very old ailing man, but with dementia that has turned him into a monster.





And wow! A big dick aiming directly at a „puka“:

And then, sunset.

July 6, 2024

It is just so unbelievable - but as I drove for a swim this morning, a **fancy hat** was lying next to the road on a parking lot. And I have been watching *„White Collar“* every night now, and one of the typical things of it is the ***hat that the main character „Neal Caffrey“ is wearing all the time!*** I have never seen a hat on a street – except for today.

It is a sign. I feel it. I spoke intensely about the „quality of consciousness“ with CH last night … it felt good to be in that matter again. I take a day off my parents today, no visiting, not even talking, phoning. It is hard, especially because I worry about my father's dog Sandy. But I must do it for my sanity's sake. The last weeks were crazy - because my father is literally insane and endangers himself and his dog all the time and plays the maniac all the time. To the point that I have panic attacks before I drive visiting him.

It cannot go on like this much longer.

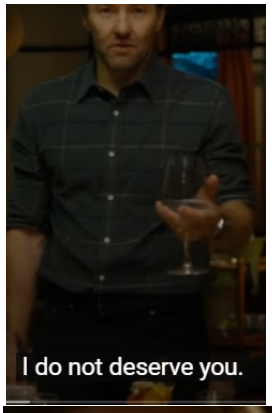
So this morning, my downstairs neighbor R. gave me shit on top of everything. And I was so upset, again, instead of relaxing. But at the lake I made a sweet, so SWEET blond woman, and we had the most pleasant chat in … like forever. We even said to each other how much we enjoyed the conversation. I gave her tipps where to swim on the South shore … she was so greatful and just so nice. She also told me that just yesterday someone was so rude to her,

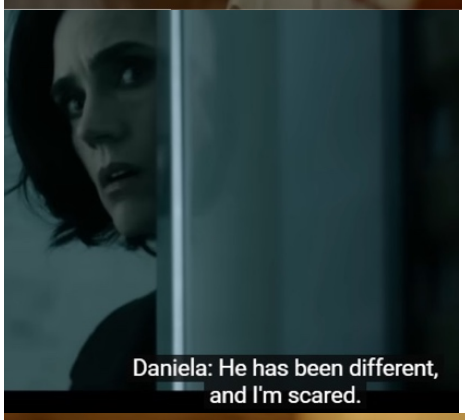
without a reason … reflecting RIGHT BACK at me what I am experiencing with my parents all the time.

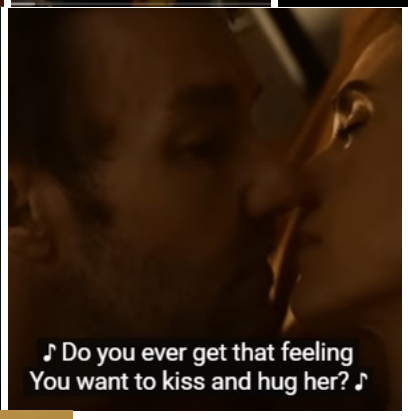
The crops reminded me that I once thought I would travel with Bob to see crop circles … no way to check out what pattern those put-down crops at Aich formed.

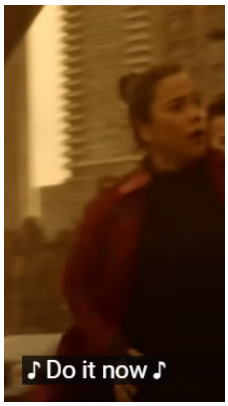
July 7, 2024

I looked into the movie ***„Dark Matter“*** … and I appeared in it, my name, at least. Baffling, though, because I was Bob's „woman of his dreams“, he so often said it … and suddenly he changed. And I was genuinely scared of him, at times. And now, that he is „on the other side“ … I do have the feeling he is so real, at times.

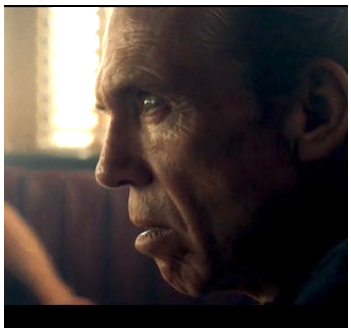


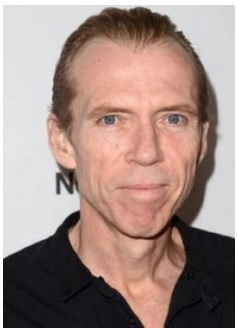




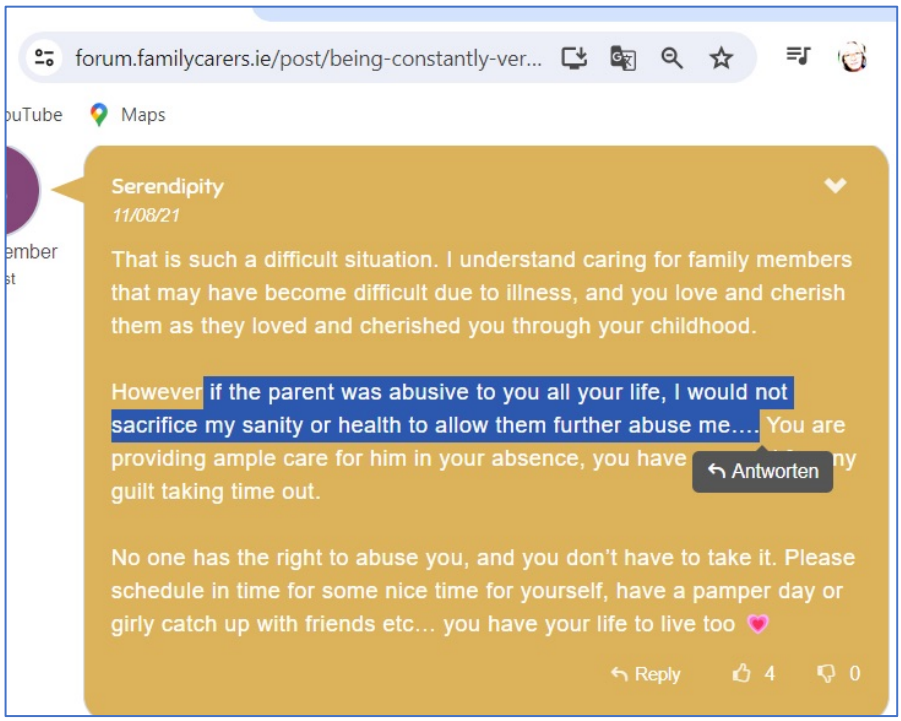


And OH SHIT! John W., the guy who ruined Bob's life showed up in a movie, too! I thought I don't see right! Exactly John. I hope he lives very long and learns a lot about suffering and toxic shit. (The actor's name is Richard Brake.)





And: I had to read some blog articles about toxic narcisstic parents … I must survive on the advice of the folks who shared their stories online … I am not alone.


forum.familycarers.ie/post/being-constantly-ver...
Maps
Serendipity
11/08/21
That is such a difficult situation. I understand caring for family members that may have become difficult due to illness, and you love and cherish them as they loved and cherished you through your childhood.
However if the parent was abusive to you all your life, I would not sacrifice my sanity or health to allow them further abuse me.... You are providing ample care for him in your absence, you have
Antworten
guilt taking time out.
No one has the right to abuse you, and you don't have to take it. Please schedule in time for some nice time for yourself, have a pamper day or girly catch up with friends etc... you have your life to live too
Reply
4
0

July 8, 2024

Horrible horrible situation and incidents with my insane narcissist father … whatever you can possible read about the meanest psychopath-narcissist: My father is doing all of it. And I am not kidding. If it was not for Sandy who I must get out of his reach – I swear I would put him behind bars for good. But he is now so jealous of Sandy loving me that he keeps her away from me and uses violent threats on her to keep her from even greeting me. I cannot bear his behavior anymore, and I should not. The poor animal deserves so much better. There were incidents where I live – neighbors - that put me in the position of a person anyone can abuse and disrespect, as it seems … so just earlier I had the thought that the universe is asking me something: „How much are you still going to take until you act to change everything to the better to help yourself?“

My answer: Nothing more. The time has come. I am focusing on overcoming those you seem to be able to put pressure on me or abuse me. No more.

The guy with the „Paradise“ T-Shirt was a very distinct encouragement.

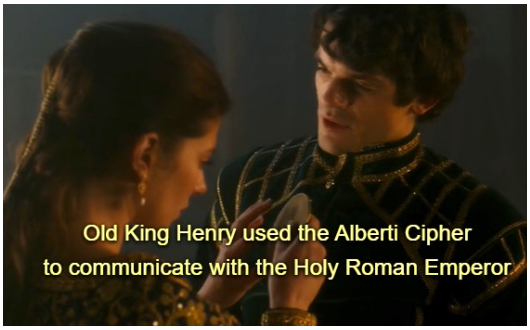
*(**Note**: I have been watching „White Collar“ in July, but it is now September 15, as I am dealing with screenshots I made in July, and I can't remember the reason for some of them… but I am puttin them in anyway, in case they have meaning for you.)*

(I found this ring on May 26 …)

July 10, 2024
The last day I saw Robert Stone was the 11th of September 2018, so 9/11.

This license plate I saw on the day that I put this image into these pages, again, on August 19.

July 11, 2024
Not sure what this thing is about … but it caught my attention in a series I watched a bit of, „My Lady Jane“.

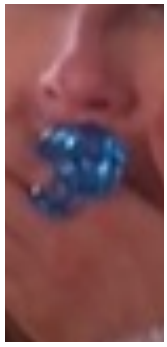


July 12, 2024 – **Huge turquoise crystals**
On the path where I take Sandy walking usually, next to a fence – there were the weirdest teal colored „crystals“ all of a sudden! It must be either glass or plastic … but what the hell is this? Right on my path?

A wondrous „puka“, again …

And yes, somebody checked those weird „crystals“ out, because they were lying in different positions a few days later:

Promptly, in a movie, „*Space Cadet*“, I watched today, this ring shows up:



And the „toes in the sand“ caught up to me to … in a random paper I read …

GLOBETROTTER

Roland Fibich, Reise-Redakteur

Vom Nichtstun im Sommer

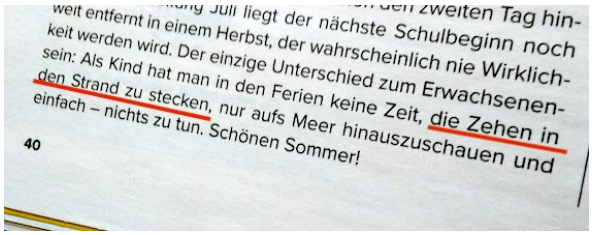
Die beste Zeit im Jahr.

Ein Urlaub im Sommer ist auch eine Reise zurück in die eigene Kindheit. Endlich lange ausschlafen, sich noch einmal im Bett umdrehen und in die Decke kuscheln, wenn von unten im Strandhotel schon das Geschirrgeklapper vom Frühstück und fröhliches Lachen zu hören sind. Durch das geöffnete Fenster grüßt das Meer mit einem frischen Duft von Spaß und Abenteuer. Bald wird der Eiswagen mit seinen bunten Fahnen den langen Sandstrand entlangrollen. Die Eltern haben eine Extraportion Eis versprochen – und das schon den zweiten Tag hintereinander. Anfang Juli liegt der wahrscheinlich nie Wirklichkeit werden wird. Der einzige Unterschied zum Erwachsenen-sein: Als Kind hat man in den Ferien keine Zeit, die Zehen in den Strand zu stecken, nur aufs Meer hinauszuschauen und einfach – nichts zu tun. Schönen Sommer!

TOP-ANGEBOT

Der Za

Formel 1 h


weit entfernt in einem Herbst, der wahrscheinlich nie Wirklich-
keit werden wird. Der einzige Unterschied zum Erwachsenen-
sein: Als Kind hat man in den Ferien keine Zeit, die Zehen in
den Strand zu stecken, nur aufs Meer hinauszuschauen und
einfach – nichts zu tun. Schönen Sommer!

40

July 13, 2024

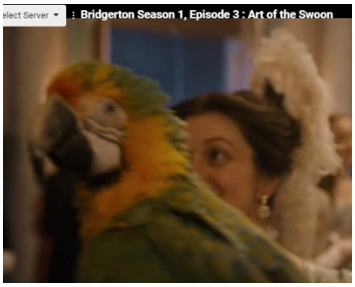
Ultimate showdown – my father gave me the full show-down tantrum and screaming flood of how he hates me. I videotaped most of it. He should be locked up forever. I fled with Sandy … thinking I might not see her again soon … I can't take this anymore.

Saw a windchime on „*The Closer*" … exactly the one we had in housie. All is so clear and detailed when I allow myself to delve into the past … as if I was still there. Even the sprinkler ... And yet – it feels like I am watching just a movie …

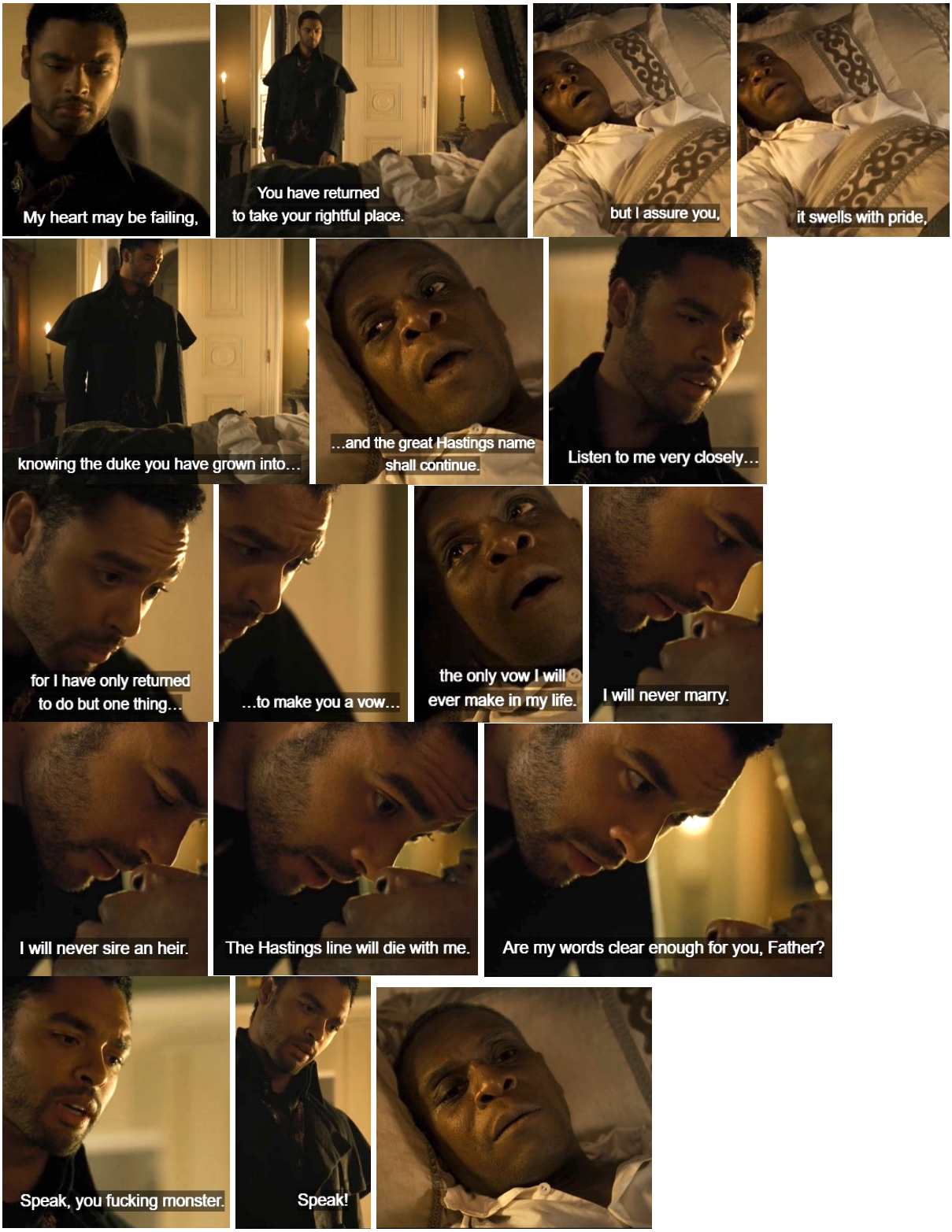
Finding a small mirror shard … means – what exactly?

<u>July 15, 2024</u>

I have been watching the series „*Bridgerton*" … romance, history, entertaining, taking my mind off my fucked up life … and there was a **parrot** … like in „Serafina" …

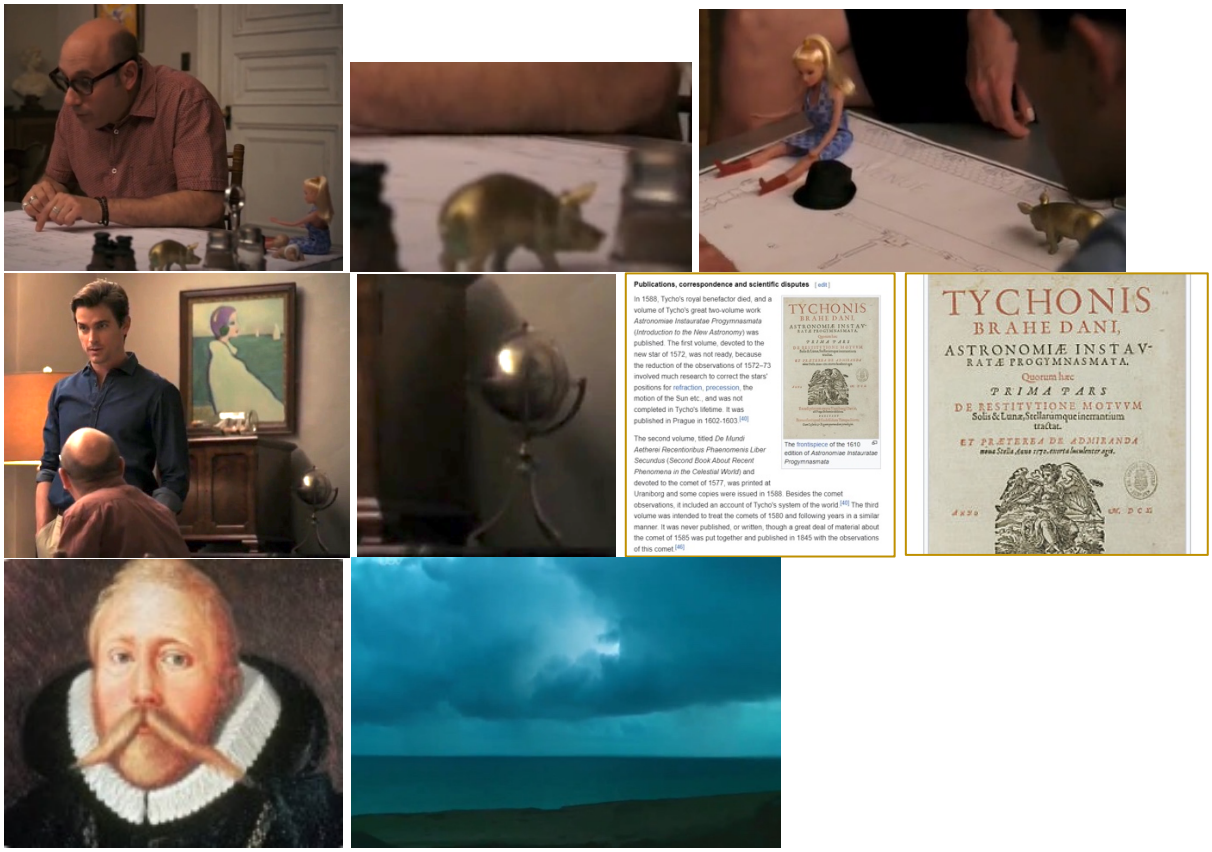


… and then, there was a scene with a son whose **father** had denounced, ignored and pushed away all his life … oh I have been reliving my childhood and all my father's cruelty over and over in the last months … where he has used every opportunity to hurt me. Narcissist. Sadist. Psychopath.

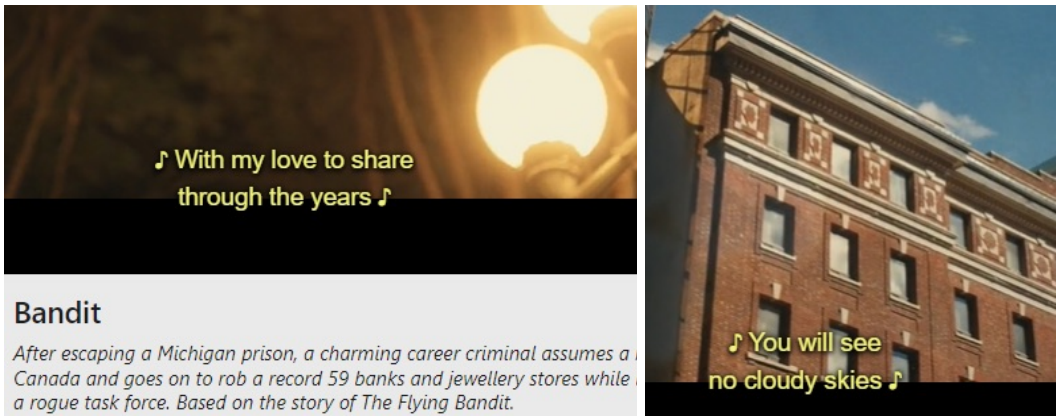

My heart may be failing,
You have returned to take your rightful place.
but I assure you,
it swells with pride,
knowing the duke you have grown into…
…and the great Hastings name shall continue.
Listen to me very closely…
for I have only returned to do but one thing…
…to make you a vow…
the only vow I will ever make in my life.
I will never marry.
I will never sire an heir.
The Hastings line will die with me.
Are my words clear enough for you, Father?
Speak, you fucking monster.
Speak!

Whatever label … my father is a cruel and evil person. Intentional or not. Sick or not. It is my heart that has been broken so much. My mother's, too. Edith's too. And even if my father must be a victim too, somehow … he still now behaves like a violent maniac. I feel so exhausted. But bingewatching other worlds helps me stay kind of sane.

Also, on „White Collar" there were interesting bits, like a golden pig, a golden ball and the mentioning of Tycho Brahe, a Danish scientist …



A teal-colore island scene on the series „*Grace*“ … Bob’s color.
Also, in the movie „***Bandit***“, there is a song … it spoke to me …


♪ With my love to share
through the years ♪
Bandit
After escaping a Michigan prison, a charming career criminal assumes a
Canada and goes on to rob a record 59 banks and jewellery stores while
a rogue task force. Based on the story of The Flying Bandit.
♪ You will see
no cloudy skies ♪

And last, but not least: A scene absolutely like from my crime series „***Serafina***“: Marina with her bird … in a movie with Dakota Johnson. Did not watch, only had to be reminded that I do have immensely interesting screenplays … and probably should not give up as a screenwriter?

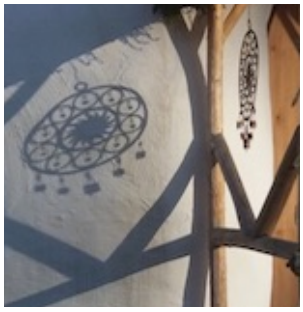
Weird, to stumble across a mix of Bob and our beloved „housie“ (both I miss more and more, strangely … no grass has grown over my Maui-days … they seem to be more clear and present than ever … and so is their loss to me).

July 16, 2024

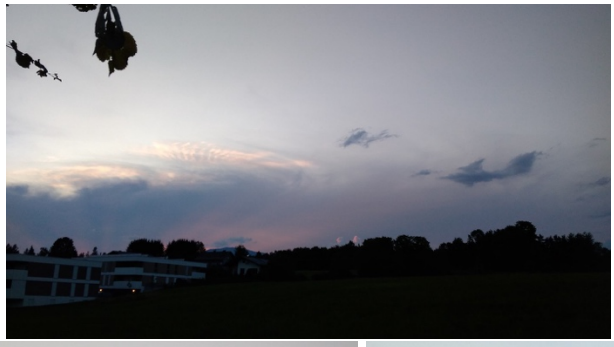
Visited father again after calling him last night … he seems strangely aloof … of course remembers barely anything except for how „bad“ I (!!!!) treated him. Picturebook sadist psychopath narcisstist behavior. He is not my father. He never was. He is an insane old man. He must be placed in mental care. But how to bring this about?

I visit him only because of Sandy and try to pacify him so that he allows me to go with the poor animal. It is scorching hot, and mostly she has no water.

Took my upstairs neigbor F. to lake Saissersee with the dogs … he had the lung collapse a few months back and barely ever gets out … at the bathing spot we met a woman (whose name I know from sometime in my past, can’t remember, but it has something to do with my brother Peter) … and it turned out she is a healer … on her website I found interesting imagery of a sacred place called „sun dome“, a cupula made from wood and clay – reminding ome of ME of so many years back, BEFORE I MET BOB, my years of shamanism … Who am I now?



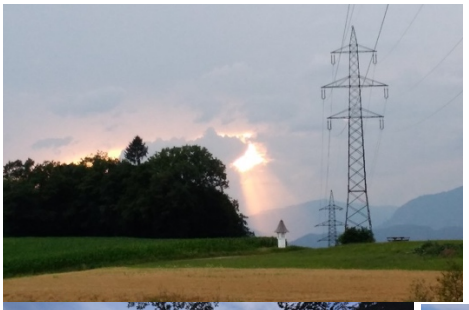
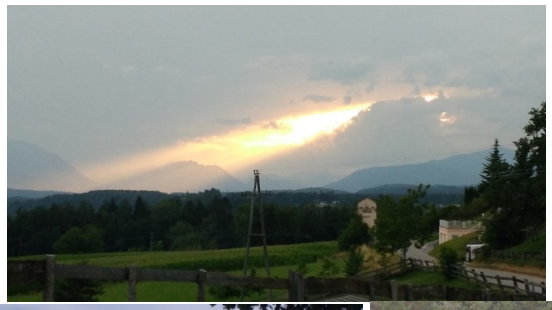
A **distinct sky shark** … and Oh the sunsets … I so much wish Sandy would enjoy them with us too, one day. And my father … but he is just bitter and angry, and even suggesting something nice upsets him.

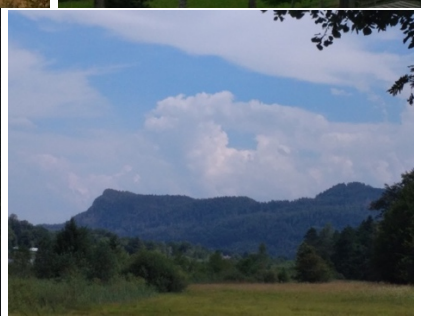


Also … I ended up on the website of a medium via looking at the shamanic imagery … odd. I really wanted to get in touch with a medium … soon. Odddddd sky, too!

July 17, 2024

Oh the sky gave me a spectacle … a distinct „puka“ and rays of light like bridges … maybe meant to comfort me. It has been so hard with this abusive violent person that is my biological father and the bitter, hateful person that is my mother. Towards me.



And the double cloud seems to say „We are still doing everything together“. Oh I wish.

And then:

July 19, 2024

Oh time goes by. I do not find the spare time to continue this contact diary so that it makes sense … but so many interesting things have happened. I can only look at the photographs I took and the screenshots and deduct from them the events of the past month or so.

The license plate number are crazy „telling“, and they are all variations of 222, 910, 911 and 480. Still the same meaning like when I started writing this diary. Happening and appearing at times, that were so meaningful … and difficult … my father is a sick, evil, violent and crazy person, and I must save his dog Sandy from him. I must do everything to keep in contact with him … but as soon as I can, I will let go. He is fragile, even feeble, but often so aggressive, that it makes my blood freeze, it seems.

Like today, „**222 BX**“ came right at me, followed by another totally meaningful, but I forgot it … before I had to face my yelling hateful father, … and the „910“ along with me falling back to memories of Maui …

Wow, recently I found myself flashing back so hard, not even sleeping, more in a wake state that comes over me …

And tonight, July 19, a dream of Bob … he was there, Bob, as he was, tall and heavy, maybe with a bit more hair … and I did not like his smell, and I don’t want to recall the story, it was painful, it was about me losing my dog Kimba in some kind of futuristic setting, some factory halls, maybe, and Bob was living in a niche or small room … and I so needed his help finding

my dog Kimba who was at the same time Jacqui that I had left somewhere in that labyrinth along with a small white-red cat, likely Tino in real life, I had just gone off after Bob and lost my way … and it was even kind of a part of Vienna, much concrete, bridges, halls, like somewhere in the 19th district … and I so much needed to find the dog and the cat, and Bob was there, busy with something, at some point he even bent over me, and I looked up and thought that he did not feel genuine, and he smelled bad … and somehow he was gone. And I found him curled up in that niche in the concrete, pulling his blanket over him, wanting to sleep … and there was some kind of ignorance about him that even in my dream reminded me of the days when I so much wanted to trust Bob but knew, somewhere deep inside of me, that I should not. That he was not truthful to me. There was another person that Bob of my dream was much more interested in, maybe a man, just a shadow … and I was so desperate to find my dog and my cat … and I set out to look for them again … and woke up.

These months … have been so full of fear … of being exposed to my cruel father … panic all the time, sore stomach, feeling of aging …

The fear of Sandy being mistreated, knowing my father keeps her locked up and yells at her when she dares to show joy about being with me … the garbage he feeds her … and I cannot just take her with me, it would be theft, she would have to be given back, and I would never have access …

Today I noticed that she has been caughing and gagging a lot, like yesterday … I am so worried. I cannot possibly write about all the unspeakable things my father has been saying and doing in the last weeks … my childhood almost „broke out“ over me and inside of me, and I realized how horribly abused my brother and I really had been …

I ask myself often, why in the world do I have to experience this now … this way …

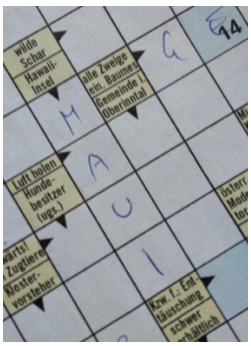
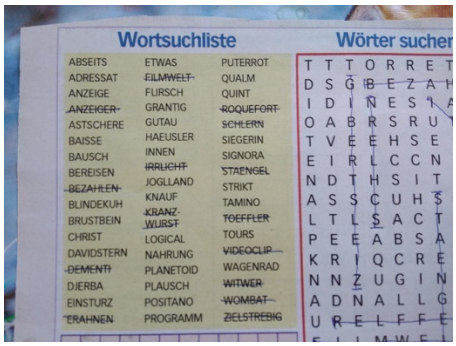
Can’t I catch a break?

I am on welfare now, lost my job … can’t find another client … I feel so … lost and vulnerable. But determined. Just not sure - for what?

Mom is fine, still not nice to me, but kind of trying and more thankful. Needs help, feels alone. My father also feels alone, but his way of dealing with … well, life, is bitter complaining about how his life has no meaning, how he has nobody to live for (yes, even when I am bending over backwards to be there for him), how before meeting Edith everything was shit … and how he had way too little time with her … (35 years) And that now he does not know what he did all the work for (for himself and Edith, as they enjoyed their life in the house that is like a museum, the garden, their freedom of having to deal with teenagers and children) … he is so nasty and aggressive to me … I can hardly believe I am experiencing this right now.

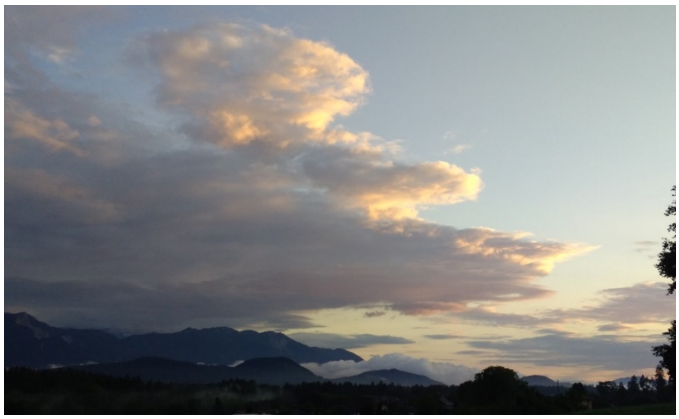
There is … a young hornet coming to be fed by me every day, and it touches me, how trusting she is.

Also … I keep seeing Hawaii-greetings … even in the riddle I do in the morning.

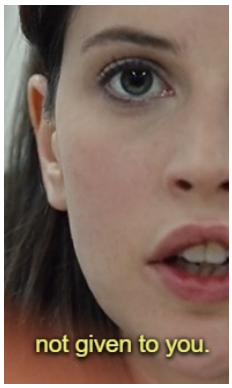



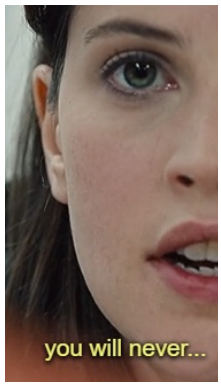
(plus my father's name)

July 20, 2024
Oh the clouds … reaching out … „the other side" reaching out … for …?



Plus – in a movie, „*True Story*", my struggle with a toxic narcissist is reflected back at me:





July 21, 2024 **– The Violet and more**

Oh wow … if I only allow myself the time and attention for the communication with „the other side", with the „disca" (oh how long has this word not been on my mind – a shame!) – synchronicities and signs happen galore.

Yesterday, walking with the dogs on the Aich meadow, entirely desperate about the cruelty of my father and my worries about his poor dog Sandy, I asked Edith if it was okay for me to really try and get my father into care. This morning – upon pondering the absolut clear answer, I realized that there is just one sentence that I must keep in mind to fight the broiling fear of the abuse by my father that I have to endure at every visit, his toxic insanity, his bitterness and hatred, his narcissist ways that have been eating up my spirit … „Er hat schon genug Schaden angerichtet." – „He has caused enough harm." He is a sick person.

So back to the meadow at Aich … where I also have been photographing the most telling and inspiring sky views … as I addressed Edith and asked her to put something on my hand, IMMEDIATELY a „Veilchen“, a Violet flower appeared on the palm of my hand. I thought spontaneously – like many times before – „Well, how should a violet of all things appear in my life“, but I just left it at that. I must take matters in hands about my father. Bachflowers are my means of choice right now … So my visits are based on my watching out for signs that he gets better, that he gets „normal“ or insightful or whatever – and how Sandy is. She has been trying to clear her throat, and if this happens again today, I will take her to the vet tomorrow.

So last night – after a Saturday of exhaustion, where I did not even call my mother let alone my father, visited neither of them, and thank God it rained for some parts of the day, so Sandy will have water, I knew … I started watching a new series that I had discovered, „Family Law“. I almost did not give it a try … but geez am I happy I did. I watched 6 episodes with over 40 minutes each pretty much in one binge. It was already nearly two in the morning when I I swore that the sixth would be the last one … and right there, at the beginning, it happened:

A new character put a Violet right into the picture … the Violet, that Edith had shown me. There are no Violets in movies. But Edith had known that I would watch for hours and hours – and that there would be the Violet flower right at the end of my night of binge watching an entirely new series. It was all about a father having abandoned his daughter … and yes, **Maui** appeared … and a **demented mother** and …

And this morning, in the riddle I picked from my collection where so many terms that relate to me, „videoclip“, „film world“, „widower“ …

And yesterday, when I drove for a swim in the lake that was cooled down some by the rain … I was baffled to encounter **„SM 666“** as a license plate. „SM“ for Stoneman, Bob’s initials that he put on every correspondence, and „666“ for – evil? I was kind of irritated, because „222“, the „house of laughter“, our address in Pukalani, is our tripple number … but 666? I had encountered „222“ about ten times in the last week, and I accepted it as Bob trying to cheer me up … so now the contrary?

Just this morning, out and about with the dogs … I thought that this just might mean to let me know ***that he is with me even when I am confronted with the evil that my father represents.*** My father can’t help it, I am aware, but this does not mean that he is not a horrible burden now. I don’t even want to imagine what Edith went through. When I think that she wanted to divorce him 8 years ago, and she died four years ago at 70 … it is so clear that she finally was willing to even leave all the money behind that had kept her from leaving … but then she got so sick, that she could not leave.

Just wondering right now … why she got that sick? My father is a very very bad person. I don’t presume I could possibly know what he has done in his life, as he was always so crazy like today … I do remember my childhood more and more, and he was just like he is today. Also, he doesn’t even want me to put water in the dog’s bowl or clean her sleeping spot. „Leave it!“ he yells. Oh my God – help us!

So my mother suffered horribly, and I do understand why she resented me as I was the thing that tied her to the monster, and my father resented me, because in his insane narcissist world I took the attention away from him. I know that he resents Sandy, has kept saying how he misses Gipsy, their former dog … and I do not want to think about how he might treat Sandy …

But this will stop soon, that the insanity of an octagenarian destroys the lives of several creatures … like he had done during decades. I must put an end to it. He has been in bad shape physically, and he will break down. In fact, he had told me that he had broken down and that someone had to bring him home, and I shall go there and ask those people if this was true.

But …

My own life and „kuleana“ have to be focused on again – entirely. I must recover from the additional trauma I have been experiencing in the last months. I will ask the psychologist Ines H. for a date. Just to tell.

July 22, 2024 – **Peonies & the Violet**

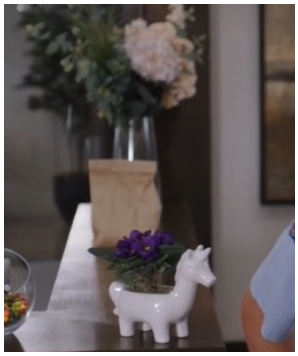
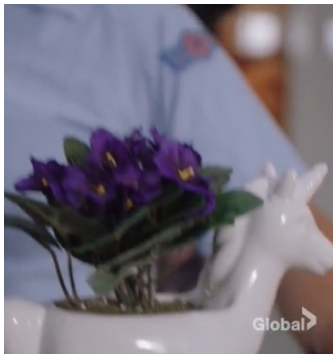
Father felt bad today. Strange, to see him slumped down in his chair in the garden when I came … scary … but as soon as he had recovered, he got right back to insulting and hurting me …

A new acquaintance, Ingrid, said the other day when we met in the forest, „He can't stand your light“ because he is full of „darkness“ … and likely it was like that already in my childhood. It rings so true. I remember myself as a very young girl, a teenager, a woman … I was good and smart and wellmeaning … never deceitful, bad, negative, violent, aggressive … and now, I have panic attacks along with fear or interaction with my father … better with my mother now.

I made an appointment with a psychologist to discuss what to do when he gets worse.

Got flowers, too … in a series, „Family Law“, I checked out – my favorites, peonies.

Yesterday, actually, even „**Maui**“ appeared in that series – AND, the „**Violet**“ *that I received in my hand when I asked Edith* to let me know if she is with me and sees everything that happens with my father and Sandy!

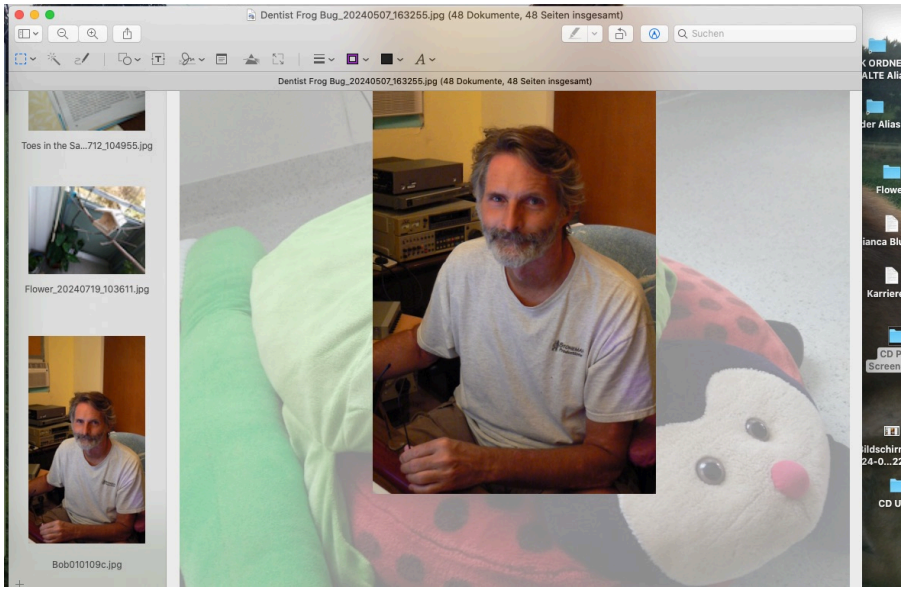



(And I have helped my neighbor with her **lavender** plant.

July 23, 2024 – **BOB**.

Oh shit.

I was working on sizing pictures for this contact diary – when this …



… showed up. I cannot remember when and where I found it and put it into the picture collection. So I started at Bob, and all I could say was „What the fuck“. And looking at him from close … that expression … like he was right here. I won't describe what I see, you can see for yourself. He is there with me in all that mess all the time … „Oh Dany, you know it's all going to be over soon“, „Oh Dany, you know you can do it!“ Breaks my fucking hard to know that he is gone, that I will never be with him again, ever. At least I can look at his image. I am tearing up, of course, but I can stare at it. At everything I knew so well … the blue towel, his glasses, the components in his edit room, the air conditioner … our home on Maui. My home. That I lost.

It is all so hard with my father now … with my outlook on life, I feel so old, and I don't know where to turn or what to focus on … for my future. **Is Bob suggesting with his glance, I do know, though?**

(January 2, 2009)

Then I look at Bob, his familiar face, hair, skin, T-Shirt … I can even smell the room where I was so often … and I know he is gone. Dead. His body burned. Sometimes … like right now (I am watching „Family Law“ at the same time) … I hate being a mortal. This human condition on this planet fucking sucks.

When did I take this picture? On January 2, 2009. That was the year when I left Maui and thought I would never return, because one day, when I came back from shopping, Bob's girlfriend Pat was on our lanai … at a time, when we got along better than ever. And then I left. And his relationship was over too, right after that. When this picture was taken, I think he did not know her yet. But he had already beenworking on „Tayler Camp“ for four years and was already desperate. He did not know that in nine years it would still not be done – but he would die. Destroyed by his „friends“ and this project.

Fuck it all. (My balcony flower is just a wonder …)

July 25, 2024 – **The VW-Beetle!**

I walked Sandy around the corner from where my father lives – and there it was: a VW Beetle!Wow! Immediately I thought of my uncle Charlie, of whom I had such a strange intense thought recently, and who had owned those cars, first a red one, then an orange one, and I think a white one too?!

July 26, 2024 – **Hawaii Aloha!**

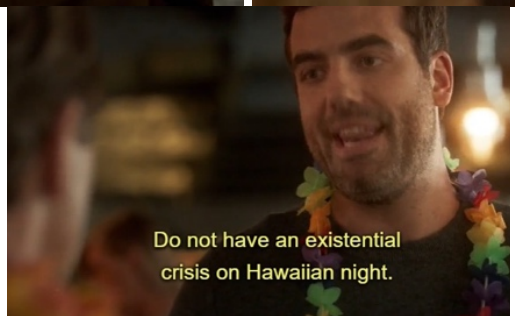
Things are so hard with my father … every sentence I say he answers with spite, dispute or outright hateful disdain or contradiction, he calls me names, threatens me … I don't even want to go into details. I am so very exhausted, emotionally and mentally … that today I have to take a day off, not seeing or talking to neither my mother nor my father. Went for a nice walk to lake Hafnersee with the dogs. I didn't swim for two days, because I acidiced my skin on various spots under my boobs and arm trying to treat the tiny warts … and the spots look inflamed … what a sign. I must take care of myself.

Just earlier, after the walk, close to the car, ***three black butterflies*** crossed our paths and fluttered around us. I was kind of baffled – and spontaneously wary or alert.

So minutes later the dogs and I sat behind a pile of wood in the grass, relaxing and playing a bit. For some reason I got uneasy and got up – and just then, a very strange looking guy with two very wild looking husky dogs on the leash walked around that wood pile. Tino was loose, and immediately began to growl, and also Jacqui got into protective position. I got a grip of both of them just in time, and the man held his huskies tight … later I realized that the three black butterflies that startled me were an actual warning.

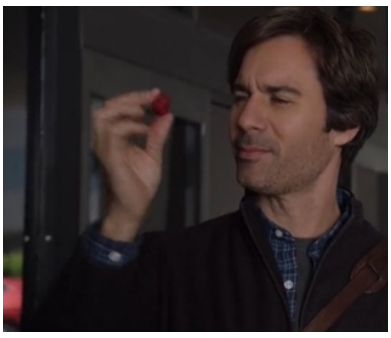
And last night … I came across a random series I had never heard of, with the title „*Instinct*“. I thought I'd watch the first episode, but I did not like it from the beginning and just when I wanted to switch it off, there it was: The main character when into a bar and was greeted – with a „lei“, a Hawaiian flower wreath and a hearty „***Aloha***“ from his partner. And there is „Sandy“, the beagle … like my father's dog … I don't even want to think about her suffering during the 2 years that my father refused contact with me … but thinking about this … given his demented, confused state right now, likely if I had attempted to connect with him in 2022 or 2023, he would have likely accepted it, as narcissist need attention. And I could have done something for Sandy – who had not been seen outside in those years, neighbors keep telling me. I don't even want to think … but my excuse is, that I had so much to do with my mother in those years … I might not have been able to handle the ordeal with my father too. Now, that my mom is better … okay. Things are like they are. I will not abandon Sandy.

Talk about a sign!



(The beagle is even overweight like Sandy!)

I have been picking single ***raspberries*** on our walks … and here it is, in the series „Perception“ … no odds!



July 27, 2024

… and again, the red VW Beetle! Ever since I had that intense thought of my uncle Charlie who drove VW beetles, I have been seeing a red and a brown VW Beetle!

July 28, 2024

Thunderstorm. Loved it.

July 29, 2024
Yesterday, a (drunken) neighbor's cat ran away … and an elderly neighbor and I were looking for it for a while … and today, THIS is on Google.

(And: I am putting these images in on **September 10**, „MEA 910" no less. ODDS?)

July 30, 2024
I just learned, that there will be a new Dexter-season, called „Resurrection" … oh wow, this pushes me right back into the Bob-days … right after a dream of Bob, of double Bob!

I was in Hawaii, traveling all over the islands, and I was crying and so sad, telling my acquaintance – who happened to be Bob! - that these were the places where I had been with Bob and it breaks my heart, just looking around. And there he was, tall and big, with his dark gray T-Shirt and his cargo short pants … and I only saw him between knees and chin, not his head or feet. But it was Bob. And I grabbed him around his waist, and I was so small, and he held me tight, close to him, squeezing me to his big soft body … like it had been in real life.

As I am writing this, I am watching „Dexter: New Blood". I know I watched it when I was living in Griffen … and strangely, watching it, hearing Dexter, thinking of Bob, gives me so much motivation and strength … Actually, on that server, it is the wrong Dexter showing, not „New Blood"; but the original Dexter, sometime in the middle of the entire series … a mix up on the server. Interesting, though … (So I checked, on Server 1, there is the actual „New Blood" series.)

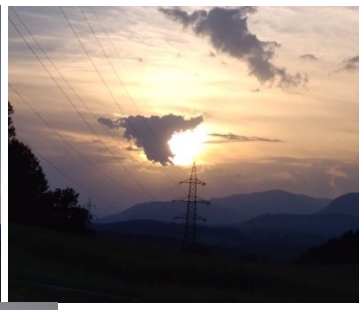
I was sick yesterday, could not even go visit my toxic father … who was as toxic as ever on the phone late at night, when I finally reached him. I have to go see him a little later, and I will be able to … after watching a bit of „Dexter". Tino came up to me and put his paw on me and kept gazing at me … „wanting" me to get up and be well again. Protecting me. And Jacqui was lying at the head end of the sofa, protecting me there.

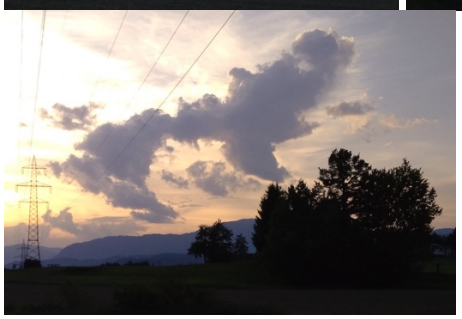
I must continue with filmmaking. I know that. It is my true kuleana. But right now I am on welfare, sad, lonely, desperate and in charge of the care of my two elderly parents who hate me … I love my dogs, and I love my father's dog Sandy … it is only for her that I do expose myself to the spite and hatred of my father …

But I have those films, the scripts, the award winning works … I cannot just let it go to shit. Can I?

July 31, 2024 – **The Blue Ribbon!**

Sunsets are so … hurtful. Supposedly comforting. A promise – for a better day?

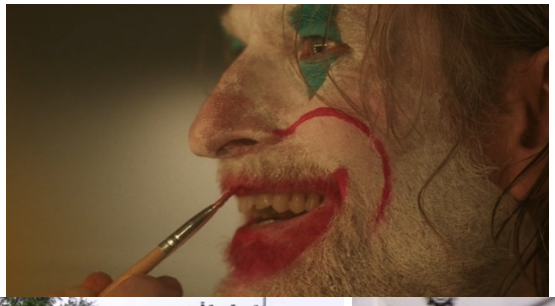



A cloud dog? And a very strange occurrance:

Recently I took my father shopping, and then we bought lunch, and he chose a **„Cordon Bleu"**, a pork Schnitzel wrapped in ham and cheese and baked in bread crumbs. We did eat one together, too, a few times, but this time I chose a vegetable letcho instead. I kept thinking and also talked with my mother about it, that „Cordon Bleu" means **„blue ribbon".** And sure enough: Walking my dogs this morning in the forest along a path where we always go – there it was: a blue ribbon! What are the odds? A „cordon bleu" on the forest ground? Where I walk? After intense consideration of the expression „cordon bleu"?

August 1, 2024 – **The Bob Lookalike & 250**

I looked into „***Dexter***“, just for the heck of it … when I don't find anything interesting I just do it … and I pick a random episode from a random season … so here was **Bob – a Lookalike!** Oh I have pictures of him, so similar … but I cannot make myself get them out … And then, on Dexter's Boat „Slice of Life“ – „250“, the beginning of Bob's phone number. The fact that I caught that scene with that perspective … wow … no coincidence. There are no odds.



August 3, 2024

I have been coming across (literally) a big pile of horse shit on the forest path where I take Jacqui and Tino almost every morning … and what a surprise today! Look at this miracle of nature

… the most beautiful mushrooms on the horse shit!

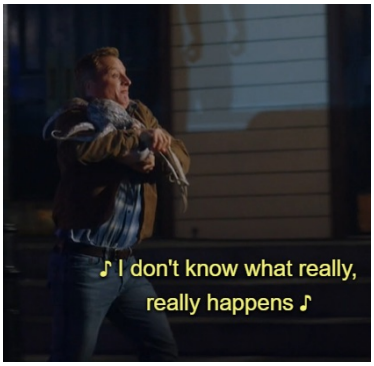
(! Google „knows“ Tino !)

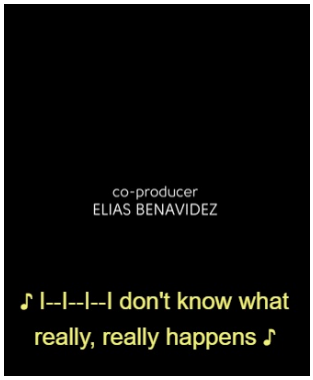
August 11, 2024

Found a raw bean. A bean! Yes, the vegetable. Just there in the forest. No other beans around. Strange! And the thistles … miracles of nature.

August 7, 2024

I wanted to ignore this day … Kimba’s death, seeing Bob again, as a dying man, after 4 years … but I looked back into „Resident Alien“, only to be reminded, that my story is not over.



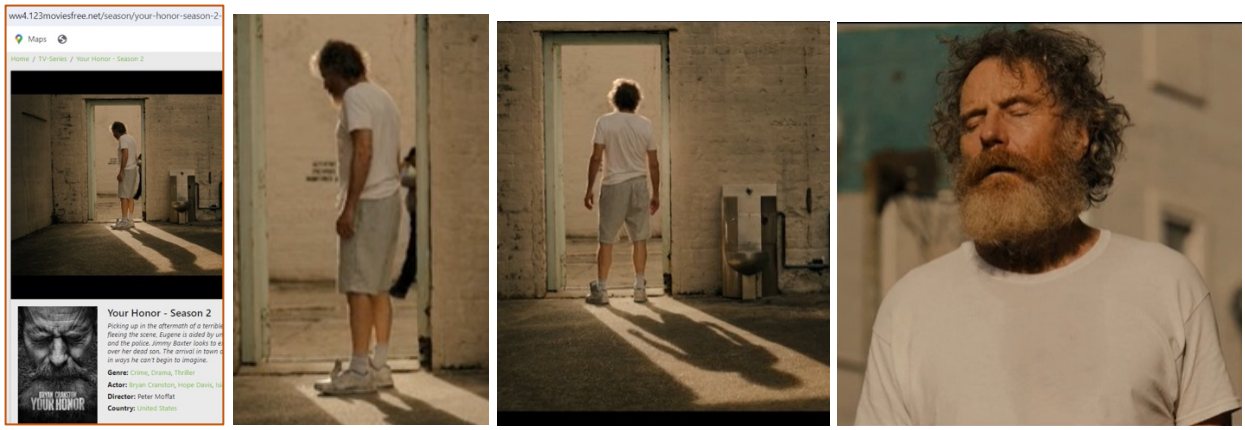


♪ But my trip is mad ♪	♪ I ain't finished, I got loads ♪	♪ I think I'm up for the challenge ♪	♪ To show I got me some mileage ♪	♪ I got a car and a cottage ♪

The flower on my balcony that surprised me with its blooming – had withered, but suddenly – new blooms! The collage is to honor this wonderful beauty.

August 8, 2024 – **Bob reloaded**

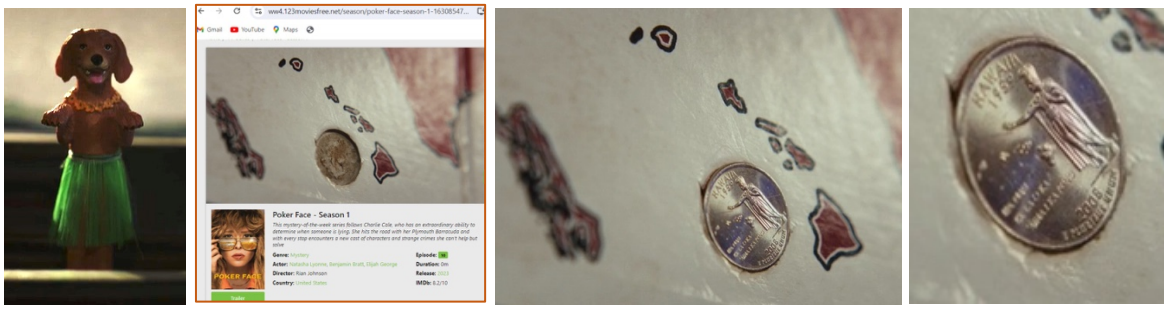
I've been watching various series and movies … looking for something worthy. Thought **„Your Honor"** was something good, but wasn't … except for the one scene, where the title character **looks exactly like Bob**. And yes, I did say to Bob that I really want to see him. There. The posture. The style. The socks. The pants. The hair and beard … the arms … just Bob.



Yes, on August 8 I did see him again back then in 2018 … in housie. Dying.

August 10, 2024

Watched a series, „Pokerface", and of course – Hawaii showed up, in the most uncanny way:



And on August 12:

I like your car.
I like the Honda.
Do I believe that the dead can forgive us?
No, I don't believe that.
Bringing the past back to life like a ritual of penitence.

Cool, right? The **Honda**, Bob's beloved auto,and talk about the dead! YEY! I get it, **I am supposed to get back into „The Bridge" project …**

August 11, 2024 **– Hawaii! Bob!**

Have been watching the series „Pokerface" … weird, but I kept watching – and there were suddenly all those references to Hawaii and Bob's an my life – and even the magpie was there! I had such a strong impression that Bob really wants me to focus on our communication again.

That's the bridge we went over.
You know? Little raindrops.
Yeah. Sometimes I just, I feel this shit so hard.
You, sir, are a magpie.
Holistic magpie motherfucker.

I have no idea what that meant, in the movie … the „**magpie**" reference … but there it was. The magpie George during my last visit to Bob, exactly 6 years ago … it knocked on the window, it was right there, every day, with its injured leg … and Bob said that he had not seen it since I was last there in 2014, four years before that. Just like all my stuff was still in the places I

had put it four years prior. Still breaks my heart … just thinking of it in glimpses. I guess I could dig up the photos that I took of the birds breeding in the waterspout of housie … but I just can't make myself. So many things of Bob's and my life still untouched in California at his parent's or his sister's place … and I don't even want to know what happened to his body's remains ...

August 12, 2024

Oh Bob … every time I see the beginning of your phone-number, „250", I feel spoken to … and all the „222", our housie's street number, „**Haulani Street 222 – the house of laughter**". So doese „**222 FF**" mean „The laughter goes on", because „FF" for me stands for „fortfahrend", meaning „continuing" …?! Shall I „take things easy", „trust, it will all be good" … I don't know.

August 13, 2024

I have been saving myself by reading blog entries by other people whose life is poisoned by an insane sadist psychopath narcissist …

My narc father was just an emotional pain pusher. I was the needle he shot his venom into sneakily while no one was looking and left it there. My poor mother was an emotionally volatile wreck living with him and completely unstable. Little sister was a mix of venom and sadness. All the women in my family of origin were destroyed in one way or another by my narc father.

BPD Mom was outwardly often a screaming, raging, hitting, cussing maniac at times of rage. Dad was a cold, callous, cruel, non-empathic, emotionally vacant malignant narc. Two terrors and totally different expressions of dysfunctional shame -brain. I was alone from the day I was born.

I accepted my place in his life and with my family of origin with despair. This realization took hold in a very painful way and I knew I really **would** be destroyed by him sooner or later just because I existed. I knew no matter what I did or how hard I tried to be worthy or acceptable, the only place I would be given by my narc dad was as his scapegoat.

I finally started to realize that even my unconditional love for him, my successes and all my good qualities and good behaviors when applied daily would not help decrease the abuse. I noticed the strangest thing ; the more obedient, compliant and sacrificial for him I became; his negativity and disgust towards me increased even more intensely. During these times, I was blind-sighted even more obviously and constantly with a barrage of accusations and unsubstantiated allegations that made my head spin. The illusion of any ability on my part to earn his loyalty through sacrifice and deference was an impossibility as well. A mere childish wish to belong, a dream that should have been long dead and buried.

A daughter of a narcissist father learns she has to choose to dampen her light and her talents and joys, just to survive in their home. These narc's hate joy and true goodness. They view empathy as weak and degrading. It is the unwritten rule of a narc's house not to allow anyone to shine too bright or have too much common sense or say anything too truthful and deep; lest the superficial narc begins to get jealous. Envy and contempt by a narc, although often silent killers, will destroy you with even more fervor than in fighting them directly and you won't even see it coming.

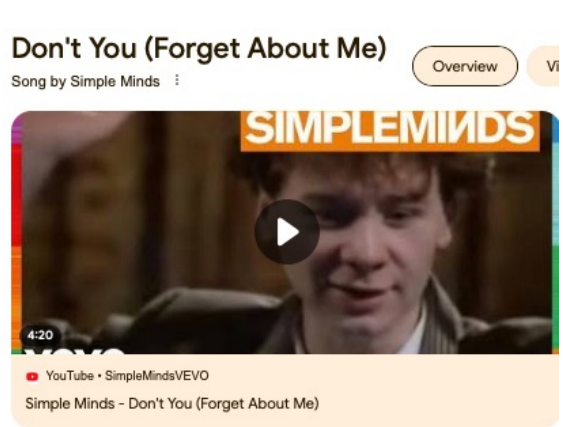
I loved my father dearly. For much of my life I tried to reason with him, provide facts for him, explain my truth to him and prove that I was worthy of being valued and loved. It took me years to stop with the fantasy that if I could just somehow prove my value he would love me again and stop devaluing and discarding me.

August 14, 2024 – **Houdini!**

Wow … what unusual intense awareness and memories of Bob when waking up …

while swimming, total closeness, clear memories with very specific messages …

„the reef" above me … to white heads swimming next to me … a penis over the mountains … the thought of the song ***„Don't you forget about me"*** relating to this Contact Diary … and the clear clear clear impression, that I must return to „ME" and not let my father suck every living energy out of me. He is a sick evil person. And this will not change.



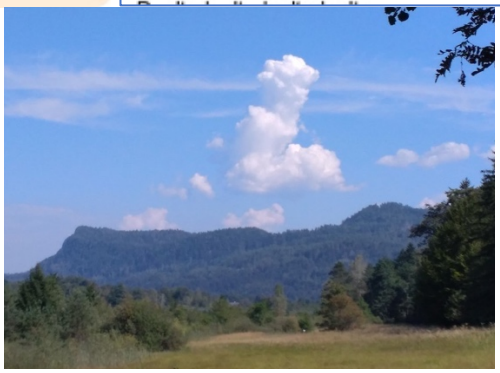
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ooh, woah

Won't you come see about me?
I'll be alone, dancing, you know it, baby

Tell me your troubles and doubts
Giving everything inside and out and
Love's strange, so real in the dark
Think of the tender things that we were working on

Slow change may pull us apart
When the light gets into your heart, baby

Don't you, forget about me



A penis cloud, of course … to make fun of me and my ordeals?

Looking back at my life, wow, it was just ordeals in a row … has been. Still is.

Just read the lyrics consciously … yes, I was ***sending „light" to Bob*** today, intensely, while swimming. And I asked him if he still was in some kind of „in between world" that the medium Alice mentioned years ago to be able to stay in contact with me …?!

Yes, love was so „real in the dark", when I was still half dreaming this morning … Bob being right there, so close, so direct, as if it was real! And yes, there is „slow change", I can feel it … that's why I must continue working on this contact diary.

Bob still wants to work on „our projects together". And I will „imua" with it.

I must return to my kuleana. My father needs help, clearly, but I do NOT need to live where I grew up. I will let go of that and be ready to move away, I will not abandon Sandy in the process, though.

Interesting the text of today's astrology newsletter, that I got to edit:

Welche Gewohnheiten möchtest du kultivieren? Jungfrau ist als jungfräuliche Göttin bekannt, denn sie ist in sich selbst souverän. Sie braucht keine Bestätigung von außen, denn sie weiß, dass die Antworten, die sie sucht, in ihrem Inneren zu finden sind. Indem sie ihren Körper zu ihrem eigenen Tempel macht, kann die Jungfrau die Weisheit freisetzen, die sie braucht, um alles zu meistern, was das Leben ihr bietet.

Schaffe ein gesundes inneres Umfeld und verbinde dich dann auf einer tieferen Ebene mit dir selbst! Du weißt, dass die Antworten, die du suchst, bereits in dir stecken und nur darauf warten, zu erblühen.

Astrotipp der Woche: Nutze die kraftvolle Energie des Vollmondes, um Altes loszulassen und dich auf innere Klarheit zu fokussieren.

Somehting positive, though: I applied for financial help from an institution who help poor people (and I am seriously on werlfare now, after losing my job to KI) – and my application was granted: They pay the insurance money that I still owe so that I can apply for retirement. And I will apply. It will give me the time and the money to pursue what I am really supposed to still do in my mortal go-around. My fucking „kuleana“.

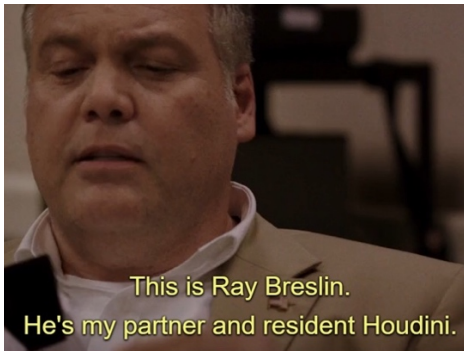
(Later)

Took J and T for a swim to lake Hafnersee, and I intended to go to see Sandy to take a walk with her, but … yesterday, my father was again so cruel and nasty to me … and Tino was there and Sandy … and it was so hot … I couldn't make myself drive down there. Likely my father would not want me to walk Sandy, and there would be so much stress about it … I am telling myself that it will be good for Sandy to not have the stress, and I hope and pray that my father will walk her. I couldn't stand his always rude, negative, selfpitieing and outright nasty talks today … even though his appearance as a scraggy sick old man touches my heart … but then, when he breaks out in his hateful slurs … it is so hard to handle. So Sandy - please have a good day. I see you tomorrow.

I am working on the images of the contact diary …

Oh wow! Synchronicity! While writing this, I am watching „Escape Plan“ from 2013 … I don't even know how I got to this … and here it is: The cop mentions early on „***Houdini***“. And I have been calling my little one Tino „Houdini“ for months, and especially recently, because he is so good at unwrapping his beloved toys, getting them out of the weirdest entanglements I make for him.

Anniversary: Remembering the One and Only Harry Houdini
Dániel Deme 2023.03.24.
Handcuffs, prison cells, water-filled barrels, boxes driven out with nails, the greatest escape artist of all time had no problem breaking free from a Chinese water torture chamber either. The news portal hirado.hu is remembering Hungary's famous son on the anniversary of his birth.



So it is a reference to „dog“ … maybe some signal that it was okay for me to not visit my father and Sandy today. Sandy also showed up in a movie, „Sharper“:

The entanglement is hard to handle for me, emotionally, at times. Like now. I have a psychologist who is supposed to help and support … but no such thing. The experts are no experts unless they have personally experienced what it means to be the relative of a very hard to handle aggressive demented parent. There is no simple walking away. There is no way to just watch the decline and handle the abuse and walk away every day unscathed.

See here, some blog excerpts … the truth is known and out there, just not to the available experts.

AgingCare FIND CARE FORUM CARE TOPI

Scampie1
Mar 3, 2024

People with dementia can be evil. Sorry, but this needs to be said. If they were mean people to begin with, they are going to be abusive tyrants with this disease. I have heard of some cases where they've actually turned nice, and that I don't believe. I'm one I have to see it to believe it.

Related **Why do narcissist parents disinherit their children? Are there any legal arguments pertaining to narcissism that a disinherited child could use in court to contest the disinheritance?**

Wow Lisa! This is probably what will happen to me with my narcissistic mother. I believe that there's a good chance that even though I do Everything for her and daddy medical and daily living wise that they need, it's never enough to be recognized and appreciated as a loving good daughter. Never was why now. I feel that it would be her last "punishment", to let me know just how unworthy she thinks I am. I really don't think there's any legal action to dispute a will... I don't care about the money, I would love to be treated like a daughter. It will go to any of her 4 or 5 flying monkeys that are kissing

Related **Why do narcissist parents disinherit their children? Are there any legal arguments pertaining to narcissism that a disinherited child could use in court to contest the disinheritance?**

It's all about hurting you to take back control.

And the fact that they will be dead is irrelevant to their sick minds.

1- Will it hurt? **Check**

2- Do they have control doing this? **Check**

3- Does it fulfill their feeling of revenge because when you where 12 years old you told them they where mean or bad or defective in any way? **Check**

4- Will they smile while dying because they know they still will powerful after their death and imagine and salivate in advance for the pain you will feel when it happens? **Check**

But way more about **the resistance to accept what narcissism IS and the eternal hope to change them..... one day .... if I say the right words .... if I do the right thing ..... if I do and intervention ..... if I bring him/her to see a therapist and bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla.**

Fun fact: Will never happen, even after death. You could live 10 thousands years and everything you're hoping related to the narcissist would never happen.

I've seen narcissistic parents give their money to **dogs, strangers, very distant nieces or relatives, etc etc etc just for the pure fun of imagining the pain and the suffering it will inflict.**

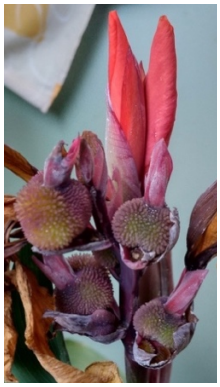
Tino was with me at my father's yesterday and played a bit with Sandy … but she has a habit of immediately running back to my father and begging for food - in the burning hot kitchen.

Oh wow. Things must change. It's so hard … my mom is in fact suffering from dementia – but she still hates me and shows it as soon as there is the slightest kind of criticism from me … her not washing her hair, herself, changing clothes, spitting on the floor, trying to hit my dogs … wow, these can't be my main life's conserns …

That's why the **„encounter" with Bob today in my thoughts and feelings** was so strong. And surprising.

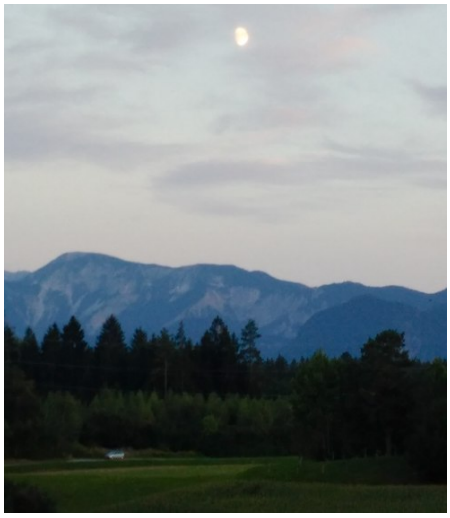
(Later)

Just noticed, during editing pictures, that the wonderous **flower** that suddenly appeared on my balcony from a plant, that I rescued from a garbage dump in Griffen in 2019 … resembles a penis with tumors on ist base … well thanks a lot, Bob.



… I mean … what a miracle of nature. And compare to this fragile miracle …
Who designed all of this? Including my faithful dog Jacqui, always watching out.

August 15, 2024

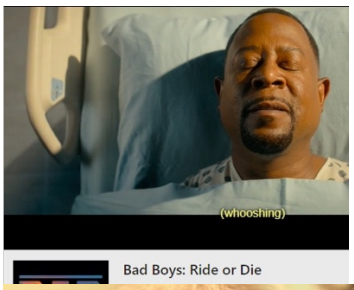


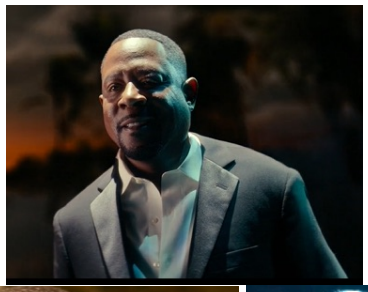
August 18, 2024 – **Near Death Experiences and the Afterlife**
The last day I saw Robert Stone was the 11th of September 2018, so 9/11. Saw this today. And I found some weird **„green paw“** in the forest …

I saw this license plate I saw on July 10 – and today, as I put this image in for July 10.

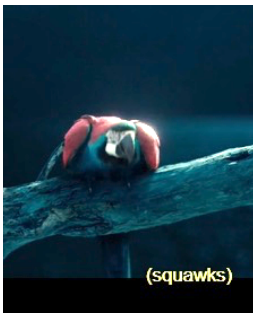
Oh if there weren't nature's wonders everywhere … reminding me that this is a designed playground for the individualization of the soul … like this type of gourd … just growing on a dump yard. Tastes like zucchini.

And then, the movie I picked … oh wow, I did NOT SEE THAT COMING, **in a spoofy dumb movie with Will Smith, entitled „Bad Boys“: A character has a near death experience and tells the other character THE TRUTH! L**ike I was supposed to be reminded about what matters in my life, about what I am supposed to focus on! Sure, as soon as the situation with my father is settled and Sandy is well and safe.


(whooshing)
Bad Boys: Ride or Die



It's not your time.


(squawks)

Hey, Mike, I wasn't even
gonna tell you this,

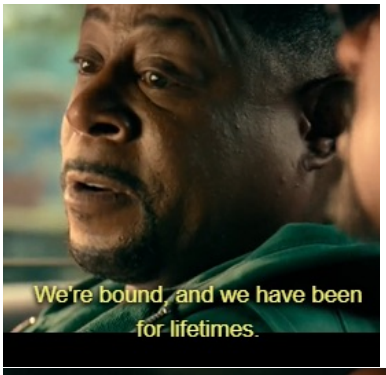
but this ain't
the first time we done this.

We ride together all the time.
What you mean?

No, I'm talking about
our souls.

You know,
we've ridden together,

but I saw it all, Mike.


We're bound, and we have been
for lifetimes.

We haven't always been
Mike and Marcus,

but we've always been us.

What you talking about?

(whispers):
We're soulmates.

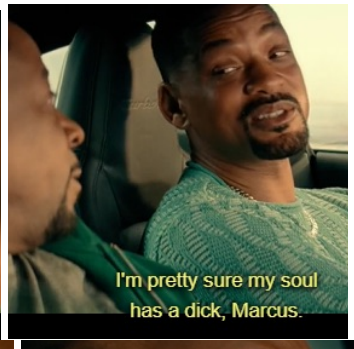
-Yep.
-Yeah.

Yeah, I kind of...
I-I saw my soulmate looking

a little different than that.

See, see, see, Mike,
you stuck in the physical.

Souls don't have dicks.


I'm pretty sure my soul
has a dick, Marcus.

-Mm-hmm.
-...but, uh, my soul is

more advanced than your soul.

It's not that your soul
is stupid.

THERE!

<u>August 19, 2024</u> – **Kaleilauhoku!**

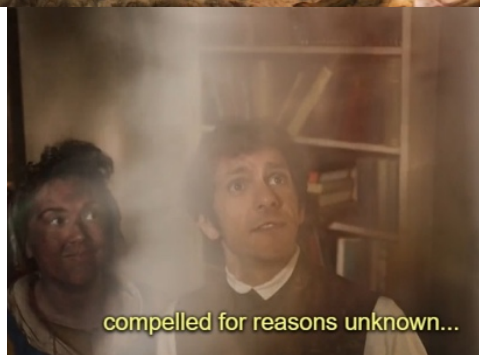
This morning, walking the dogs, I found a **tiny plastic fox** and **three golden plateletts** with hearts on them! Wow! What are the odds, I thought? Why three? Also, the „green paw“ kind of matches the fox figurine?!

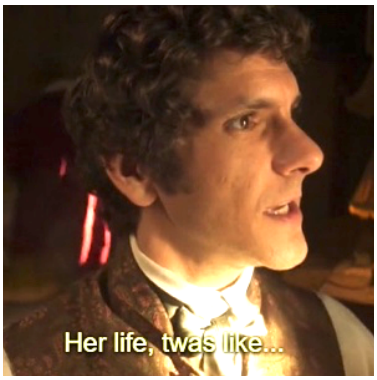
I bought a flower for Edith's grave the other day, with **three Gerbera** … and today, a few hours later, on the way to my mother, I found a (fake) **silver chain with three stars** on it! ***Kaleilauhoku***! My Hawaiian name! What does this all mean?

Of course, the license plate number „**480 FF**“, that I saw, means: „Keep talking … about filmmaking“, because 480 is the code between Bob and me for film audio, and „**FF**“ to me means „fortfahrend“, meaning „continuing“. So …

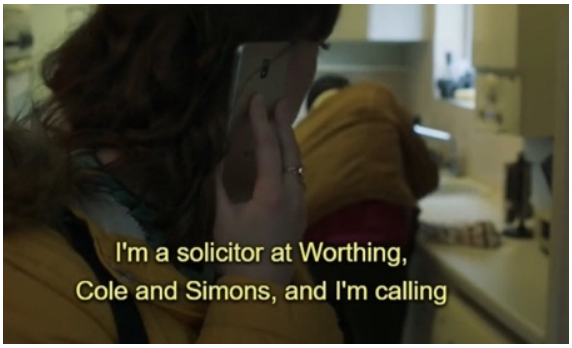
August 25, 2024

Watching movies and series all the time … must get my mind off the devastating situation with my father … who is so hateful and evil and demented and just a monster. So I discovered „*Ghost*“ … so here is the outcome, has a lot of wishful thinking, ***seeing the spirits of the dead, their still existing conciousness*** …





… YES, all our lives are kind of plays … just like this person says in the movie.

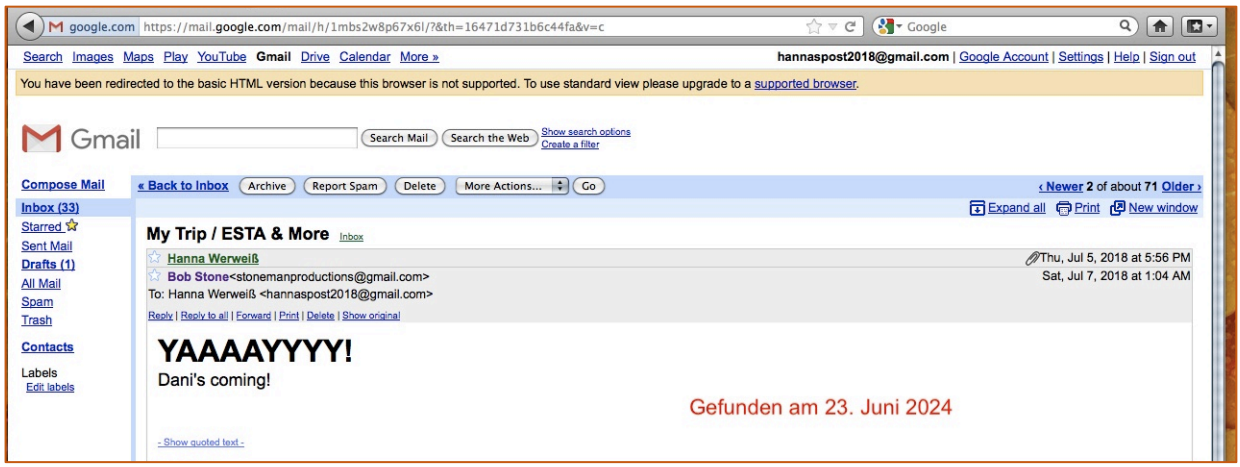


Baffling … because THE topic of my life right now is whether or not I will inherit a house or both houses from my father … HE talks about it all the time, in the most spiteful manner, wanting to give it all to his already designated „heir“, Valentin. I am too old for this shit. And Bob makes fun of it – by sticking my nose into a **movie where it is about inheriting a house and seeing the dead?!**

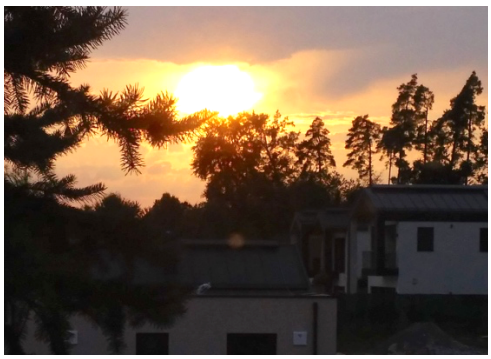
August 26, 2024 **– Aloha to me**

Met the young opera singer in the forest, this morning … I saw her last in spring. And „Aloha“ came right at me. Oh I have been thinking so often of the summer days in August 2018 … six years. Six years in a mortal existence. And where Bob is now?

I discovered this in June ago … oh fuck, it was a shock. I should have come to Bob so much earlier … but it was HIS CHOICE to fly to California to see his parents in late spring, when I could have come. If I had had any idea, how bad his condition was … but then, he did not tell me.



Oh the „pukas“ of yesterday and today! I know Bob knows I am admiring the … fucking reminder of my paradise lost, you asshole. (I have started to see how similar Bob was in some ways to my father!)

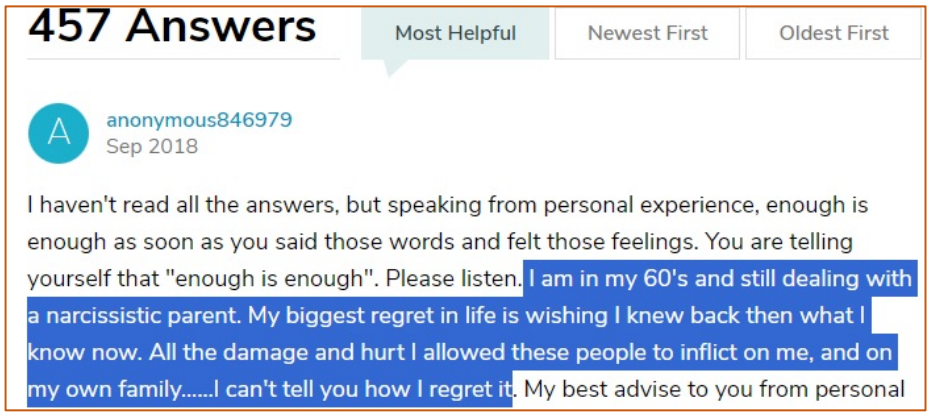


August 29, 2024

I looked into the movie „Ripley“ (a new very bad version of „The talented Mr. Ripley“) and there was a ***haunting dream*** … just reflecting back to me – my life, again, like in pretty much every movie or series that I **randomly** picked in the last months.

August 30, 2024

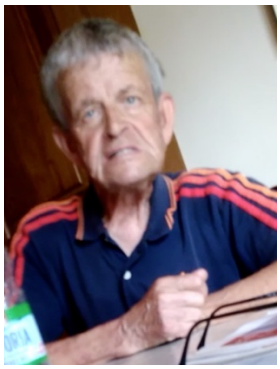
And more life saving through blog entries – THANK YOU all you people who have been sharing … you are my saviors.


457 Answers

Most Helpful | Newest First | Oldest First

A anonymous846979
Sep 2018

I haven't read all the answers, but speaking from personal experience, enough is enough as soon as you said those words and felt those feelings. You are telling yourself that "enough is enough". Please listen. I am in my 60's and still dealing with a narcissistic parent. My biggest regret in life is wishing I knew back then what I know now. All the damage and hurt I allowed these people to inflict on me, and on my own family.....I can't tell you how I regret it. My best advise to you from personal

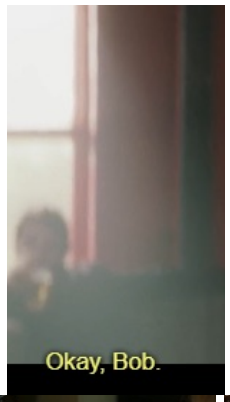


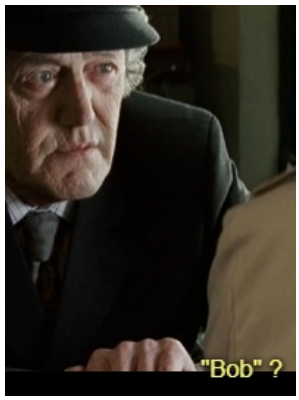
Time to give you an inkling of what I am dealing with … this is my father, and you will see what I mean by „he hates me to the bones“. And there is no reason for it except that his brain is broken and has been all his life.

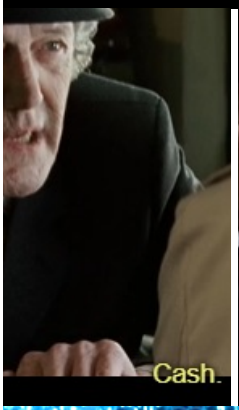
In the movie series „*Unforgotten*“ a real despicable serial killer pulls ice cold grimaces like my father does (right before he loses control) …

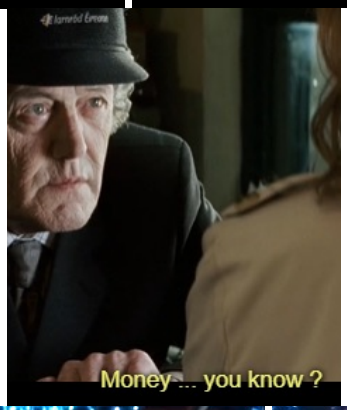
August 31, 2024 – **Bob**

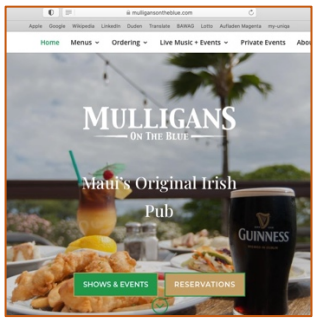
Funky movie, „*Leap Year*“, about Irish folks where everyone always says „Bob“! You can’t find this if you are looking for it! I did not see that coming. So they say Bob for a lot of reasons … google it!
And then … „The Irish Rover“ … a song I heard and saw played so often on Maui, at Mulligan’s On the Blue, the Irish Pub, in whose owner’s house Kevin O’Kennedy’s I lived … oh my, the feeling when I see the images … it’s just fucking pain. What is it supposed to lead to?



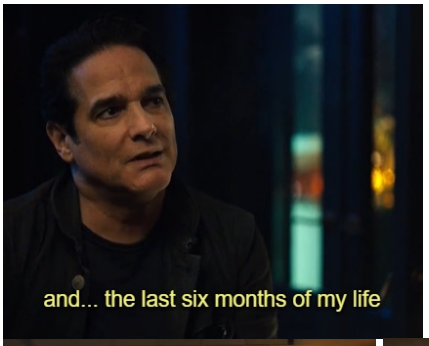


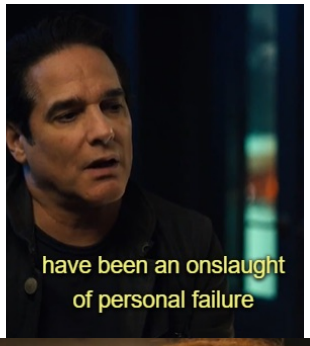


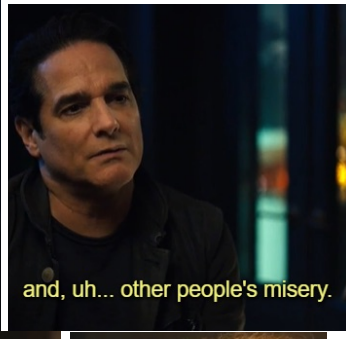


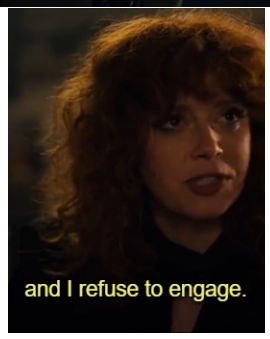


AND … as I scanned through another series, „*Russian Doll*“, a description of my life of the last months was given – what are the odds?
AND – the main character said what Bob used to say, so many times, „The Universe is fucking with me!“



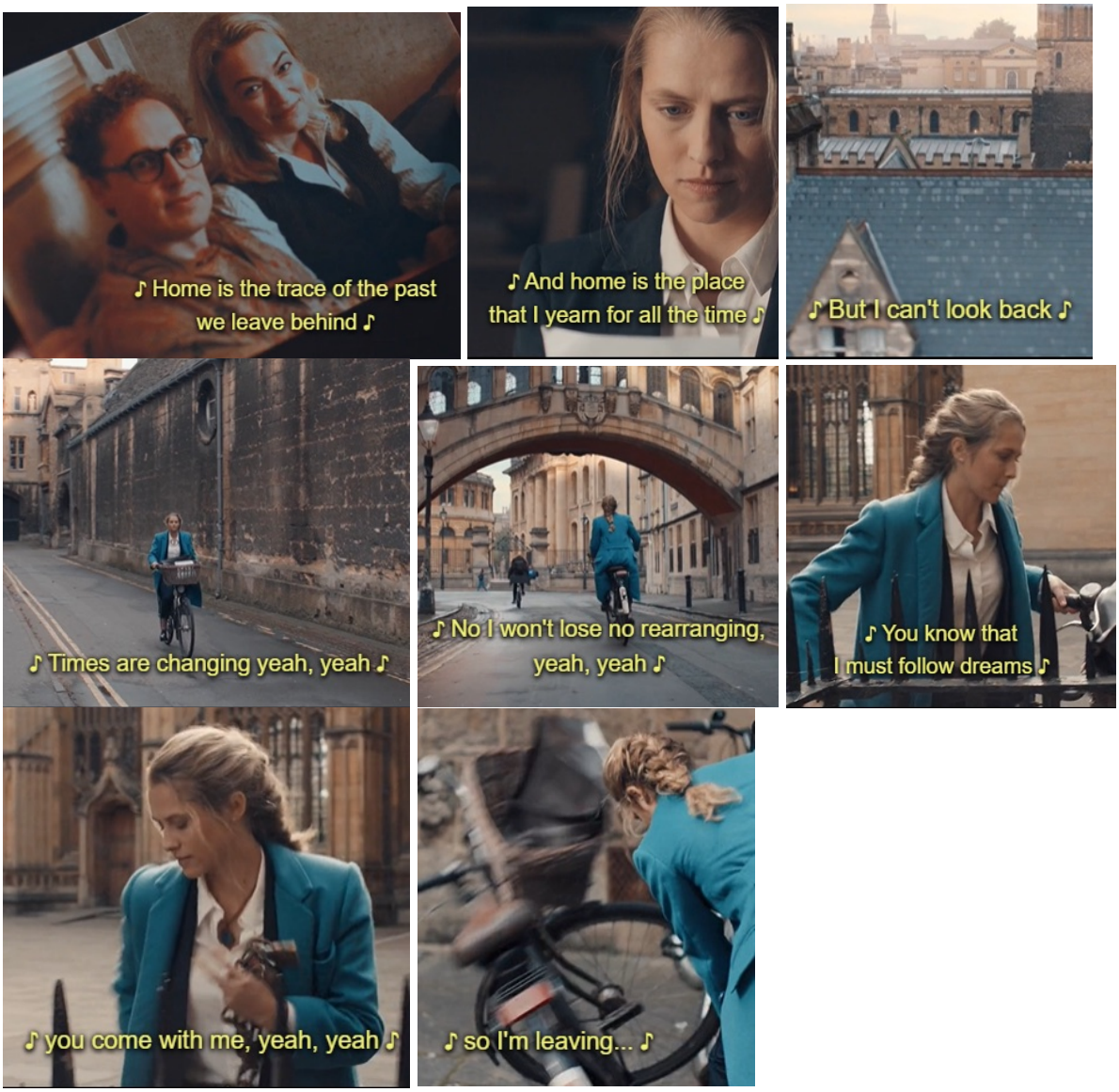






<u>September 1, 2024</u>
Finding tiny colorful paper snippets on the forest path in the nomrning … I didn’t like it one bit. What do they stand for?

<u>September 5, 2024</u>
Again … a haunting song with amazing true lyrics in „***A Discovery of Witches*“** (I only started the first episode, then read up on the entire plot, not gonna watch … it is one of the series that I realize I had only to find for the lyrics …)


♪ Home is the trace of the past we leave behind ♪
♪ And home is the place that I yearn for all the time ♪
♪ But I can't look back ♪
♪ Times are changing yeah, yeah ♪
♪ No I won't lose no rearranging, yeah, yeah ♪
♪ You know that I must follow dreams ♪
♪ you come with me, yeah, yeah ♪
♪ so I'm leaving... ♪

It's about a witch who never used her powers but is kind of forced by her life's circumstances to develop those and become the most powerful of them all … the topic of my encounter with that group who wanted me as their leader (like in many lifetimes before) when I was in my early 20s. I should be long dead in this life … but there. I am in fact, as it seems, as strong as they said back then.

<u>September 10, 2024</u>

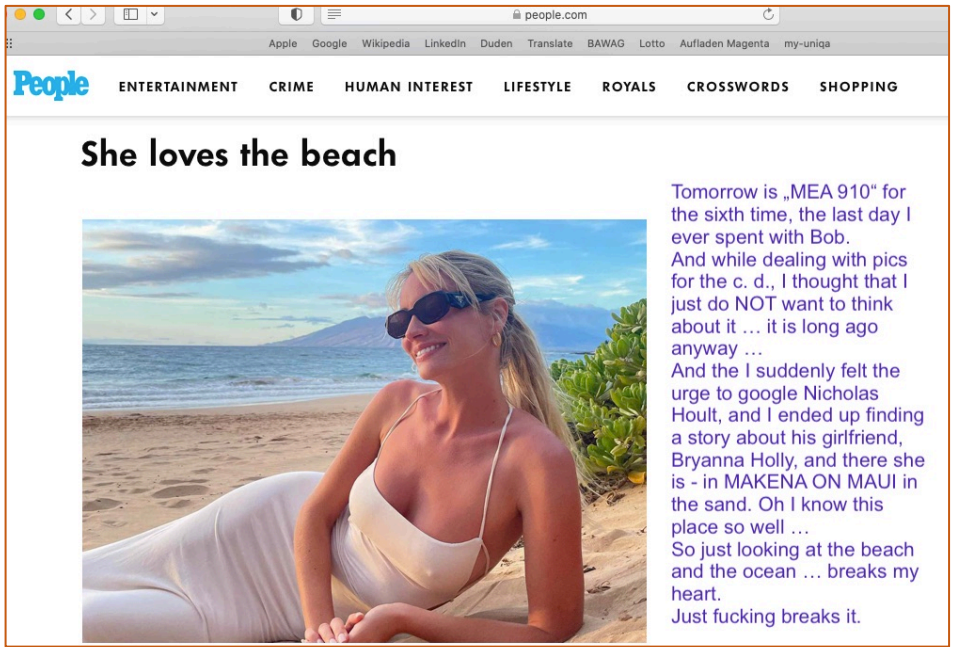
MEA 910. Today. Six years ago. I told Bob I DO NOT WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT!
And then, yesterday:

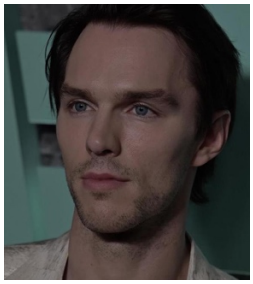
„808" for „BOB" or Hawaii, because it is the area code.
And „FF" means „continuous". So … „Bob" goes on?
„Hawaii" is still here?

„Keep doing with Bob what you have been doing?
Oh Stoneman, I know you are around. You want me to … WHAT EXACTLY?
My life is a mess.
My father – unspeakably cruel. Horrible experiences in the last weeks.
My work life – a desaster. Can't even retire. To few months insured throughout my life. No job. KI took my income. And I had Corona, it is the 3rd week now, still not entirely healed. I felt so bad, like dying. But I have dogs and parents. And I am not done … but with what?

So many „480" around and even more „222"! Like on August 21.

And this, yesterday – the explanation is next to the picture.


people.com
Apple Google Wikipedia LinkedIn Duden Translate BAWAG Lotto Aufladen Magenta my-uniqa
People
ENTERTAINMENT CRIME HUMAN INTEREST LIFESTYLE ROYALS CROSSWORDS SHOPPING
She loves the beach
Tomorrow is „MEA 910" for the sixth time, the last day I ever spent with Bob.
And while dealing with pics for the c. d., I thought that I just do NOT want to think about it … it is long ago anyway …
And the I suddenly felt the urge to google Nicholas Hoult, and I ended up finding a story about his girlfriend, Bryanna Holly, and there she is - in MAKENA ON MAUI in the sand. Oh I know this place so well …
So just looking at the beach and the ocean … breaks my heart.
Just fucking breaks it.



I have been feeding wasps and hornets … oh what amazing smart wondrous creatures …

See the courageous fly in the middle there?

September 11, 2024

I refuse to think back six years … the day and night I had to leave Bob …

There was a **tragic accident a week ago at the Bikers'Week** at lake Faaker See and Velden on September 6 – where an elderly couple on their **Harley Davidson** drove straight into an oncoming car (I assume they had to give way to a bicyclist and therefore ended up on the other lane …) close to Rosegg, where my mother and I often walk the dogs.

It touched me so greatly, couldn't think of anything else for days … and today I found via Google who they were, **Paul and Tanja Steiner.** Stein means **Stone**.

Yes, like Bob Stone.

Well.

So they died in the same minute! Mounted their Harley to drive to Velden to meet with family – and never arrived, but woke up in the Beyond. TOGETHER.

Wow.

Also, I witnessed something amazing with my father, today. He was nasty as ever when I showed up (like yesterday) for gardening work. He has not let me do anything since May, claimed to do it all himself, but did nothing. Now the temperature is about to drop and heavy rain coming, so I thought there were several really important things to do … and I managed to get them all done. I took Tino and Jacqui with me, and Sandy was so happy – but she had an inflamed eye, puss running out of it, my father did not notice. I didn't even say anything but put the eye drops I always have with me, in her eye, several times, hope, it helped.

While we were in the garten – suddenly a hell of a noise occurred in the sky, and three combat jets **Eurofighter** crossed just above us, incredibly near and loud. And my ***father came – in tears,*** and asked me if I had seen those jets?!

I was so touched by him being so emotional *that he could not hold back his tears while talking* – exactly like I experience it in cases where my emotions are rattled. Like at the finish line of the Maui marathon, when we filmed, I was always in tears watching the athletes arrive – I am tearing up right now! I had no idea that my father has that too.

He did not even try to make a friendly face just once … but I do understand how frustrating it must be for him that the only person he hates the most right after my mother, me, is the only one around and helping.

I bought him a pair of wide sports shoes with velcro lashes, so that he has it a bit easier, walking and also just slipping in … he is struggling so much, with his back, his fingers, his Hühnerauge …

I found him sleeping leaning over the table again, today, and it looked as if he was almost tipping over. It was only 1.30 pm! I know had I not come, he would not have done anything, again.

But that said, I watched him walk Sandy yesterday, and I saw him twice before that … so at least he is walking her at times.

But surely he needs help. There were live and crawling maggots on the kitchen floor again today … the way he looks at me … and how he tells me things that I actually know about, but he invents them newly … he has dementia, and heaven knows what other problem he has that he shares with nobody.

I learned that I can NOT retire – I do not have enough insurance months. So I must look for a job and start my entrepreneur-life again … with all the insurance and taxes and shit!? Oh wow.

But some things are out of my influence, as it seems.

I must imua.

I miss Bob … but today I noticed that there is one scene how he used to stand in the kitchen, at the counter, and I have a hard time „seeing" his face. I can see it in other situations, but not there.

Why?

And why is the name of the two dead people who touch me so much – „Stone“?

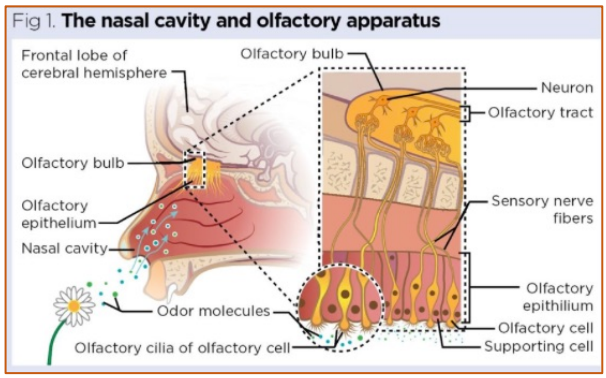
I mean … you sit on your bike or somewhere else, and at some point, the last minute literally of your life starts and counting down …

And then something happens, and the soul is free of the body.

And the once left behind are … devastated. Surprised. Jealous. In disbelief.

I had Corona for weeks, but today is the first good day where I feel entirely healthy again. Didn't have to lie down all the time, breathing is much better, and I can smell and taste food again!

That was something, not tasting or smelling things. I still don't smell everything … but it is much better.



The physical work in the garden was gruesome … but I managed to go for a swim today and yesterday, the lake has 24 degrees … just heaven. I swam in a teal-colored water tonight and hopefully was able to share it with Bob.

September 12, 2024 – **Magpie?**

Hard rain. The whole day. Such an irony. And I wanted to NOT think of the night I had to leave Bob, in the hard fucking Maui rain. It was like this morning, because of the time difference.

Shopping with mom, and I made a great apple kuchen, shared with father too. He seemed relieved that I came in that weather … poor Sandy will explode in winter, when my father will keep feeding her and denying her the exercise she needs. I am afraid of what's gonna come. He seemed so feeble and strange … Oh I don't know what to wish for.

I went into working on the screenshots of the last weeks for this c. d., and there was „Pokerface“ with amazing references to Bob's and my story … and also, the „magpie“! And I had told my mother today (!) the story of **Poldi, the magpie**. Oh I will always remember the magpie during the last weeks with Bob … he said it was the same that he last saw in 2014, four years before, because of ist injured leg.

And the other references … including Hawaii (see August 10 and 11!) …

Yes … the situation with my father … so hard, so horrible, I feel sorry for him, he is obviously suffering, but he hates me so much that he won't let my presence comfort him. He is a mentally ill person and was all his life. I have been reading blog entries to get some relief …

forum.familycarers.ie/post/being-constantly-ver...

Maps

He is furious that his independence has reduced and that he has to depend on carers and assistance, and because I am the one who has organised it, he blames me. Because I am leaving for a couple of weeks (hopefully) I have organised a lovely woman to help out, bring him where he wants to go, prepare the meals he likes, keep the house clean, clean up after accidents, do recycling etc. Stuff he doesn't realise is quietly done in the background, things he has never done, and couldn't do by himself anyway even if he wanted to. This lady is not HSE but extremely reasonable, competent and kind. And she was willing to take on my Dad where others have refused. A combination of fury, fear of having to depend on another person outside of his comfort zone, and a bit of memory issues results in him going into a full on rage shouting at me about how I have deceived him and he has to pay somebody he doesn't need. We have been discussing this for months. The lady has visited (unpaid) about five times now to get him used to the idea. It's not like he can't afford it, he has a contributory pension from Tiger Ireland that outstrips my wage (when I had one) by a long shot. I am so exhausted and demoralised.

I have been pulling out all the stops to make things as easy as possible for him. All I get is abuse. And yet I cannot go and close that door behind me. I would be worried sick. He is so frail. But if I stay, I will break and then neither of us will be okay.

Antworten 4 0

Doing my best to please my parents … see the fruitcake I made (pre-oven).

September 13, 2024

Snow on the mountains. And the summer not even over.

September 14, 2024

I started to re-watch „*Prodigal Son*“ … and I had forgotten, that one of the main characters has the name „Dani“. It is just so strange to hear my name said just the way Bob had said it … in that American way. Oh Bob. I miss you so fucking much.

Also … there is a crystal candelabra – just on the day when I finally ended up inside my father’s house and accidentially brushed the huge crystal candellabra …

September 15, 2024

Amazing cloud … oh the dimensions …

And … revisited „Prodigal Son“ … and even there is the situation with my father reflected.

September 17, 2024

Walking Sandy I found strange folklore paper cutouts on the way, two hats and an Edelweiß.

September 18, 2024 **– The wondrous women**

I met two women at lake Saissersee, Eva and Anita, who asked me if I knew where the Celtic Stone was in the area … and I do not. But we ended up in a spirited conversation like I have been longing for … two shamanic woman, although Eva clearly is the „witch“, in a very good sense … on we talked about female power and magic and all … and we shall meet again. Eva told me that she had had an abusive narcissist father (seriously), and that she can't retire professionally because of several missing months – exactly my situation. What are the odds. Looking forward to meeting her again soon! She has also a 10 years old brown dog, Bella … wow. The similarities. She lives in a very simple apartment and doesn't want any excess furniture and stuff! YES! Like me!

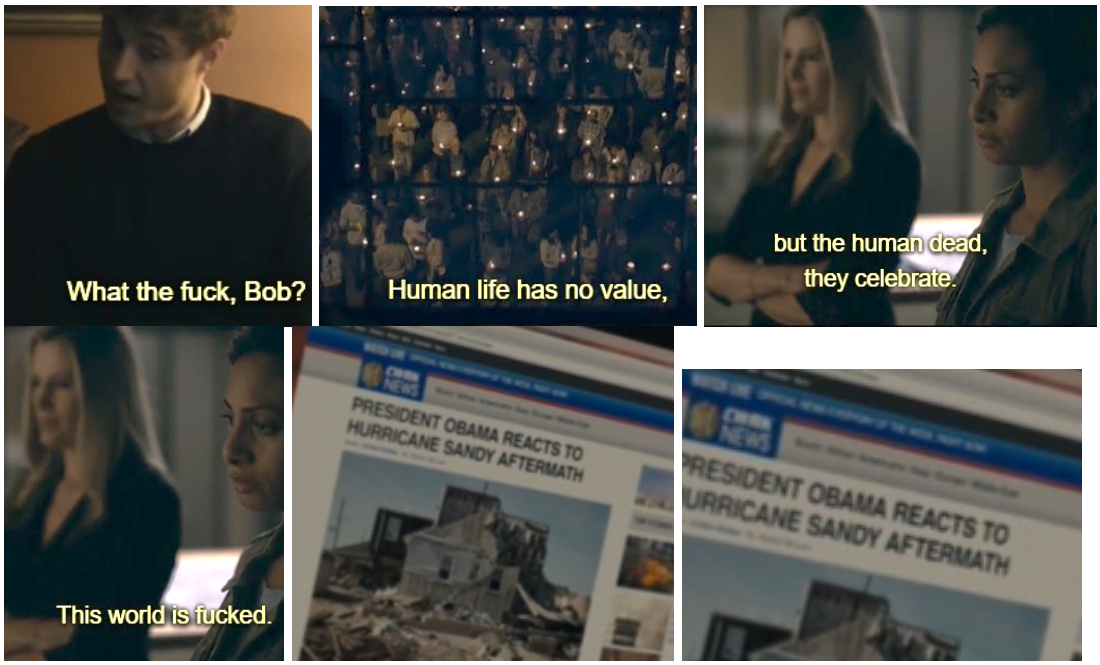
On her car that I saw on the parkinglot … a wonderful image of a tree with the **sun and the moon** … immediately hearing the song in my head, **„You're the sun and I'm the moon …“**

„… you're the words and I'm the tune.“

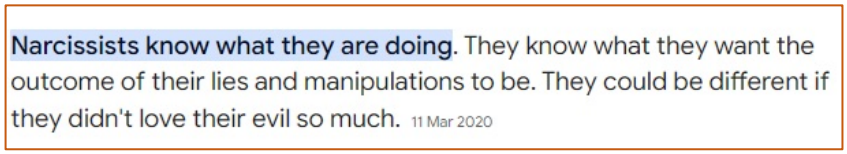
I also got in contact with Theresia, the little sister of Julia and Patrick … turns out she has a seven years old son named Leon. Emailing with her it became so clear to me that people construct their reality … because what she remembers of her childhood and what her mother told her about her father and all … is absolutely not the truth.

Anyway. I won't have much much contact. But I might get some information about my niece and my nephew.

Looked into a series called „Condor“ … and the only thing interesting turns out to be this – including a mentioning of my beloved Sandy, Ediths sweet poor Beagle:



September 19, 2024


Narcissists know what they are doing. They know what they want the outcome of their lies and manipulations to be. They could be different if they didn't love their evil so much. 11 Mar 2020

I still have a lot to learn.

Treated myself to a wonderful swim at sunset … after hours with my father and so so so much stress ... he takes so much joy in hurting me and does it at every opportunity … this crooked man, barely able to get around, but his mind gets more hateful all the time … just because his brain is broken, because I never ever gave him a reason to hate me. He just does. And he hates Sandy. And he hated Edith, my mother, my brother … and at the same time was pathologically jealous of all of the attention they would dare to give anyone else. All the typical narcissist behaviors … all here. He says something, then denies it and says (all the time) „You have misheard it“. It is always the other person who is at fault, and he looks at me so cold and clear … he is a very sick and unnormal creature. Not my father. Never ever was.

Rain began right when I got back in the car. „Ua“, the blessing from heaven. Blessing for …?

September 20, 2024 **– The Owl surrounded by the Lei**

So my Hawaiian name is „Ka pueo hoa mo'o ahi Kaleilauhoku", Owl, friend of the fire salamander, wreath from many stars". And here is what I found in the last days, separately: The **rainbow style round … „lei", band, and the colorful owl!**

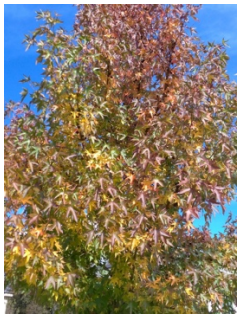
September 22, 2024

Amazing license plate numbers … just noticing them … I feel so numb. Uncertain what to do. I have been working on the pics for this C. D. – while binge watching all kinds of shows.

Took a look into „Mayfair Witches" … got some nice greeting, I think:

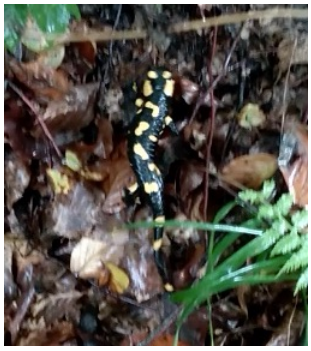
September 25, 2024

Sometimes a Stone gets my attention … like this one … so smooth, so near-perfect … Dreading October … and the Ahorn-tree … nature's wonders are there to comfort us.



September 28, 2024

Two beautiful fire-salamanders crossed our path today … as J and T and I were out in nature. They remind me of the days of the „mo'o" … my life in the mysteries of Hawaii. And my inner true nature.

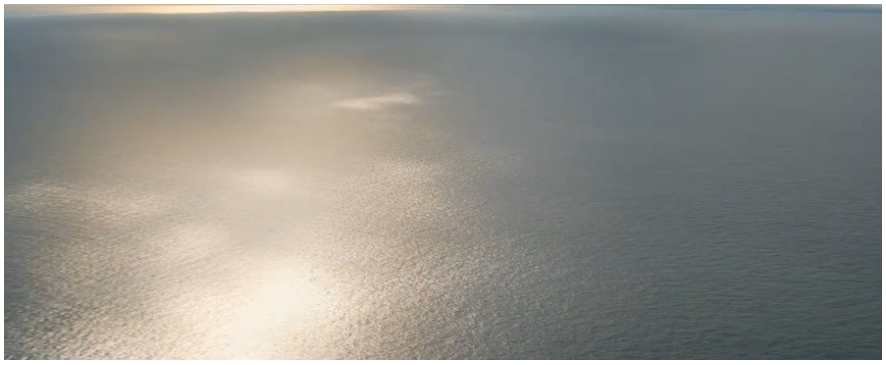


October 2, 2024 - **„Mr. Stone"**

Oh wow … on Bob's birthday, his name popped up in some random series I peeked into, „Chicago Justice" … Great. A question I have been asking myself too, „Could I have done something … else to prevent what has happened"?

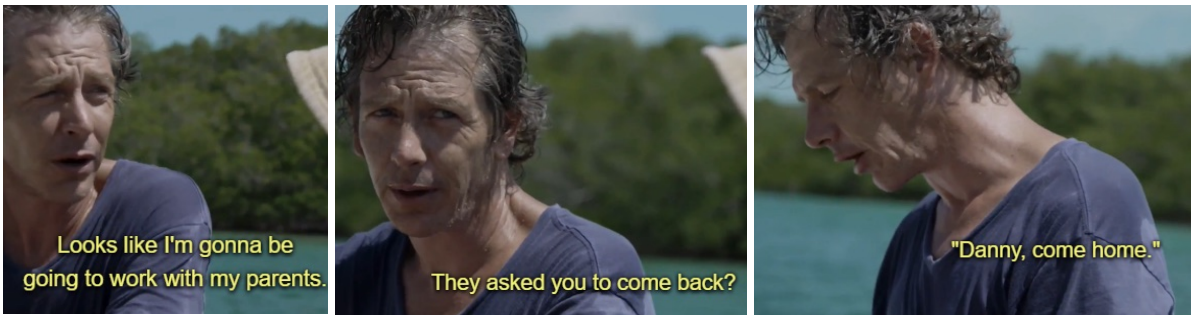
October 4, 2024

One month before the sixth anniversary of Bob's passing … **the silver ocean! On the Big Island!** When we drove away from Kealakekua Bay where we had visited the landing spot of Captain Cook! It was me who was there with Bob! ME! My own life! Me! And Bob!
So fucking hard to believe … but it was in fact my life back then. It IS part of my life. So similar … that is what I saw back then. I could throw up right now.

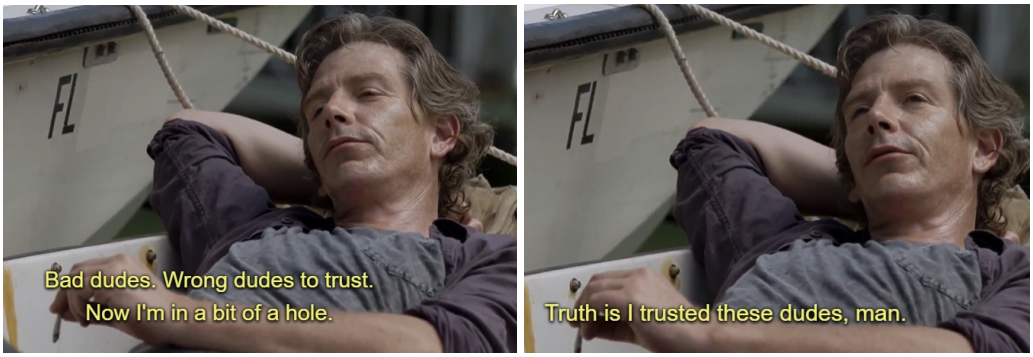


October 5, 2024 – **Bob reflected all too well**

Starte to watch the movie „Bloodline“ … a **Bob-character!** ***Who decided to move back to his elderly parents to help them!*** Exactly what Bob had said he wanted to do! I found it ludicrous! How right I was! Did they help him, when he was dead sick? They saw it – AND DID NOT SAY ANYTHING OR OFFERED HELP, FOR FUCK’s SAKE!

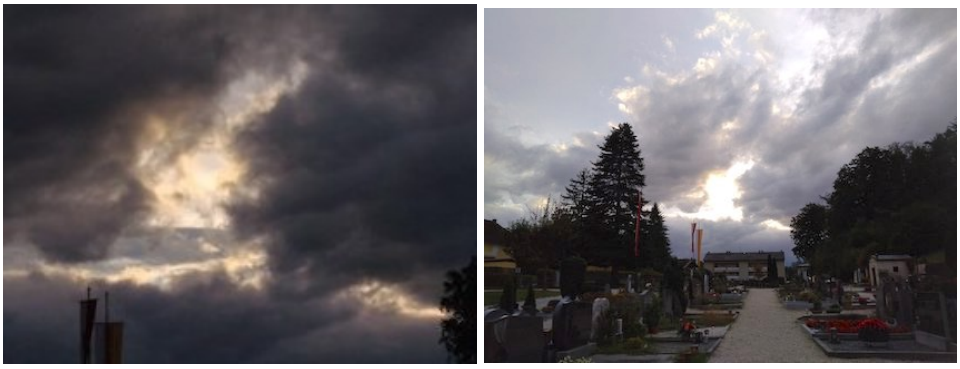


How fucked up that his name is „**Danny**“, my name. And yes, Bob’s parents ***did pay him*** when he came to Anza … trim trees, mostly. He needed the cash. A grown man. Always in money trouble. Ruined me, too. Plus … the guy „Danny“ talks about how guys he trusted screwed him over! The story of Bob’s professional life! EXACTLY!



October 9, 2024

A „puka lani“ – door to heaven – just to remind me of ….?



October 10, 2024

Dealing with this stuff … to survive the confrontations with my „father“ … who I still have to help. And for the sake of his poor dog Sandy.

Quora

My dad is cruel, narcissistic, and mentally ill. Even though he treats be awfully, I still feel so guilty and bad because he doesn't know better. What do I do to stop feeling like things are my fault for no reason?

Quora

MentallyJill
BA from University of Washington · Author has **608** answers and **793.1K** answer views · 1y

Sorry to tell you this but your dad *does* know better even if he is a mentally ill, cruel narcissist.

Narcissists thrive on creating big sad negative reactions out of their victims, especially if they can be there to watch you, the victim suffer.

THAT is their payoff. Watching others suffer makes the narcissist feel superior. That is how pathetic they are.

I spent decades of my life trying to please my narcissistic parents and was on the receiving end of their cruelty as the scapegoat only daughter for many years. Didn't matter what I did; it was never good enough.

Free on the Other Side
Married to a Narcissist, Worked for a Narcissist · Author has **167** answers and **87.1K** answer views · 1y

Originally Answered: My dad is a narcissistic and I have cut him off completely now, why do I still feel like it's my fault even though I know I did the right thing?

You are likely a really sensitive, loving, empathetic person and everyone also needs a dad in their life. You are mourning what others have and you don't. The exact opposite actually. When I finally went no contact with my narcissistic ex, I felt sad in this way too — that I never got to feel married, loved in that connection, or have any kind of help/partnership/reciprocity in any way for so long. On the other side, I have learned to give this to myself and also to choose the people who are in my life — especially at the center of my life — very very carefully. Why do you feel like it is your fault? Because your dad probably blamed you for a long time for anything that didn't feel good in your relationship and this is hard-wired into you. Again, I had to really reconfigure my own brain on the other side of a person who was hell bent on destroying me and never loved, let alone liked, me in the first place. He still lived in my head and I worked hard and for awhile to evict him. I also struggle sometimes to understand how someone can "be this way" because I am so NOT this way, but when I fully accepted that my ex was not well and took nothing personally, I started to not care. Not caring is the opposite of love, and suddenly going "no contact" didn't take effort. He was no longer in my life but as importantly, he stopped being in my thoughts too in any way — guilt or otherwise. My path here was therapy, building my life from the ground up in all ways on the other side, and lots of self-love and self-care. It is hard to let go of who people want you to be, especially if they raised you to cater to and take responsibility for them emotionally and especially if they punished you for not doing this by walking away. Your guilt is likely your hangover from this person and nothing more so treat it as such — eat some carbs =), hydrate, rest, and try not to take part in it again. If you aren't completely no contact (even a little bit) you won't be able to

Our parents are just people who got laid. You'll need to stop giving him any more credit than that..if he treats you as poorly as you say, than he doesn't deserve any more credit than that.

Narcissistic parents are insidious, they rent space in our subconscious minds that secretly mirror all of THEIR negative aspects on to us, and then we live our lives attracting all of the nasty things that were meant for them, and it further damages our self esteems..this is a very complicated process and its difficult to explain, but basically: our own parents that do not have the capacity for love, therefore cannot love us, pick the sweetest child to use as their emotional dumping ground, knowing that this usually very receptive, very empathic child, will not fight back and instead absorb all of their shortcomings, this was they can live as if they have none.

EnnOnEarth • vor 3 Jahren •

It's natural, and meant to protect you, and there are things you can do to control and reduce it. Anytime we are forced to linger in contact with people who do not have our best interests at heart we often have to push down our objections, hurt, and natural self protective anger or other instincts that are meant to keep us safe and get us out of toxic situations and relationships. Pushed down long enough, that anger can shape into hatred, rage, or 1-100 temper. You need outlets and to process that trauma. I read that

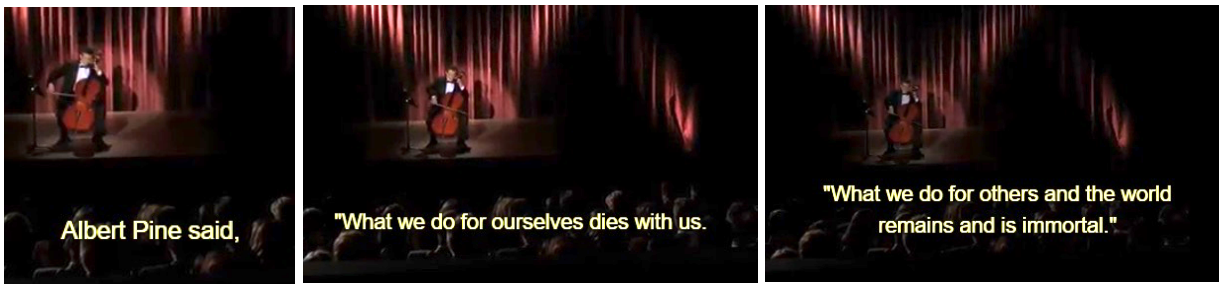
therealdildoexpert • vor 3 Jahren •

I thought I was like this but after a lot of therapy I learned that due to my dad's abuse, I was hiding and diminishing my feelings because it was unsafe to express them. How it translates as an adult, it would seem like I'm going from 0 to 100, but in all actuality it's a slow process that I tried to cover up.

SelectionOptimal5673 • vor 3 Jahren •

Yes! It's just repressed anger that has been building up. You can only take so much prodding and nitpicking and insults. Then they tell you "it's tough love, you're too sensitive, I'm the nicest person there is, no one else would be mad but you...etc etc.They'll gaslight you to hell and back. I journal my ass off, read, cry, work out. I do whatever to release the anger in some way.

A year ago, I put this into this Contact Diary:



October 11, 2024

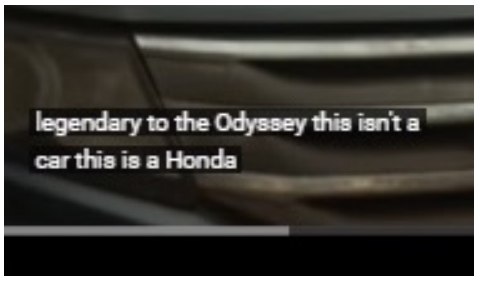
Random „Dexter“ episode to get my mind off the shit with my father and my worries about Sandy – and promptly, it's about a „father“:

Along with some kind of … hint at what I am supposed to do … I think. But how make my father „get“, that I mean well with him? He is an evil, resentful four-year old with rabies in a continuous tantrum …

October 12, 2024

Oh my … I have been wishing for some hair clips … my new cut hair drive me nuts … and today, at my moms’s at night, I decided to bring a candle to my brother Peter’s grave … and right there on the road was a sweet little **hair clip** with manymany hearts inside on a flower on top.

Oh, and the little woodpecker that I rescued in the spring is now returning and comes for food! He/She keeps looking right into the window, as if he/she remembered having been inside her …



I looked into a show about movies, and there was a reference to Bob's beloved Honda Accord.

Oh, and as I was watching „**Dexter**", reminiscing how Bob and I watched it together – I kid you not, the background image turned into the cliffs of „Kauai" … my first impression when I began to travel to Hawaii … I spent many trips on Kauai, before I even ever set foot on Maui … to meet Bob after a few months. I could cry right now … alot.

<u>October 13, 2024,</u> Sunday

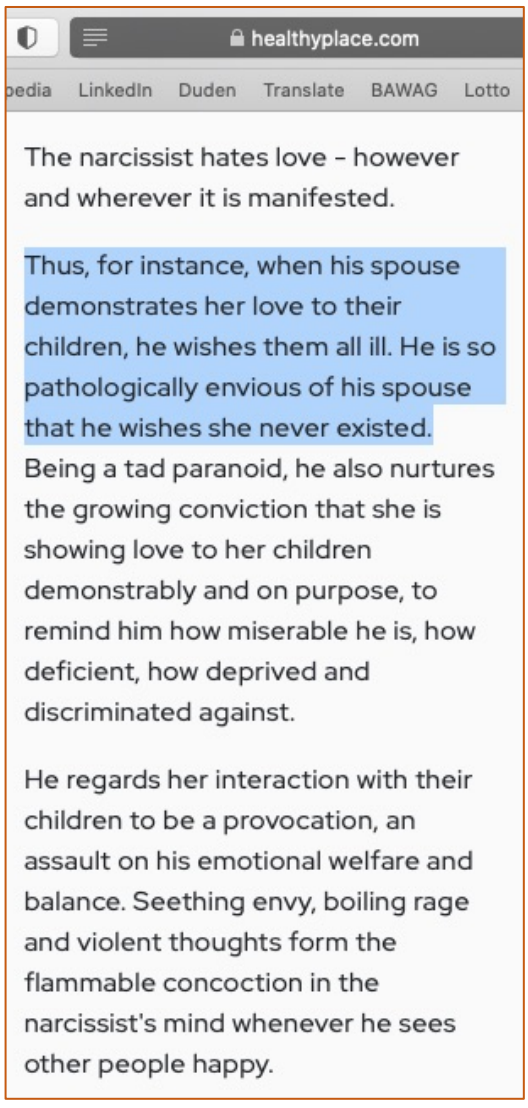
Oh sometimes … things are almost funny. My Bob – Robert – died of penis cancer. And this is what I encountered today walking my dogs at lake Hafnersee, in a tunnel:

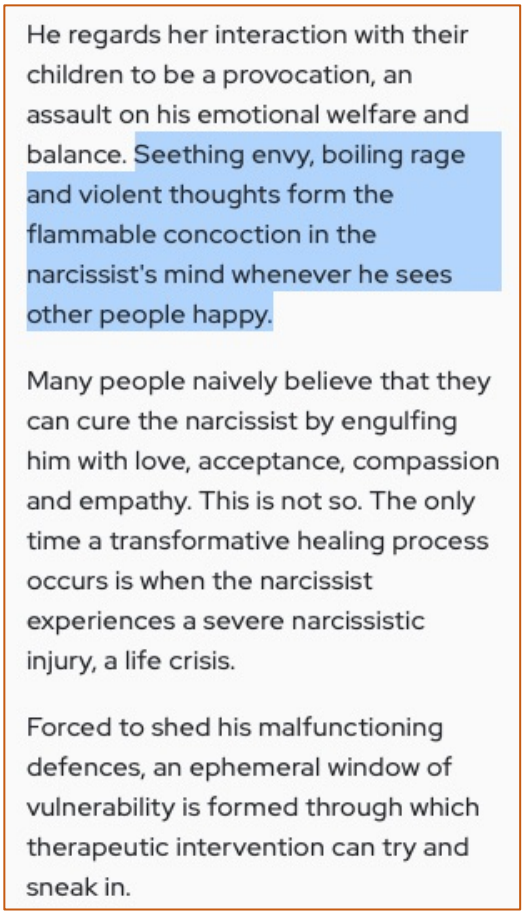
Yes, with ocean waves and all …

Plus, a doll of a witch … actually, CH was with us, too. *(<u>Note</u>: Going through this part today, January 1, 2025, and I came across this image too, **today**, and CH was along with us, too.)*

I am dealing with the unbelieveably tough situation with my father … it is so so hard to bear, how he treats his dog Sandy, and also how insane he is and how unfair and brutal und just … out of his mind. I cannot write the details of all that has happened … but I include here my collection of snippets about narcissists from the „A Healthy Place“ website … everything in there I have experienced … every fucking thing. THAT is how my father is. Word for word.

It cannot go on. This monster destroys me … no matter how clear I am that he is sick. I must get Sandy out of there – and then my father is on his own. What he has done to me and how he has treated me – he does not deserve another word or thought from me.


healthyplace.com
pedia LinkedIn Duden Translate BAWAG Lotto
The narcissist hates love - however and wherever it is manifested.
Thus, for instance, when his spouse demonstrates her love to their children, he wishes them all ill. He is so pathologically envious of his spouse that he wishes she never existed. Being a tad paranoid, he also nurtures the growing conviction that she is showing love to her children demonstrably and on purpose, to remind him how miserable he is, how deficient, how deprived and discriminated against.
He regards her interaction with their children to be a provocation, an assault on his emotional welfare and balance. Seething envy, boiling rage and violent thoughts form the flammable concoction in the narcissist's mind whenever he sees other people happy.


He regards her interaction with their children to be a provocation, an assault on his emotional welfare and balance. Seething envy, boiling rage and violent thoughts form the flammable concoction in the narcissist's mind whenever he sees other people happy.
Many people naively believe that they can cure the narcissist by engulfing him with love, acceptance, compassion and empathy. This is not so. The only time a transformative healing process occurs is when the narcissist experiences a severe narcissistic injury, a life crisis.
Forced to shed his malfunctioning defences, an ephemeral window of vulnerability is formed through which therapeutic intervention can try and sneak in.

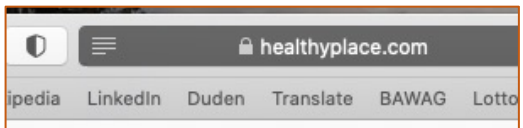
It is when the narcissistic parent is disenchanted with his child that we see the true nature of this pathological relationship. The child is totally objectified. The narcissist reacts to a breach in the unwritten contract with wells of aggression and aggressive transformations: contempt, rage, emotional and psychological abuse, and even physical violence. He tries to annihilate the real "disobedient" child and substitute it with the subservient, edifying, former version.

Living with a narcissist can be exhilarating, is always onerous, often harrowing. Surviving a relationship with a narcissist indicates, therefore, the parameters of the personality of the survivor. She (or, more rarely, he) is moulded by the relationship into The Typical Narcissistic Mate/Partner/Spouse.

First and foremost, the narcissist's partner must have a deficient or a distorted grasp of her self and of reality. Otherwise, she (or he) is bound to abandon the narcissist's ship early on. The cognitive distortion is likely to consist of belittling and demeaning herself - while aggrandising and adoring the narcissist. The partner is, thus, placing himself in the position of the eternal victim: undeserving, punishable, a scapegoat. Sometimes, it is very important to the partner to appear moral, sacrificial and victimised. At other times, she is not even aware of this predicament. The narcissist is perceived by the partner to be a person in the position to demand these sacrifices from her partner, being superior in many ways (intellectually, emotionally, morally, financially).

The status of professional victim sits well with the partner's tendency to punish herself, namely: with her masochistic streak. The tormented life with the narcissist is, as far as the partner is aware, a just punitive measure.

In this respect, the partner is the mirror image of the narcissist. By maintaining a symbiotic relationship with him, by being totally dependent upon the source of masochistic supply (which the narcissist most reliably constitutes and most amply provides) - the partner enhances certain traits and encourages certain behaviours, which are at the very core of narcissism.



The narcissist is never whole without an adoring, submissive, available, self-denigrating partner. His very sense of superiority, indeed his False Self, depends on it. His sadistic Superego switches its attentions from the narcissist (in whom it often provokes suicidal ideation) to the partner, thus finally obtaining an alternative source of sadistic satisfaction.

It is through self-denial that the partner survives. She denies her wishes, hopes, dreams, aspirations, sexual, psychological and material needs, and much else besides. She perceives her needs as threatening because they might engender the wrath of the narcissist's God-like supreme figure. The narcissist is

The two collaborate in this macabre dance. The narcissist is formed by his partner inasmuch as he forms her. Submission breeds superiority and masochism breeds sadism. The relationships are characterised by rampant emergentism: roles are allocated almost from the start and any deviation meets with an aggressive, even violent reaction.

The predominant state of the partner's mind is utter confusion. Even the most basic relationships - with husband, children, or parents - remain bafflingly obscured by the giant shadow cast by the intensive interaction with the narcissist. A suspension of judgement is part and parcel of a suspension of individuality, which is both a prerequisite to and the result of living with a narcissist. The

The narcissist recreates for the partner the sort of emotional ambience that led to his own formation in the first place: capriciousness, fickleness, arbitrariness, emotional (and physical or sexual) abandonment. The world becomes uncertain and frightening and the partner has only one thing to cling to: the narcissist.

result of living with a narcissist. The partner no longer knows what is true and right and what is wrong and forbidden.

The partner doesn't know what to do - and this is only too natural in the mayhem that is the relationship with the narcissist. But the typical partner also does not know what she wants and, to a large extent, who she is and what she wants to become.

These unanswered questions hamper the partner's ability to gauge reality, evaluate and appraise it for what it is. Her primordial sin is that she fell in love with an image, not with a real person. It is the voiding of the image that is mourned when the relationship ends.

The break-up of a relationship with a narcissist is, therefore, very emotionally charged. It is the culmination of a long chain of humiliations and of subjugation. It is the rebellion of the functioning and healthy parts of the partner's personality against the tyranny of the narcissist.

humiliations and of subjugation. It is the rebellion of the functioning and healthy parts of the partner's personality against the tyranny of the narcissist.

Abuse is an integral, inseparable part of the Narcissistic Personality Disorder.

The narcissist idealises and then DEVALUES and discards the object of his initial idealisation. This abrupt, heartless devaluation IS abuse. ALL narcissists idealise and then devalue. This is THE core of narcissistic behaviour. The narcissist exploits, lies, insults, demeans, ignores (the "silent treatment"), manipulates, controls. All these are forms of abuse.

There are a million ways to abuse. To

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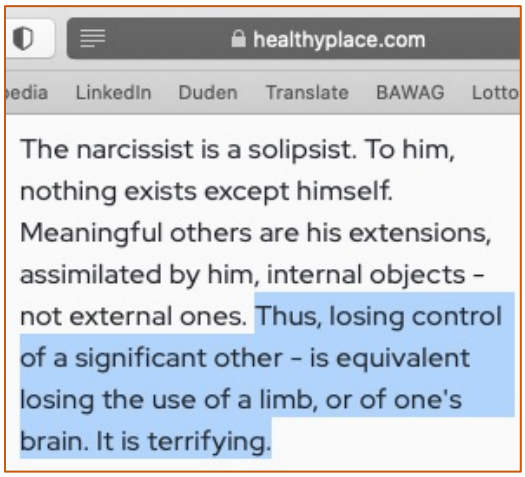
There are three important categories of abuse:

1. ***Overt Abuse*** - The open and explicit abuse of another person. Threatening, coercing, beating, lying, berating, demeaning, chastising, insulting, humiliating, exploiting, ignoring ("silent treatment"), devaluing, unceremoniously discarding, verbal abuse, physical abuse and sexual abuse are all forms of overt abuse.

1. ***Covert or Controlling Abuse*** - Narcissism is almost entirely about control. It is a primitive and immature reaction to the circumstances of a llife in which the narcissist (usually in his childhood) was rendered helpless. It is about re-asserting one's identity, re-establishing predictability, mastering the environment - human and physical.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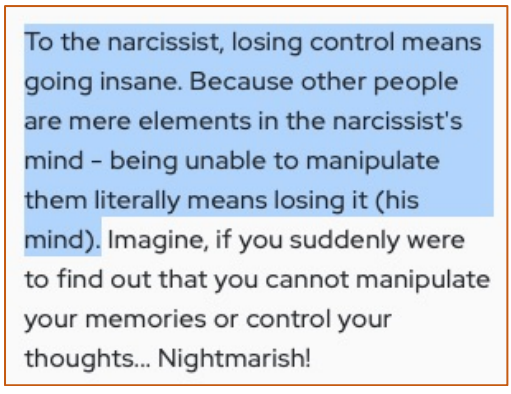
The narcissist is a solipsist. To him, nothing exists except himself. Meaningful others are his extensions, assimilated by him, internal objects - not external ones. Thus, losing control of a significant other - is equivalent losing the use of a limb, or of one's brain. It is terrifying.

Independent or disobedient people evoke in the narcissist the realisation that something is wrong with his worldview, that he is not the centre of the world or its cause and that he cannot control what, to him, are internal representations.

To the narcissist, losing control means going insane. Because other people are mere elements in the narcissist's mind - being unable to manipulate them literally means losing it (his mind). Imagine, if you suddenly were to find out that you cannot manipulate your memories or control your thoughts... Nightmarish!


To the narcissist, losing control means going insane. Because other people are mere elements in the narcissist's mind - being unable to manipulate them literally means losing it (his mind). Imagine, if you suddenly were to find out that you cannot manipulate your memories or control your thoughts... Nightmarish!

In the absence of a self, there are no likes or dislikes, preferences, predictable behaviour or characteristics. It is not possible to know the narcissist. There is no one there.

The narcissist was conditioned - from an early age of abuse and trauma - to expect the unexpected. His was a world in which (sometimes sadistic) capricious caretakers and peers often behaved arbitrarily. He was trained to deny his True Self and nurture a False one.

The narcissist does not keep agreements, does not adhere to laws, regards consistency and predictability as demeaning traits.

Thus, to invest in a narcissist is a purposeless, futile and meaningless activity. To the narcissist, every day is a new beginning, a hunt, a new cycle of idealisation or devaluation, a newly invented self. There is no accumulation of credits or goodwill because the narcissist has no past and no future. He occupies an eternal and timeless present. He is a fossil caught in the frozen ashes of a volcanic childhood.

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Refuse to accept such behaviour. Demand reasonably predictable and rational actions and reactions. Insist on respect for your boundaries, predilections, preferences, and priorities.

One of the favourite tools of manipulation in the narcissist's arsenal is the disproportionality of his reactions. He reacts with supreme rage to the slightest slight. He punishes severely for what he perceives to be an offence against him, no matter how minor. He throws a temper tantrum over any discord or disagreement, however gently and considerately expressed. Or he may

him, no matter how minor. He throws a temper tantrum over any discord or disagreement, however gently and considerately expressed. Or he may act attentive, charming and tempting (even over-sexed, if need be). This

Demand a just and proportional treatment. Reject or ignore unjust and capricious behaviour.

If you are up to the inevitable confrontation, react in kind. Let him taste some of his own medicine.

Never show your abuser that you are afraid of him. Do not negotiate with bullies. They are insatiable. Do not succumb to blackmail.

If things get rough- disengage, involve law enforcement officers, friends and colleagues, or threaten him (legally).

Do not keep your abuse a secret. Secrecy is the abuser's weapon.

Never give him a second chance. React with your full arsenal to the first transgression.

Supply. The more he knows about his potential Source of Supply - the better able he is to coerce, manipulate, charm, extort or convert it "to the cause". The narcissist does not hesitate to abuse the information he gleaned, regardless of its intimate nature or the circumstances in which he obtained it. This is a powerful tool in his armoury.

Be yourself. Don't misrepresent your wishes, boundaries, preferences, priorities, and red lines.

Do not behave inconsistently. Do not go back on your word. Be firm and resolute.

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manipulate his target. He controls these unaware instruments exactly as he plans to control his ultimate prey. He employs the same mechanisms and devices. And he dumps his props unceremoniously when the job is done.

Another form of control by proxy is to engineer situations in which abuse is inflicted upon another person. Such carefully crafted scenarios involve embarrassment and humiliation as well as social sanctions (condemnation, opprobrium, or even physical punishment). Society, or a social group become the instruments of the narcissist.

Often the abuser's proxies re unaware of their role. Expose him. Inform them. Demonstrate to them how they are being abused, misused, and plain used by the abuser.

Trap your abuser. Treat him as he treats you. Involve others. Bring it into the open. Nothing like sunshine to disinfest abuse.

The fostering, propagation and enhancement of an atmosphere of fear, intimidation, instability, unpredictability and irritation. There are no acts of traceable or provable explicit abuse, nor any manipulative settings of control. Yet, the irksome feeling remains, a disagreeable foreboding, a premonition, a bad omen. This is sometimes called "gaslighting". In the long-term, such an environment erodes one's sense of self-worth and self-esteem. Self-confidence is shaken badly. Often, the victims go a paranoid or schizoid and thus are exposed even more to criticism and judgement. The roles are thus reversed: the victim is considered mentally disordered and the narcissist - the suffering soul.

The Malignant Optimism of the Abused

I often come across sad examples of the powers of self-delusion that the narcissist provokes in his victims. It is what I call "malignant optimism". People refuse to believe that some questions are unsolvable, some diseases incurable, some disasters inevitable. They see a sign of hope in every fluctuation. They read meaning and patterns into every random occurrence, utterance, or slip. They are deceived by their own pressing need to believe in the ultimate victory of good over evil, health over sickness, order over disorder. Life appears otherwise so meaningless, so unjust and so arbitrary...

"If only he tried hard enough", "If he only really wanted to heal", "If only we found the right therapy", "If only his defences were down", "There MUST be something good and worthy under the hideous facade", "NO ONE can be that evil and destructive", "He must have meant it differently", "God, or a higher being, or the spirit, or the soul is the solution and the answer to our prayers".

the hideous facade", "NO ONE can be that evil and destructive", "He must have meant it differently", "God, or a higher being, or the spirit, or the soul is the solution and the answer to our prayers".

When at risk of getting in touch with the reality of being mentally disturbed (and, as a result, with his emotions) - the narcissist displays the whole spectrum of emotional reactions usually associated with bereavement. At first he denies the facts, ignores them and distorts them to fit an alternative, coherent, non-narcissistic, interpretation.

Then, he becomes enraged. Wrathful, he attacks the people and social institutions that are the constant reminders of his true state. Than he sinks into depression and sadness. This phase is, really, a transformation of the aggression that he harbours into self-destructive impulses.

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But in most cases, the reflexes of avoidance prevail. The narcissist feels disenchanted with the person or persons who presented him with proof of his narcissism. He disconnects - swiftly and cruelly - and parts ways with them, often without as much as an explanation (same as he does when he envies someone).

The narcissist holds such thinking in barely undisguised contempt. To him, it is a sign of weakness, the scent of prey, a gaping vulnerability. He uses

reminders of his true state. Than he sinks into depression and sadness. This phase is, really, a transformation of the aggression that he harbours into self-destructive impulses. Horrified by the potential consequences of being aggressive towards the very sources of his Narcissistic Supply - the narcissist resorts to self-attack, or self-annihilation. Yet, if the evidence is hard

reactions. Faced with the potential collapse or dysfunctioning of his False Self - the narcissist also faces the terrible consequences of being left alone and defenceless with his sadistic, maligned, self-destructive Superego.

In his drive for Narcissistic Supply, would the narcissist be callous enough to exploit the tragedy of others, if this exploitation were to secure him a new Supply Source?

Answer:

Yes. I compared Narcissistic Supply to drugs because of the almost involuntary and always-unrestrained nature of the pursuit involved in securing it. The narcissist is no better or worse (morally speaking) than others. But he lacks the ability to empathise precisely because he is obsessed with the maintenance of his delicate inner balance through the (ever-increasing) consumption of Narcissistic Supply.

The narcissist rates people around him according to whether they can provide him with Narcissistic Supply or not. As

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The narcissist coldly evaluates tragic circumstances. Will they allow him to extract Narcissistic Supply from people affected by the tragedy?

A narcissist, for instance, will give a helping hand, console, guide, share grief, encourage another hurting person only if that person is important, powerful, has access to other important or powerful people, or to the media, has a following, etc.

II. Pernicious or Passive-Aggressive (P/A) - The narcissist sulks, gives the silent treatment, and is plotting how to punish the transgressor and put her in her proper place. These narcissists are vindictive and often become stalkers. They harass and haunt the objects of their frustration. They sabotage and damage the work and possessions of people whom they regard to be the sources of their mounting wrath.

Otherwise the narcissist is not concerned or interested. The narcissist has no time or energy for anything, except the next narcissistic fix, NO MATTER WHAT THE PRICE AND WHO IS TRAMPLED UPON.

They become conspicuously indignant, aggressive, and cold. They detach emotionally for fear of yet another (narcissistic) injury. They devalue the person who made the disparaging remark, the critical comment, the unflattering observation, the innocuous joke at the narcissist's expense.

By holding the critic in contempt, by diminishing the stature of the discordant conversant - the narcissist minimises the impact of the disagreement or criticism on himself. This is a defence mechanism known as cognitive dissonance.

The narcissist is constantly on the lookout for slights. He is hypervigilant. He perceives every disagreement as criticism and every critical remark as complete and humiliating rejection - nothing short of a threat. Gradually, his mind turns into a chaotic battlefield of paranoia and ideas of reference.

Raging narcissists usually perceive their reaction to have been triggered by an intentional provocation with a hostile purpose. Their targets, on the other hand, invariably regard raging narcissists as incoherent, unjust, and arbitrary.

Narcissistic rage should not be confused with anger, though they have many things in common.

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Narcissists often vent their anger at "insignificant" people. They yell at a waitress, berate a taxi driver, or publicly chide an underling. Alternatively, they sulk, feel anhedonic or pathologically bored, drink, or do drugs - all forms of self-directed aggression.

From time to time, no longer able to pretend and to suppress their rage, they have it out with the real source of their anger. Then they lose all vestiges of self-control and rave like lunatics. They shout incoherently, make absurd accusations, distort facts, and air long-suppressed grievances, allegations and suspicions.

These episodes are followed by periods of saccharine sentimentality and excessive flattering and submissiveness towards the victim of the latest rage attack. Driven by the

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These episodes are followed by periods of saccharine sentimentality and excessive flattering and submissiveness towards the victim of the latest rage attack. Driven by the mortal fear of being abandoned or ignored, the narcissist repulsively debases and demeans himself.

provocation by an outside agent. It would seem that narcissists are in a CONSTANT state of rage, which is effectively controlled most of the time. It manifests itself only when the narcissist's defences are down, incapacitated, or adversely affected by circumstances, inner or external.

In doing so, he resorts to splitting, projection, and Projective Identification. He attributes to other people personal traits that he dislikes in himself and he forces them to behave in conformity with his expectations. In other words, the narcissist sees in others those parts of himself that he cannot countenance and deny. He forces people around him to become him and to reflect his shameful behaviours, hidden fears, and forbidden wishes.

But how does the narcissist avoid the realisation that what he loudly decries and derides is actually part of him? By exaggerating, or even dreaming up and creatively inventing, differences between his qualities and conduct and other people's. The more hostile he becomes towards the "nearly-he", the easier it is to distinguish himself from "the Other".

To maintain this self-differentiating aggression, the narcissist stokes the fires of hostility by obsessively and vengefully nurturing grudges and hurts (some of them imagined). He dwells on injustice and pain inflicted on him by these stereotypically "bad or unworthy" people. He devalues and dehumanises them and plots revenge to achieve closure. In the process, he indulges in grandiose fantasies, aimed to boost his feelings of omnipotence and magical immunity.

or unworthy" people. He devalues and dehumanises them and plots revenge to achieve closure. In the process, he indulges in grandiose fantasies, aimed to boost his feelings of omnipotence and magical immunity.

In the process of acquiring an adversary, the narcissist blocks out information that threatens to undermine his emerging self-perception as righteous and offended. He begins to base his whole identity on the brewing conflict which is by now a major preoccupation and a defining or even all-pervasive dimension of his existence.

But the narcissist is different. He is incapable of holding an external dialog. Even when he seems to be interacting with someone else - the narcissist is actually engaged in a self-referential discourse. To the narcissist, all other people are cardboard cut-outs, two dimensional animated cartoon characters, or symbols. They exist only in his mind. He is startled when they deviate from the script and prove to be complex and autonomous.

But this is not the narcissist's sole cognitive deficit.

The narcissist attributes his failures and mistakes to circumstances and external causes. This propensity to blame the world for one's mishaps and misfortunes is called "alloplastic defence". At the same time, the

The narcissist attributes his failures and mistakes to circumstances and external causes. This propensity to blame the world for one's mishaps and misfortunes is called "alloplastic defence". At the same time, the narcissist regards his successes and achievements (some of which are imaginary) as proofs of his omnipotence and omniscience. This is known in attribution theory as "defensive attribution".

The narcissist learns nothing because he regards himself as born perfect. Even when he fails a thousand times, the narcissist still feels the victim of happenstance. And someone else's repeated outstanding accomplishments are never proof of mettle or merit. People who disagree with the narcissist and try to teach him differently are, to his mind, biased or morons or both.

But the narcissist pays a dear price for these distortions of perception. Unable to gauge his environment with accuracy, he develops paranoid ideation and fails the reality test. Finally, he lifts the drawbridges and vanishes into a state of mind that can best be described as borderline psychosis.

The narcissist lacks empathy. Consequently, he is not really interested in the lives, emotions, needs, preferences, and hopes of people around him.Even his nearest and dearest are, to him, mere instruments of gratification. They require his undivided attention only when they "malfunction" - when they become disobedient, independent, or critical. He loses all interest in them if they cannot be "fixed" (for instance, when they are terminally ill or develop a modicum of personal autonomy and independence).

Once he gives up on his erstwhile Sources of Supply, the narcissist proceeds to promptly and peremptorily devalue and discard them. This is often done by simply ignoring them - a facade of indifference that is known as the "silent treatment" and is, at heart, hostile and aggressive. Indifference is, therefore, a form of devaluation. People find the narcissist "cold", "inhuman", "heartless", "clueless", "robotic or machine-like".

In rare moments of self-awareness, the narcissist realises that without his input - even in the form of feigned emotions - people will abandon him. He then swings from cruel aloofness to maudlin and grandiose gestures intended to demonstrate the "larger than life" nature of his sentiments. This bizarre pendulum only proves the narcissist's inadequacy at maintaining adult relationships. It convinces no one and repels many.

All very commendable but when taken to extremes such benign neglect turns malignant and signifies the voidance of true love and attachment. The narcissist's emotional (and, often, physical) absence from all his relationships is a form of aggression and a defence against his own thoroughly repressed feelings.

The narcissist tries to convince people that he is compassionate. His profound lack of interest in his spouse's life, vocation, interests, hobbies, and whereabouts he cloaks as benevolent altruism. "I give her all the freedom she can wish for!" - he protests - "I don't spy on her, follow her, or nag her with endless questions. I don't bother her. I let her lead her life the way she sees fit and don't interfere in her affairs!" He makes a virtue out of his emotional truancy.

reaction to trauma. Narcissism IS a form of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that got ossified and fixated and mutated into a personality disorder.

All narcissists are traumatised and all of them suffer from a variety of post-traumatic symptoms: abandonment anxiety, reckless behaviours, anxiety and mood disorders, somatoform disorders, and so on. But the presenting signs of narcissism rarely indicate post-trauma. This is because pathological narcissism is an EFFICIENT coping (defence) mechanism. The narcissist presents to the world a facade of invincibility, equanimity, superiority, skilfulness, cool-headedness, invulnerability, and, in short: indifference.

This front is penetrated only in times of great crises that threaten the narcissist's ability to obtain Narcissistic Supply. The narcissist then "falls apart" in a process of disintegration known as decompensation. The dynamic forces which render him paralysed and fake - his vulnerabilities, weaknesses, and fears - are starkly exposed as his defences crumble and become dysfunctional. The narcissist's extreme dependence on his social milieu for the regulation of his sense of self-worth are painfully and pitifully evident as he is reduced to begging and cajoling.

The simple truth is that children get away with narcissistic traits and behaviours. Narcissists know that. They envy children, hate them, try to emulate them and, thus, compete with them for scarce Narcissistic Supply.

Children are forgiven for feeling grandiose and self-important or even encouraged to develop such emotions as part of "building up their self-esteem". Kids frequently exaggerate with impunity accomplishments, talents, skills, contacts, and personality traits - exactly the kind of conduct that narcissists are chastised for!

Pathological narcissism is an infantile defence against abuse and trauma, usually occurring in early childhood or early adolescence. Thus, narcissism is inextricably entwined with the abused child's or adolescent's emotional make-up, cognitive deficits, and worldview. To say "narcissist" is to say "thwarted, tortured child".

Children are firmly convinced that they are unique and, being special, can only be understood by, should only be treated by, or associate with, other special or unique, or high-status people. In time, through the process of socialisation, young adults learn the benefits of collaboration and acknowledge the innate value of each and every person. Narcissists never do. They remain fixated in the earlier stage.

Well into pubescence, children feel entitled. As toddlers, they demand automatic and full compliance with their unreasonable expectations for special and favourable priority treatment. They grow out of it as they develop empathy and respect for the boundaries, needs, and wishes of other people. Again, narcissists never mature, in this sense.

Children, like adult narcissists, are "interpersonally exploitative", i.e., use others to achieve their own ends. During the formative years (0-6 years old), children are devoid of empathy. They are unable to identify with, acknowledge, or accept the feelings, needs, preferences, priorities, and choices of others.

Both adult narcissists and young children are envious of others and sometimes seek to hurt or destroy the causes of their frustration. Both groups behave arrogantly and haughtily, feel superior, omnipotent, omniscient, invincible, immune, "above the law", and omnipresent (magical thinking), and rage when frustrated, contradicted, challenged, or confronted.

The narcissist seeks to legitimise his child-like conduct and his infantile mental world by actually remaining a child, by refusing to mature and to grow up, by avoiding the hallmarks of adulthood, and by forcing others to accept him as the Puer Aeternus, the Eternal Youth, a worry-free, unbounded, Peter Pan.

causes of their frustration. Both groups behave arrogantly and haughtily, feel superior, omnipotent, omniscient, invincible, immune, "above the law", and omnipresent (magical thinking), and rage when frustrated, contradicted, challenged, or confronted.

The narcissist cathexes (emotionally invests) with grandiosity everything he owns or does: his nearest and dearest, his work, his environment. But, as time passes, this pathologically intense aura fades. The narcissist finds fault with things and people he had first thought impeccable. He energetically berates and denigrates that which he equally zealously exulted and praised only a short while before.

This inexorable and (to the outside world) disconcerting roller-coaster is known as the "Idealisation-Devaluation Cycle". It involves serious cognitive and emotional deficits and a formidable series of triggered defence mechanisms.

omnipresence, omniscience). He filters out any data that contradict these fantastic misperceptions. He rationalises, intellectualises, denies, represses, projects - and, in general, defends against - contrarian information.

To no avail. The narcissist is his own worst foe. Ironically, it is only when incapacitated that the narcissist gains a modicum of peace of mind. When terminally ill, incarcerated, or inebriated the narcissist can shift the blame for his failures and predicaments to outside agents and objective forces over which he has no control. "It's not my fault" he gleefully informs his mental tormentors" "There was nothing I could do about it! Now, go away and leave me be."

October 15, 2024 – **The Wave**

Oh my God – my father is pure evil. I cannot even describe what happened today, the kind of escalation, betrayal and abuse that he imposed on me again … I am just so so so tired of this. Strangely – or not – I „saw“ it coming:

This morning I had an appointment about my retirement-situation. And while I was waiting for the entirely incompetent unfriendly „expert“ to figure shit out with his colleague, I grabbed the envelop on my lap and began to doodle on it – a wave that would be crashing of a fragile single palm tree on a lonely island. While drawing it, I thought that this would be me, and I think I even said out loud „a wave will be coming crashing right over me“. Oh shit was I right. It was the hatred and aggression that my father would pour out over me a few hours later …

And then, as I was home, trying to recover, the screensaver image on my Lenovo laptop, where I was desperately looking for some distratction – found **„Sweetpea“** about a young woman out of revenge who owns a sweet **Chihuahua by the name of „Tink“!** Go figure! – it changed to **a huge wave crashing!**

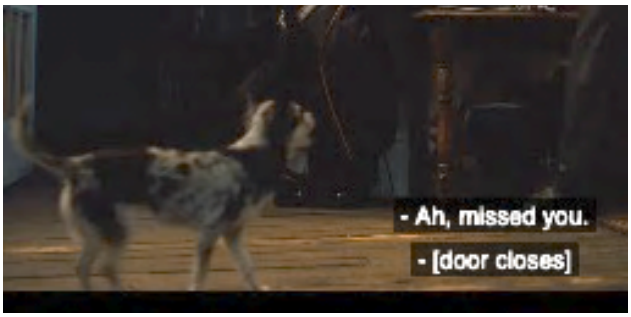
There are no odds for something like this.

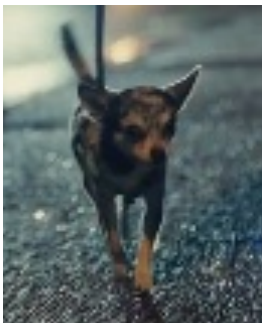
This screenimage is new. There was never a wave until today. After I had doodled one. And then had experienced one.

I detest my father. He is not even human. He is a monster. His brain is just one sick rotten mass … disgusting, useless and dangerous. He is NOT my father. He is nobody to me.

(Later)

Oh shit I got a message. In the series „Sweetpea“, which I am NOT gonna watch, it is horrible, the little dog „**Tink**“ was run over by a car while his owner, Rhiannon, freaked out because of a woman who had been mean and hurtful to her while she was young.





THE MESSAGE: Take care of the dogs and pay attention to them first and foremost! Your father cannot have the power he wants. I love Jacqui and Tino and Sandy, and they can never be hurt.

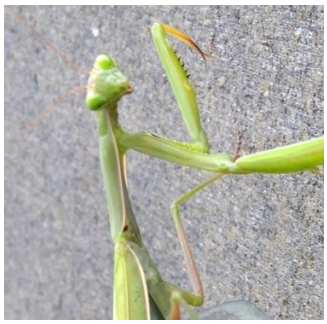
Thank you movie-dog „Tink“. Got it. That’s why I had to see this episode one. A horrible scene, though. Haunting. Just what I „needed“.

They were next to a highway in the rain, the owner was distracted, then a tiny little doggie squeak – Tink had gotten loose and wanted to escape the noise and rain and ran across the street – and was killed. Fucking horrible. Like Kimba. My beloved. Who never experienced the love he really deserved, wonderful being he was. My father hurt him too.

My father cannot continue hurting beings. Edith is in a better place now, so is my brother Peter. Mother is still not over the horrors of her marriage … and I … I will escape. With the dogs.

October 17, 2024

Went to the cemetery with my father, and this amazing praying mantiss was on the headstone.



October 18, 2024 **– The Ko Tassels … & the Dead Man**

I sent the MadFauna links to Heri T., a new acquaintance and musician … and while doing it I spoke out loud „Woke“, … and „rapped“ a bit the satire rap „Woke baby woke“ …

And JUST then, a few meters of driving later, came a car encounter on way to mom with **„WOK 210**“, Bob’s birthday … THEN: **„808 IZ“!**

I said to Bob „You are dead,you fucker … dead to me!“ Then I thought of the series that I liked, „Dead to me“, and decided to check if there was another season (probably have to rewatch the whole thing) … and back home from shopping with mom, I switched on season 3, and there it was … the intro-song with my visions of Maui and THE KO TASSELS! „Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he’e“ … remember? It was a theme all through the years that I knew Bob. And the „ko“, the sugarcane, tassels in November. When Bob died. Nearly 6 years ago.

(Later) **I saw a dead person.**

Today, I thought about CH driving to the funeral of a man she barely knew, from her treatment center. M., *who had died of cancer at about 70*. So I thought about those funeral

nonsense and how people say „rest in peace“ and think that „the person now lies in the grave“, but they don’t. So I let myself receive an image that just came on in my mind - and ***I saw a very slender kind of slacky man with dark hair und very delicate facial features and his hands alteringingly in the pockets of his trousers dark, his shirt with a collar and above it a pullover with white and brown or purple block stripes.***

When I later talked with CH, she said that M had been ***a very slender kind of slacky guy with once dark hair, now balding, very delicate facial features, always one hand or two hands in the pockets of his trousers, with expensive Tommy Hilfiger pullovers over his shirts!***

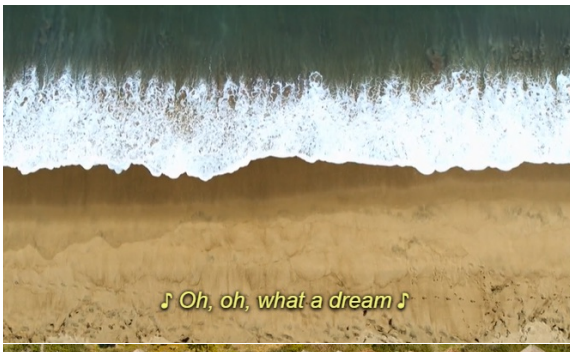
So this means …

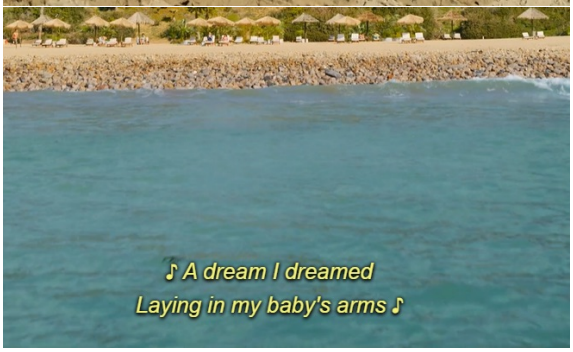
I had SEEN the dead person in my mind. I had received an impression of him - who I had never seen in my life. Not even had he ever been described to me.

Wow. That is one insight.

Here is my sweet Sandy … oh I wish she could live with us. But not in this apartment.

I looked into a series I used to watch, **“Dead to Me“**, only the beginning of the last season … and the song (California Honey Drops, „In my baby’s arms“) struck me:





Oh so much of Bob's and my Maui life in there … Yes, the „ko", when it tassled, in November, Bob passed over … And at one of our last beach visits (him sitting in the sand, next to a huge turtle, in a bright blue jacket, freezing in the heat) … he said „You still got it, Dani", when he saw me in a swim suit.

Oh yes … and my father … would never have any spark of interest in my life … and yet, he is lonely and mentally ill, and I do have to go see him regularly … and walk Sandy.

October 20, 2024

Oh … interesting. The table onthe Aich meadow where I take the dogs often – got burned. It reads „Traurig", which means – „sad". No shit.

October 21, 2024

Amazing … what nature shows us … just to remind us, that our existence on this material playground is in fact … a game. With each of our stories being unique. And yet – interwoven with everything. This was the topic of my entire existence for years before I met Bob and when I wrote the book „We Creators of the World". Oh what has become of me … my life, my path.

I have been feeding **wasps** … and I adore them. Their personalities, their smartness, their beauty. And a thistle seemes to greet me – a messanger of nature and therefore – God?

<u>October 22, 2024</u> **– THE DOLL!**
Oh wow! I had told CH that I call my father „**the monster doll**“ in my mind … to make sense of his behavior and crazy being … and today I had a meeting with a dementia expert and counsellor to share my problems with my father … and as we walked up a path where we had not originally intended to go, I was stunned shitless to see – **a „dead“ doll** lie there! In the brush!

What are the odds? None! This is a message. A sign. I got it, I think. I has a lot of meanings, really.

October 24, 2024

Checked out a series called ***„The Old Man“*** … only be so painfully reminded of Bob being on his own in housie on Maui … Had not Jacqui lived with me, and me having a hard time leaving him, I would probably be with Bob still.

And here is, what I am dealing with in my real life … with my malignant narcissist father who has nobody but me to care about and for him …

Quora

Clare Lane
Experienced narcissistic parents, boyfriends and friends · Author has **474** answers and **737.9K** answer views · 3y

Hi Sanguine,

A narcissist will never let up.

In fact if they know that you are pulling back, grey rocking them, they will ramp up the vile in order to cause drama and reel you back in to your previous role.

I'm sure that it has been the status quo for a long time, decades even. They cause drama, you react. It is what you are both used to. It is very confusing and frustrating for a narcissist when things change.

Narcissists are all about power and control. If you don't react they are losing control of you. They don't like that, so they will get more vile to try to claw back their control.

Narcissists feed from the attention and energy of other people. So the more drama they create the more attention and energy they get, espcially if it is negative.

Narcissists are all about power and control. If you don't react they are losing control of you. They don't like that, so they will get more vile to try to claw back their control.

Mark Lang
May 1

You are wasting your time, just leave him be, you are looking for something that you will not find, I spent 40 years in the same situation and these people are impenetrable, you will not be recognised, your deeds, gestures will go unnoticed, because they are so blinded and incapable of understanding what you want/crave, you will not get the relationship you seek. They live in the world of me, as long as they are hearing what they want to hear they are fine, but believe me when I say this, they do not care, they don't care if they hurt, nor offend, they are insular and isolated and you cannot penetrate that. I wasted my life trying because I too thought the

Author has 3.5K answers and 663K answer views · 2y

As you admit, his abuse makes you feel horrible, so by belittling you, he controls, abuses and dominates you. Your dad is a vile bully. He lacks empathy, kindness and goodness. He is harming you on purpose to inflate his own ego. Avoid him. Ignore him. Your real father would love and support you. Good luck!

Today's Google-sujet is one interesting image … right? Someone „watching" from … where? Above?

October 25, 2024

Not sure why I photographed those dumplings I had for dinner … but here they are. Maybe they mean something to you?

October 26, 2024

Nationalfeiertag. Holiday for all of Austria because of historical event.

I only talked to mom on the phone and did not contact father at all. It was a bit of a real holiday.

Too bad that my worries about Sandy just are so bad, her belly is so big, she does not get enough exercise because my father has her lie in the kitchen all day … I want to get her out.

But not today.

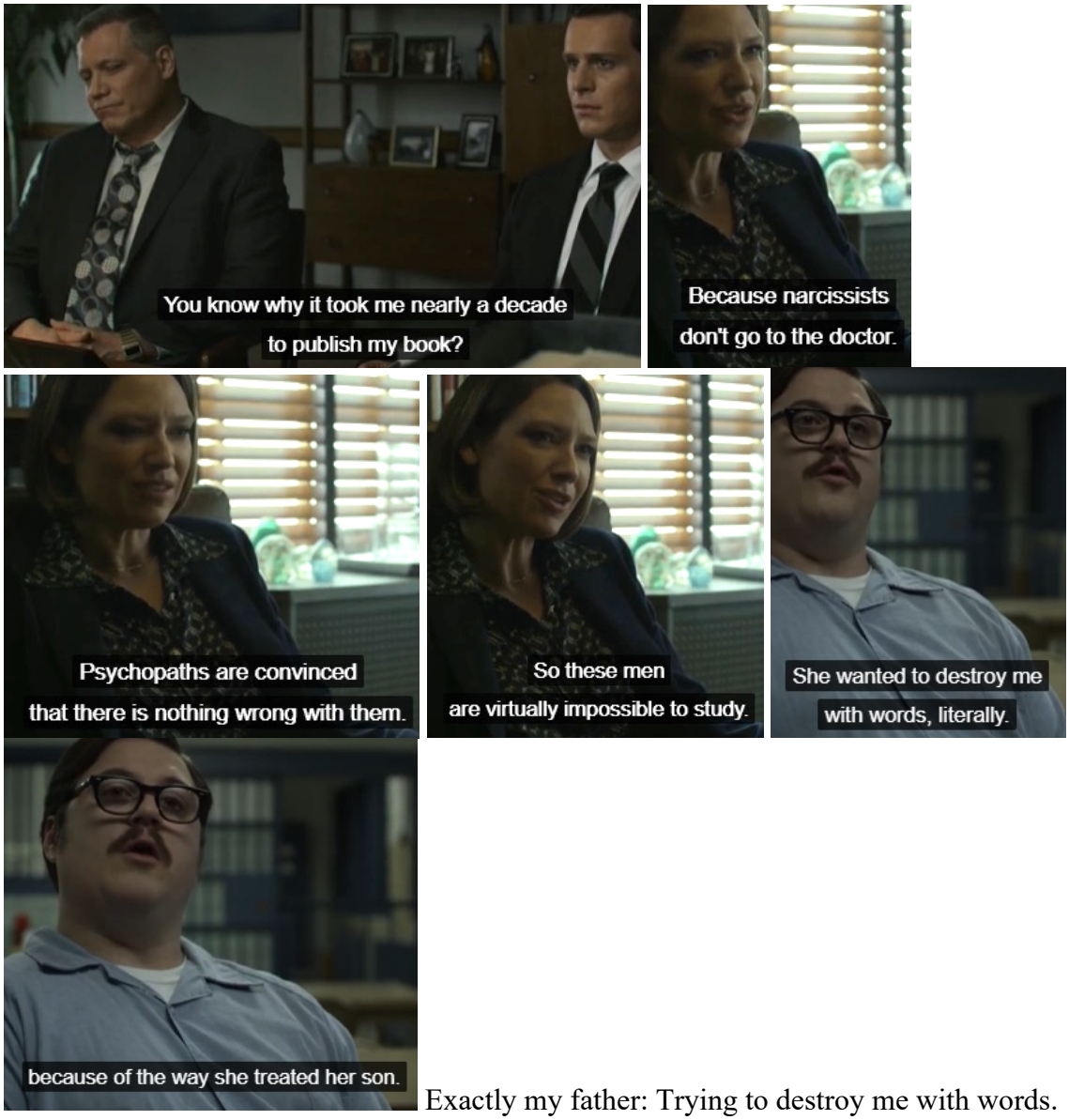
Walk with Jacqui and Tino in the truly golden autumn day - how much I wish I could walk with Sandy too … painful.

I felt Bob so close, all of a sudden, as if he was right there … and I asked him, and immediately a bunch of **„Lily of the Valley"** appeared on my left hand, **Maiglöckchen** … well, we'll see. I also talked to him as if he was really walking right beside me and asked if the folks

where he is also give a shit about the weather, sunshine or rain … so I put out my left hand, said „Give a shit about what's happening here", and something ***violet velvety*** appeared, and then „Not give a shit about rain or shine", and an impression of *golden pieces or coins* appeared on my right hand.

And a little later … I found myself under a baldachin of golden leaves.

I looked into the series "Mindhunter" … and there was an interview with the serial killer Ed Kemper – who told how his spirit and mind was destroyed by his evil, cruel narcissist mother.


You know why it took me nearly a decade
to publish my book?
Because narcissists
don't go to the doctor.
Psychopaths are convinced
that there is nothing wrong with them.
So these men
are virtually impossible to study.
She wanted to destroy me
with words, literally.
because of the way she treated her son.
Exactly my father: Trying to destroy me with words.

October 27, 2024

Sunday. 21 degrees Celsius. Very warm day of autum.

Oh shit I had a vision of a small white dog with his throat bitten, bloody – and I was very shocked. What a relief, when I saw this dog IN A MOVIE! Jesus! I did not watch much of it … but, wow, that's what I saw in my vision.

I miss Bob so much. So much.

The feeling of closeness sometimes … today I found myself speaking out loud:

„My life had to be sad, my experiences devastating, and Bob and my brother Peter had to suffer … otherwise I would not have ended where I am right now … would not have been able to accomplish what I still could accomplish in this life in terms of „The Bridge“.“

Yup. That is just so fucking true..

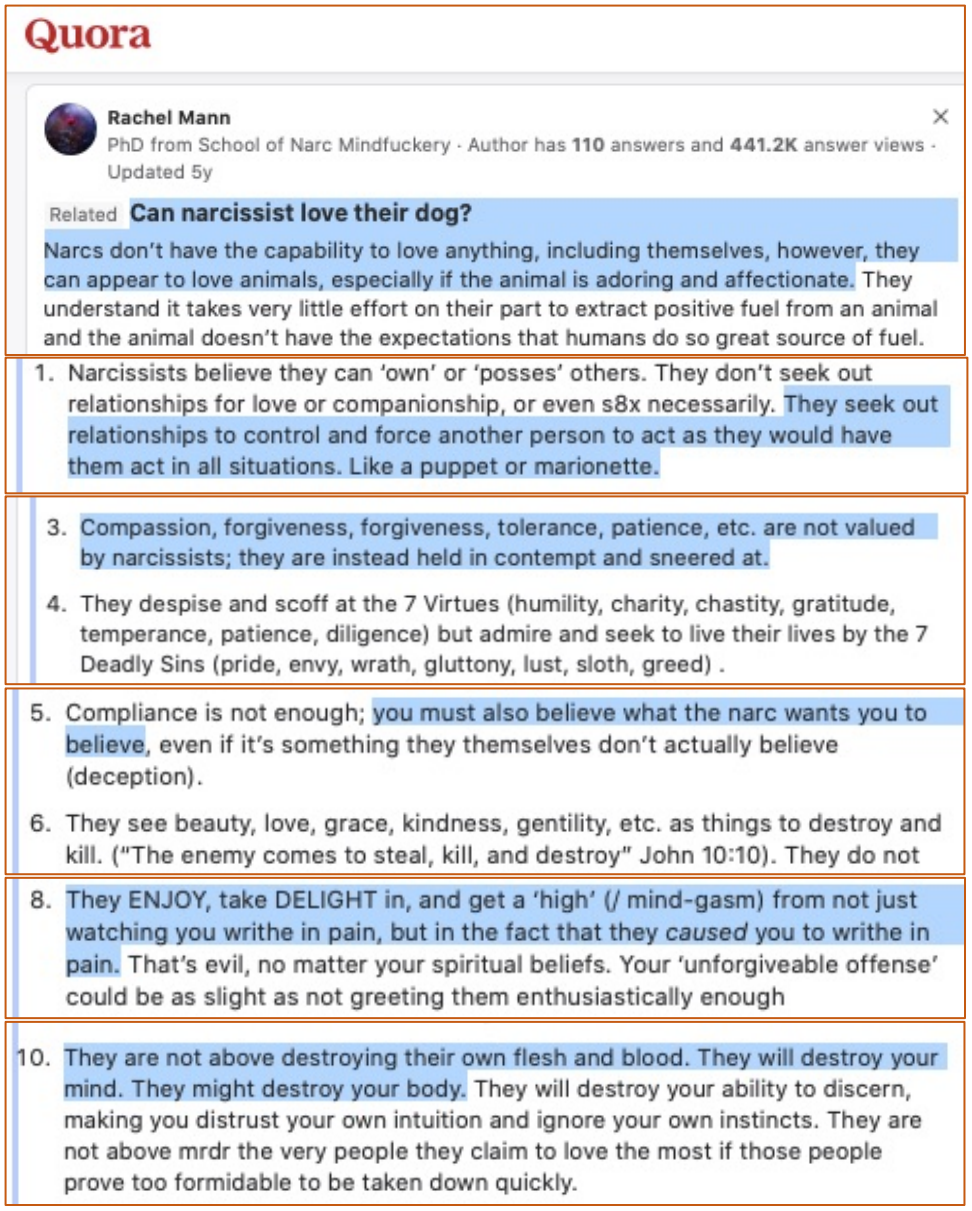
Saw my father walk Sandy … he barely can walk himself. Left soup and Strudel for him at the gate. He later called to thank me – and he was soft and friendly. So well. It was the first time in … ever. Of course it was all about him … he was worried because his friend Werner couldn't be reached … but even when Werner then called him shortly after, my father called me again to tell me. HE **SHARED** SOMETHING **WITH ME!**

Wow! That is a first. So that was the experience I had been craving?

And done, on with the horror?

We shall see.

I keep reading those blogs … to help myself. Nobody will. Or can.



Quora

Rachel Mann

PhD from School of Narc Mindfuckery · Author has **110** answers and **441.2K** answer views · Updated 5y

Related **Can narcissist love their dog?**

Narcs don't have the capability to love anything, including themselves, however, they can appear to love animals, especially if the animal is adoring and affectionate. They understand it takes very little effort on their part to extract positive fuel from an animal and the animal doesn't have the expectations that humans do so great source of fuel.

1. Narcissists believe they can 'own' or 'posses' others. They don't seek out relationships for love or companionship, or even s8x necessarily. They seek out relationships to control and force another person to act as they would have them act in all situations. Like a puppet or marionette.

3. Compassion, forgiveness, forgiveness, tolerance, patience, etc. are not valued by narcissists; they are instead held in contempt and sneered at.
4. They despise and scoff at the 7 Virtues (humility, charity, chastity, gratitude, temperance, patience, diligence) but admire and seek to live their lives by the 7 Deadly Sins (pride, envy, wrath, gluttony, lust, sloth, greed) .

5. Compliance is not enough; you must also believe what the narc wants you to believe, even if it's something they themselves don't actually believe (deception).
6. They see beauty, love, grace, kindness, gentility, etc. as things to destroy and kill. ("The enemy comes to steal, kill, and destroy" John 10:10). They do not

8. They ENJOY, take DELIGHT in, and get a 'high' (/ mind-gasm) from not just watching you writhe in pain, but in the fact that they *caused* you to writhe in pain. That's evil, no matter your spiritual beliefs. Your 'unforgiveable offense' could be as slight as not greeting them enthusiastically enough

10. They are not above destroying their own flesh and blood. They will destroy your mind. They might destroy your body. They will destroy your ability to discern, making you distrust your own intuition and ignore your own instincts. They are not above mrdr the very people they claim to love the most if those people prove too formidable to be taken down quickly.

11. They claim ignorance or forgetfulness when called out on their malicious, heinous, egregious behavior. They wonder why you don't adore them, completely confused by your lack of being an adoring subject in their magical kingdom. Just because they screamed at you, cursed you out, beat you silly, threatened your life, hurt your pet, held you at knife- or gunpoint, kept you from the thing you love the most and destroyed your reputation to people who then distrusted you afterward, that's no reason not to look up to these self-appointed gods! "Bow to me, serf! or.else."

Now that I know what he is, all of his behaviors make sense. He went on that trip because Dakota had lost her value to him. She could no longer provide the affection and adoration he was used to getting from her because she was off in the corner bleeding and just trying to breathe. She became a nuisance and source of frustration due to the extra care needed to attend to her ailments. This is why he was able to leave this dog that he pretended to so love and worship. He discarded a dog for God's sake.

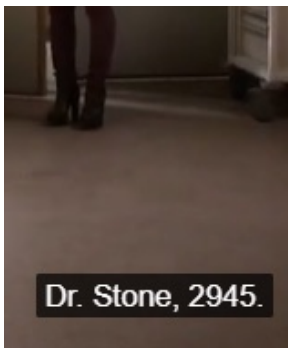
October 28, 2024 – **„Defeat the Monster!"**

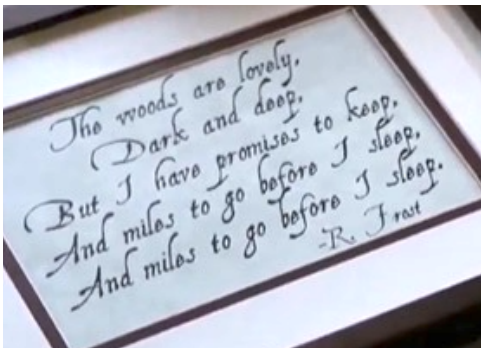
Oh wow. I took a walk at lake Saissersee with the dogs and my mother, and there it was – a sticker that could not be more poignant: It reads „Defeat the Monster" in German. My father is that monster, and really, so is my mother. All that my brother and me had to endure in our childhood is clear and present, there was no love or appreciation, there was only malice, violence and neglect for us children. With both parents psychopath narcissists … no wonder my brother never had joy of life. He had a soul that was not capable of dealing with the bitter underlying resentment that my parents had for us and still have.

(The sticker is about a trailrunning-challenge.)

November 1, 2024

Watching „Elementary", a modern version of „Sherlock Homes" … started with a deep truth … expressing my constant thoughts that there got to be a good reason for me to be stripped of all my creative processes … and that after many years of perfecting my skills, writing all my scripts, making films... WTF?



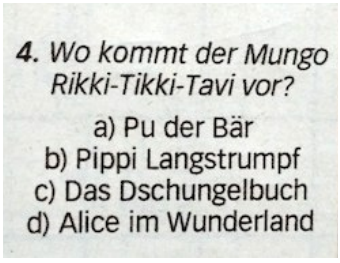

The woods are lovely,
Dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep.
-R. Frost

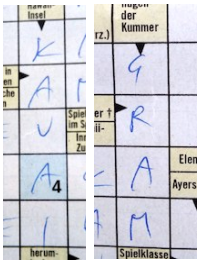
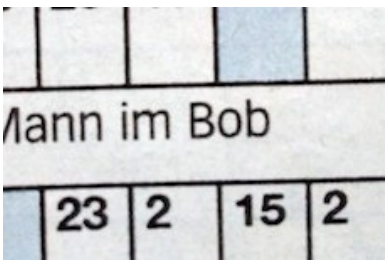
And here … guess what that is? A piece of potatoe that I put in some water, it sprouted … and this miracle appeared:

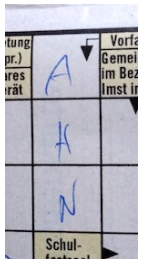
And the mushrooms … oh wow. Our earthly playground is truly gorgeous.

Long time ago, in a Vienna forest, I looked at a similar gorgeous mistle-cluster and decided that it represented all the folks in the beyond that I would want to send loving energy to …

Plus … interestingly … I have been doing riddles in the mornings sometimes with my breakfast to keep my brain trained and calm myself down before the encounters with my insane, evil parents … and there was a mentioning of **„Rikki Tikki Tavi“** – it was a **mungo** in a Jungle-Book-series that I watched as a child. It is interesting because I have been calling my dog Tino that name, many times … and here it was reflected right back at me … just like other themes that have been on my mind … like „Kauai“, „Bob“, „Ancestor“ (Ahn) and „Sorrow“ (Gram):





November 4, 2024

Sixth anniversary of Bob's passing … I do not want to think about it or get into it.

Two interesting things came up on the Sherlock-Holmes-show „Elementary" that I have been watching: The mysterious bitter orange that I kept finding at the dog park in Vienna where I used to live with Jacqui … and a man missing a finger, like my father does.

Notice the house number, „**222**"? Oh our beloved home. Cannot believe it is allgone.

And then: „being under the weather" is what Bob said to people when he was too sick to get around anymore … Have not heard or read that ever since.

November 5, 2024

Oh „Elementary" … Sherlock talking about him being … ***my father.***

It's important that
you understand that.
I am not a nice man.
It's going to save you a great
deal of time and effort.
There is not
a warmer, kinder me
Waiting to be coaxed
out into the light.
I am acerbic.
I can be cruel.
It's who I am.
Right to the bottom.
I'm neither proud of this,
nor ashamed of it.
It simply is.
And in my work,
my nature has been an advantage
Far more often
than it has been a hindrance.
I'm not gonna change.
Came here to the mother ship
five years ago.

Also: My current movie project is „**Mothership**“ … and here, on „Elementary“, it showed up:

November 2024

Amazing synchronicities in movies or series that I watched …

November 8, 2024

So my Uncle, „Hansi“, lies dying.

88 years old, Parkinson’s, kidney failure, weak heart, Herpes Zoster on the head … oh this body needs to expire.

Sad? Yes. But he is my godfather and never cared about what I was doing, where I was, anything all through my life.

He did give me some of the money back my mom owed me - but it was for the time when he COULD and SHOULD have taken care of his entirely helpless alcoholic sister, and he took the comfy way … even though his wife, my aunt Heidi, did tell him, he should check in. Only

because my mom - secluded for years! - said drunkenly she was „fine“, did not me she did not need help.

So I do remember my uncle from when I was a child … okay, nostalgia. But he held on to his body for a long time after he was diagnosed with Parkinson's … he is in on pain, out of consciousness, might transition soon.

Yesterday was Edith's 4th anniversary of her passing. On November 4th Bob's sixth.

My father is very evil and aggressive and outright mean to me these days … he just cannot help himself. He hates becoming helpless. I understand. As long as I can walk Sandy … fine, I will return to him.

Had a horrible experience with a guy who I thought could be a friend … how naive and dumb am I actually? He is a narcissist alcoholic and arrogant prick … geez.

November 9, 2024 – **Death of my Uncle Hansi**
& the Old Tree & the Platine

Took my dogs for a surprise walk to the little bench under **the old tree** this morning, I had to take a detour because of wood works. And just as I was approaching that bench, I saw, that the tree had been felled! And I said to my uncle under my breath something like ***„See, another old tree down“***, …

… and JUST then I received a text-message by my aunt Heidi telling me that my uncle Hansi had died yesterday at 4:05 pm. I was walking Sandy then, and my mind was full of images of uncle Hansi at that time already and the whole evening and the whole night. I barely slept.

Did not dare to tell my mother.

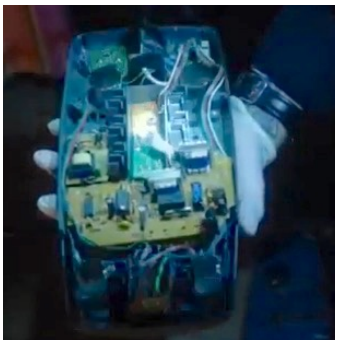
Told my father - he was such a brutal monster today that I suffered a full-blown nervous breakdown right there. Prompting my father to be so „shocked“ that he **embraced** (!) me. ***I think he has never done that in my life!*** He put his icecold fingers on my face and wrapped his scrawny arm around me and called me his „Töchterlein“ and insisted breathlessly on making me coffee and feeding me - as far as a narcissist can be shocked, he only didn't want something happen to me for the paramedics and the police in need to be called and putting him in a bad light.

It was a lot.

I am still weak in my knees hours later.

As I left, he apologized, he even said that he knew that he at times was really cruel …

I took a walk in the icecold fog-landscape with the dogs, then came home and watched the last episode of season 2 of „***Elementary***“ (the modern Sherlock Holmes tale), and there it was: The **computer platine** that I had found in the forest just the day before yesterday - exactly when I did not have my phone with me.



I thought „***This is significant*“** in terms of Bob telling me that he is aware and present … and so here it was …

(Went back to find it again and photograph it!)

Crazy times.

I have been thinking of my connection with my uncle … not so much. As soon as I turned teenager he had no interest anymore in the life of his god-daughter, and when I asked him for help with my mother about 20 years ago, he refused, saying he had his own stuff. He never tried to involve me in his life, check on me when I was a young or mature adult … nothing. He did reimburse me for expenses I had to save my mother in 2019 and 2020 - after HE had failed to take care of her for years when he KNEW she needed help and was alone but never bothered to look after her when I was with Bob.

So … well … he had called me a few weeks ago, and we had kind of said good-bye and even chatted a bit about my philosophy that the soul must eventually get rid of the body … and he found the thought interesting.

So his story is over in my life … or is he? Of course I used my ability to focus on an image of person, muster up a huge load of loving heart-energy and project it to them and send him that flash … I even talked with my father about that after my break-down …

And I asked my uncle if he had received that and was happy that I at least was aware that he is alive and well and wished I could tell his widow … and I received a kind of small **„pins cushion“** on the palm of my right hand. I was surprised - but then I realized that the profession of his wife, my aunt Heidi, was a teacher for women's household tasks - mainly cooking and - sewing!

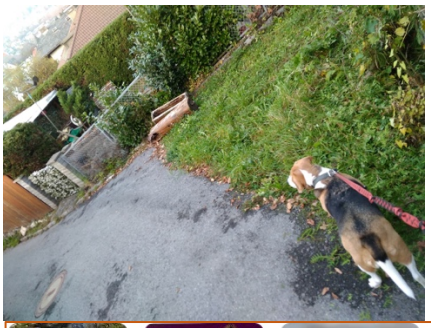
There. It was a mix of all of these, golden brown-orange-ish, round:

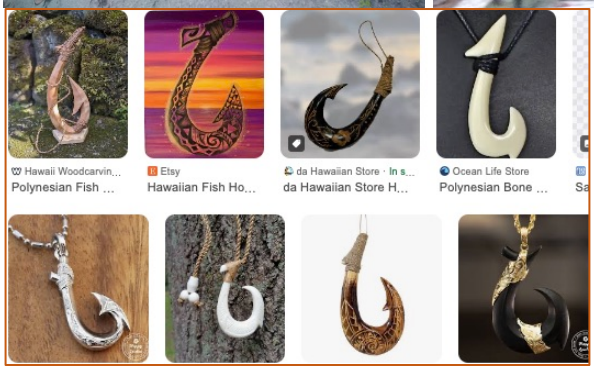
Have fun, uncle! See you later. My „later“ as where you are now, there is no time. But there are lots and lots of folks you know.

November 14, 2024 – **A Polynesian Fishhook?**

Oh wow. I took Sandy for a walk in a new neighborhood, so that she experiences something new, and there it was – a fishhook! A Polynesian! On a hill (remember, Bob and I lived „up the hill“ on Maui?) right in the middle of Velden!

A greeting? A message?

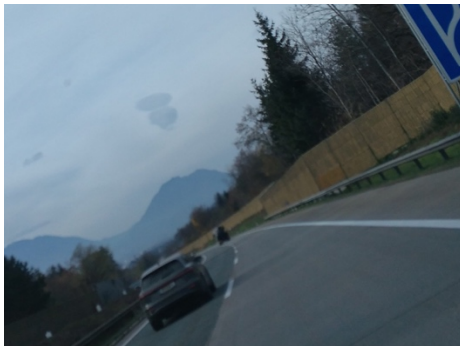




I am not sure, when, but walking at night, I found this **ear pendant** in a crack in the asphalt:

Also not sure when – but I found the little **wooden owl** and the **colorful ring-band** shortly after each other – amazing color-match!

On November 19, I saw this „**cloud plug**“ while driving … strange. Plus a smiley on a trash can.

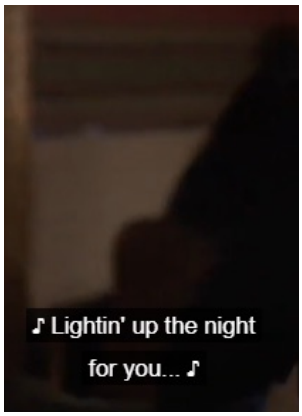


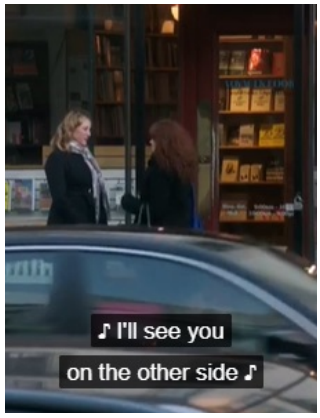
November 15, 2024

I have also been watching „Silo“ … and there is „Sandy“ and „Danny“ … it feels like Edith is telling me that she is with us on our walks and when I fill Sandy’s water bowl and when I drive down at night to check if the door is closed so that she won’t freeze … and when I am dealing with my insane "father".

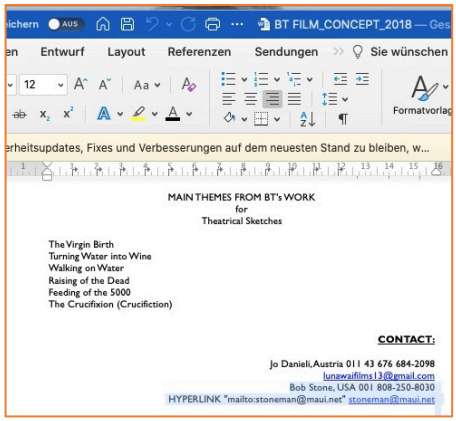
November 20, 2024

Another song on „Elementary“ touched me deeply …





And I just came across a document from the days (in 2013), when we still were planning projects together … the documentary about Barbara Thiering …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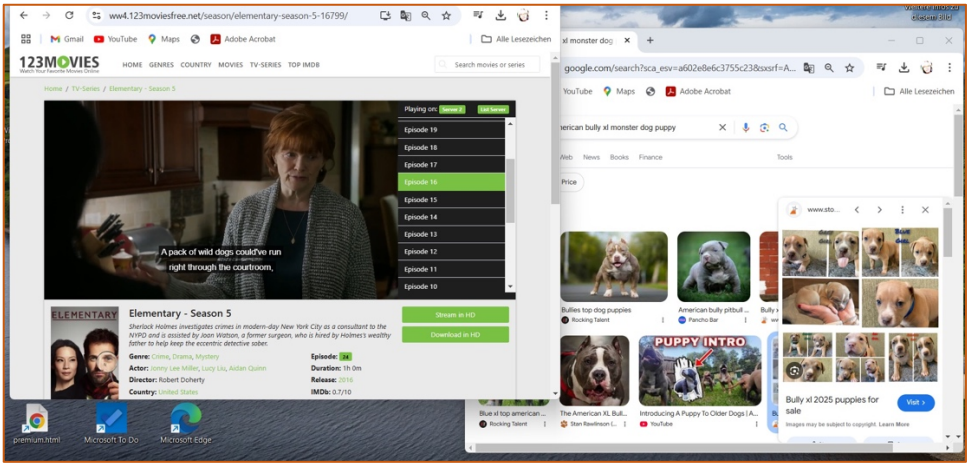
November 23, 2024
… even Maui comes up on „Elementary“ …

November 26, 2024
Nice to be at lake Hafnersee alone with my dogs … discovered this strange lounge chair in the middle of the wilderness, a regular chair next to it. Reminds me of course of the one on the lanai on Maui … that I barely ever used in all the 16 years I knew it. But I remember Bob stretching out on it, always saying that he was „waiting for the little tan to jump on him“. Those were the days.

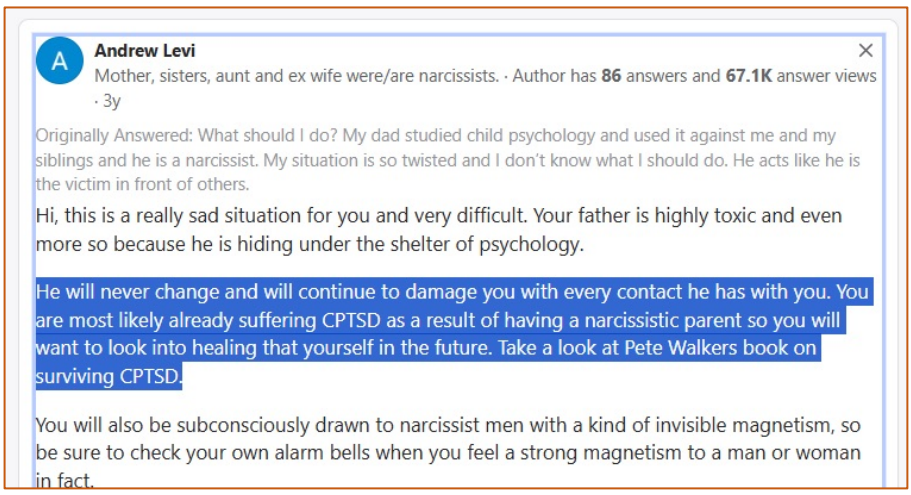
Also … a few green leaves among all the millions of brown ones … the yellow-leaf phase is over. So … odd.

Interesting synchronicity … just as I was googing a certain dog breed (don't remember why) and I was watching „Elementary" at the same time … and someone talked about „wild dogs".

This showed me that I must get back to watching out for synchronicity – and communicate with Bob more.



And this is what I am spending late nights with … reading up on other people's experiences so that I can get through the next visit with my insane „father".



Andrew Levi

Mother, sisters, aunt and ex wife were/are narcissists. · Author has **86** answers and **67.1K** answer views · 3y

Originally Answered: What should I do? My dad studied child psychology and used it against me and my siblings and he is a narcissist. My situation is so twisted and I don't know what I should do. He acts like he is the victim in front of others.

Hi, this is a really sad situation for you and very difficult. Your father is highly toxic and even more so because he is hiding under the shelter of psychology.

He will never change and will continue to damage you with every contact he has with you. You are most likely already suffering CPTSD as a result of having a narcissistic parent so you will want to look into healing that yourself in the future. Take a look at Pete Walkers book on surviving CPTSD.

You will also be subconsciously drawn to narcissist men with a kind of invisible magnetism, so be sure to check your own alarm bells when you feel a strong magnetism to a man or woman in fact.

Make yourself your best friend. From the type of abuse you have suffered, you will have self esteem issues that spread into all areas of your existence. Remove the toxic people from your life, learn about psychological boundaries and consistently use methods and lifestyle choices that promote self esteem and self love. Eventually this system will change the subconscious beliefs you have about yourself that were created by how you have been treated

There is nothing you can do for your father. You can only use known techniques to keep away from him, to speak with him when necessary and to protect yourself from him as much as possible. These are only temporary measures while you plan your escape. Look at the videos on You Tube of Michele Lee Nieves Coaching, she can give you much empathy and excellent advice.

Related **How do I deal with my narcissistic dad who thinks everything he does is alright and doesnt seem to change?**

Rule #1: Narcissists do not change.

Rule #2: Run.

Seriously, you are in for the battle for your mental health if you do not get away from the narcissist, no matter what relationship they are to you. Narcissists have a grandiose idea of entitlement and they will never admit inferiority, thus the need to always be right. You can show them evidence of something in an encyclopedia and they will swear it's a misprint if it's not what they believe to be true. You will become exasperated, frustrated, disgusted and overall worn out by trying to persuade them otherwise. You will spend your entire life attempting to gain a balanced relationship where there is give and take on both sides; with a narcissist there is only one side - theirs. The narcissist doesn't THINK they're right - they KNOW they're right and you will not convince them of anything else.

worn out by trying to persuade them otherwise. You will spend your entire life attempting to gain a balanced relationship where there is give and take on both sides; with a narcissist there is only one side - theirs. The narcissist doesn't THINK they're right - they KNOW they're right and you will not convince them of anything else.

If you want a healthy relationship with someone, both of you must be healthy. A narcissist is not healthy. They are vindictive, greedy, self-serving monsters who care not one iota about anyone else. They are parasites, sucking the very life and soul out of their victims. To deal with them you must NOT deal with them. Save yourself and run.

My dad is cruel, narcissistic, and mentally ill. Even though he treats be awfully, I still feel so guilty and bad because he doesn't know better. What do I do to stop feeling like things are my fault for no reason?

complicated process and its difficult to explain, but basically: our own parents that do not have the capacity for love, therefore cannot love us, pick the sweetest child to use as their emotional dumping ground, knowing that this usually very receptive, very empathic child, will not fight back and instead absorb all of their shortcomings, this was they can live as if they have none.

Sorry to tell you this but your dad *does* know better even if he is a mentally ill, cruel narcissist.

Narcissists thrive on creating big sad negative reactions out of their victims, especially if they can be there to watch you, the victim suffer.

Narcissists thrive on creating big sad negative reactions out of their victims, especially if they can be there to watch you, the victim suffer.

THAT is their payoff. Watching others suffer makes the narcissist feel superior. That is how pathetic they are.

I spent decades of my life trying to please my narcissistic parents and was on the receiving end of their cruelty as the scapegoat only daughter for many years. Didn't matter what I did; it was never good enough.

But if the person who is treating us badly now always treated us badly, it requires a little translation. If anyone reading this had a mother who was a narcissistic bitch before, what you have on your hands now is a narcissistic bitch who additionally is confused, frightened, facing mortality and loss of power, and outright demented -- and you already have a history of abuse with this person. Hello! Let that give you a little permission to step back and look at how difficult THAT is, and get yourself some help.

But, what makes it so bad and makes me just leave her room is her attitude toward me. Just down right rude to me about it. I get tired of being treated so awful when I'm trying to be helpful.

Quora

Sign

Edward Tierney
Former psychologist, now retired · Author has **2.4K** answers and **114.2M** answer views · Aug 20

Related **Will a narcissist person get worse into his 60s and 70s?**

Yes. Narcissists don't change, they just become more set in their ghastly ways. And by that time they are used to getting their own way, and having their monologues go unchallenged- people are usually too polite to tell them to shut up and stop spouting nonsense. So they stay the same- just a little more so. If they have a partner, that partner is cowed and obedient,and won't dare ever criticise or challnege the narcissists, so they have a lifetime of people kowtowing- and they think they are entitled to dominate every social event. Watch a table in a restaurant of elderly friends or a family group - and amuse yourself by playing Spot the Narcissist- they are the one talking over everyone else, while the others look bored or uncomfortable.

So please don't hang on to your relationship thinking the narcissist will mellow, or appreciate what they have, or wake up to how annoying and unpopular they are . You will waste your life.

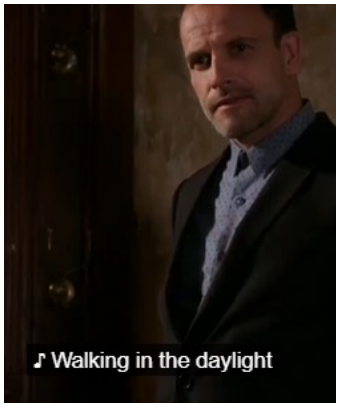
The pattern of every narcissist is the same. There is a period when the narcissist is in his or her prime. They are at their most attractive, and they have honed their skills (charm, lying, cheating and getting away with it) so they are riding high, seem popular, and seem happy.

That doesn´t last.

All the people the narcissist has harmed along the way (partners, colleagues, friends) drop him or her one by one (or are dropped by the narcissist), so the narcissist has to keep moving to get new friends and a new job and a new partner, because word is getting out that they are not at all good news. This process lasts for a while, but unless the narcissist is hugely handsome/beautiful and rich and successful (unlikely, looks fade, and they are not usually successful at all, they are just conmen) supply diminishes then runs out.

November 30, 2024

„Elementary" keeps pushing me … this is about my father and what I have been thinking given his insane hateful violent behavior …



Also – earrings appeared, and I have found one. In the dark. Sparkly.

November 27, 2024
Ever again … something in the shows that I watch that reflects my situation …

But, um, i-i've seen enoughparental abuse
I don't presume to know thedetails of what your father did
to know that one thing'salways the same.
When someone whose job it is tonurture you hurts you instead,
it-it can't help but have aprofound and-and lasting effect
on your sense of who you are.

December 1, 2024

Oh so much happened – but my connection with Bob has only had intermittent intensity, much so in the last days. And since months, today, for the first time I felt compelled and actually able to „share“ my „hot black“ with him again, projecting the experience into my clear recollection of Bob the man.

I miss him so so so much.

Things have been horrible with my dementen parents … my mother beginning to be more forgetful than ever before, my father fragile and highly aggressiv, insisting on leaving his poor dog Sandy alone in the dark in an icecold room with the outside door open, in minus degrees Celsius. He has been so verbal and emotionally abusive to me … barely bearable anymore. I try to help him to the best of my abilities, but he rejects and fights … and I try to take Sandy for a walk as much as possible, …

November 23, 2024 **- Naupaka**

I realized just recently that in spring I had bought a purple version of „Naupaka“ for my father’s garden … now they are withering. Winter is coming. I took care of them the whole summer, not realizing the shape … oh my thoughts were all entangled in the emotional horror of dealing with my father. What else have I not been seeing?

Remember … „Naupaka“, Bob’s and my favorite flower on Maui, representing the two lovers who could not be together?

… but for the rest of the time she is alone with an evil old man who barely moves anymore, forgets everything and denies it to everyone, who needs help and violently opposes any mentioning of it.

It has been so hard … panic attacks daily, a feeling of dread with me at all times.

This got to change.

This is not a life worth living.

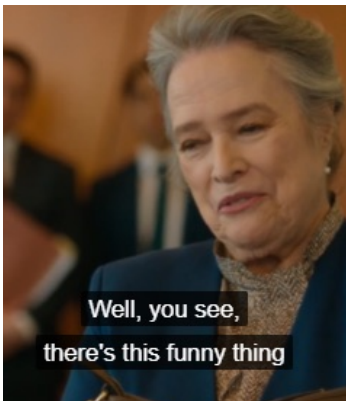
If I did not have my two dogs and Sandy to take care of … I wish I could move somewhere else with all three dogs …

But it is apparent to me that my father can't stay like he is for long … he is weak and yet volatile … I don't know what he his thinking when he is attacking and verbally insulting me all the time. He NEVER has a nice or kind word for me. I have to drive down in the night after he went to bed every night now – because I must close the kitchen door. If left open, Sandy could freeze to death one night. I assume, he wouldn't even not care – he might wish for it. She is of no use to him anymore. And he would have a reason to be even more sorry for himself, being „all alone" now … He is a very sick critter. He should be in a facility. And Sandy needs to be with us. His „heir" Picej doesn't give a shit about helping him … I had to help fix the heating and the roof and insist on certain tasks that are necessary … but my father has no gratitude for me. He is hostile to the max, and that all the time. It is very draining.

But I have decided to submit the „Barbara Thiering" project for initial development funding.

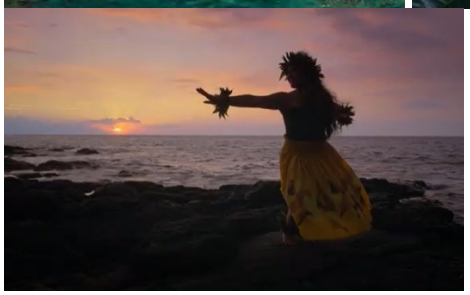
Ha!

Watched the beginning of the insufferable „Matlock" … and the only interesting thing about it was a this:



I also helped CH a lot, but she is a very manipulative person and back to drinking and possibly drugs … I am worn out in that regard, no more understanding and help from my side. She got to grow up or stay out of my life for good. And I of hers.

And … I tried out a weird series „High Potential“, and there was a **Hawaii** reference **… flip-flops, shaved ice** and all.



That really hit me, again. Can it be that I really lived on Maui so long? That I had that entirely different life, was an entirely different „me“? There was Bob … oh Bob, so far away … sometimes I have to consciously recall his image, his voice, his entire being … He was the center of my life. Now … I have to consciously think that every day should be worth living as soon as I wake up.

I had just changed the titels of my project „Mothership“ to „**Ranunkel**“, a type of flower. And there, in „High Potential“ …. a „Ranunkel“ shows up! Never ever in my life have I come across that flower, that word … and yet, here it is. And of course … the moon. Always synonym of Bob.

Ranunkel!

Here examples of what I had to learn and experience lately with my father …

Sophia Bell
Author has **4.4K** answers and **175.6M** answer views · 1y

Related **Will a narcissist get more mean when they lose control?**

A NARCISSIST WILL GET MORE MEAN REGARDLESS.

There's nothing you can do to stop it.

Whether you take or relinquish all your control,

A narcissist will gradually turn worse.

There's no way of making it work with a narcissist.

A narcissist will go from worshipping you, to loathing your existence.

They'll go from wanting to be perfect for you, to wanting to be the cause of your destruction.

It's of no use wondering about what's causing the narcissist's hostile attitude.

Everything they do and say, every nice and every atrocious thing is caused by one thing and one thing only,

The fact that they're fucking disordered.

evil, cruel things they engage in... Unfortunately as they get older and these dual personality disorders that I just named are at play within this person, the person only becomes more amoral, unethical, deluded, strange, duplicitous, obsessive, deceptive, annoying and attention seeking, childish due to a low emotional quotient (EQ), the chronic boredom they suffer from gets worse so they go out and create more drama as a way to cure the boredom, vicious, hateful, deranged, unhinged, unstable, and a lot more ***PARANOID*** as they age... Much more bitter and cruel!.. Much more this and much more that and etc! So as they get older the only change you can expect to see in them is that they're a much worse version of themselves and more evil. My advice to anyone no matter the age of the malignant narc is to stay away from

Esme Shelby
INFJ,Raising NPD Awareness,A Peaky Blinder,Metro Detroit,MI · 3y

Related **Does malignant narcissist get worse with age?**

Most definitely! As A malignant narc ages they become ***MUCH WORSE***, bitter, resentful and evil. Their manipulation tactics are more refined and become more deceptive. They reveal more of the grotesque and evil side of themselves, while at the same time becoming more insidious and cunning. They become more inhumane and delusional as time goes by. As they age they become full blown delusional and are absolutely estranged from truth and facts... They become totally engulfed in fantasy and will shoot down the truth at every turn! They become extremely needy and will constantly need more and more narcissistic supply at every turn in order to fill that black hole or void inside of themselves that can never be filled! One analogy I will use to illustrate this void is: it's like trying to put gasoline into a car while there's a hole in your gas line. The more you attempt to pour the gasoline into the tank,the more you waste it, and it spills out onto the pavement because of the hole in your gasoline line. That is a demonstration

reddit r/raisedbynarcissists Suche in r/raisedbynarcissists

Well, technically she didn't get rid of the kitten, just allowed him to go out all the time. He was hit by a car the morning we were going to get him neutered, and had to be put down.

She constantly says she doesn't like animals in the house. Well, why not think of that before you bring one home for your kids to get attached to??? But still talks about getting one of those fluffy lapdogs like her friends have. It's fucking unreal.

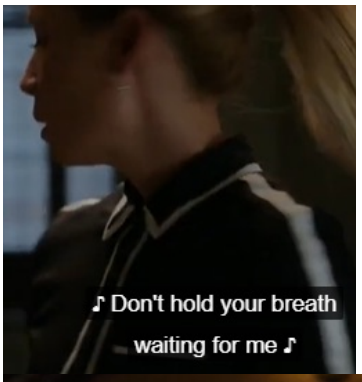
Narcs love the narc supply of having animals -- affection from the animal and attention from other people -- but hate having to actually do something for another living being besides themselves. If they can't be bothered to care for humans, why would they care about animals?

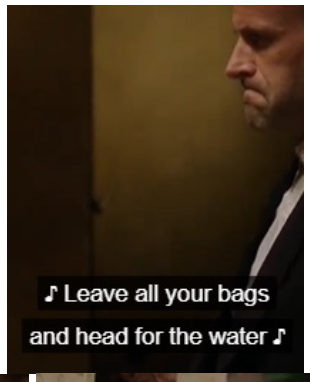
December 2, 2024

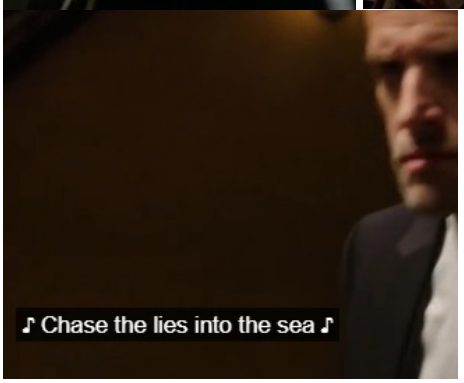
I've been looking to distract myself in the late hours … trying to also work on this contact diary at the same time … and I have checked out various shows – including some that I already had looked at, but had obviously forgotten. Like … „Instinct" … and there was the Hawaii theme again. Heart breaking. But – a true sign, signal, message?

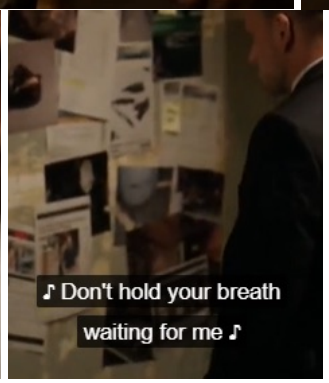
Even an old Beagle showed up … reflecting my story with Sandy, Edith's dog that I have grown so close to.

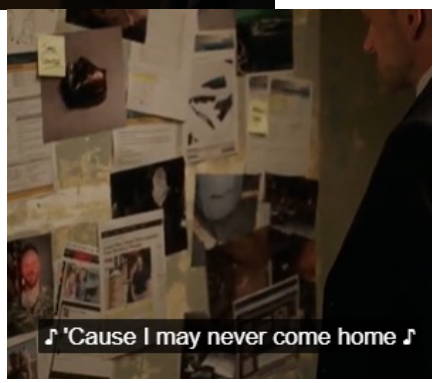
And a song on „Elementary" … so haunting …



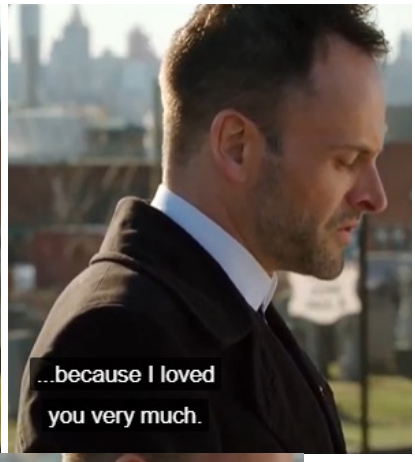


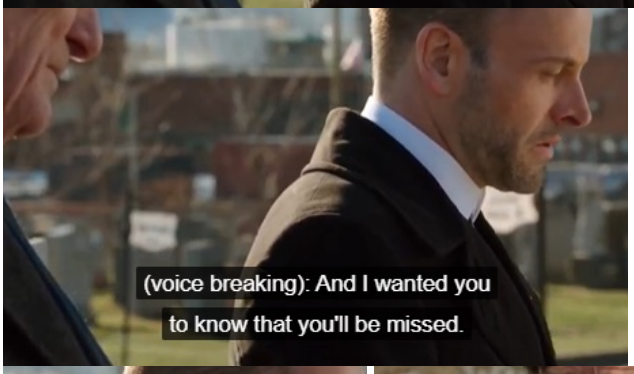


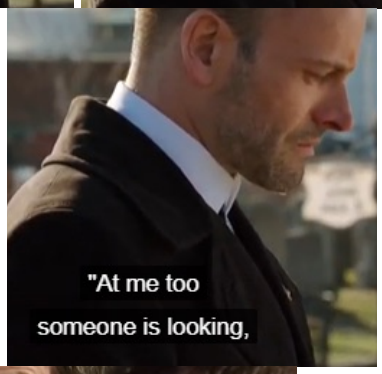


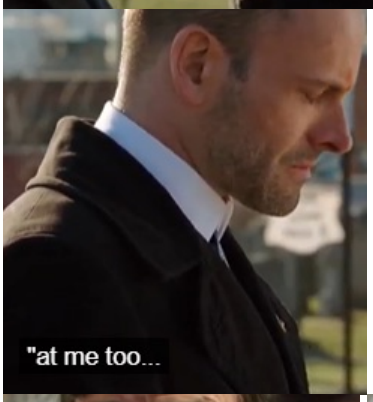


And another haunting song on „Elementary", talking to a dead one on a cemetery … (the dead one to the left):





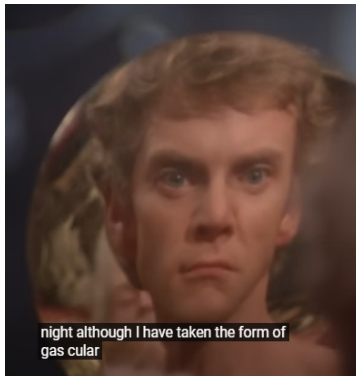




I have been thinking a lot what it would be like … if my father was dead, and his name under that of Edith … I would never visit that grave, I could not bear it. That horrible life's connection with my father or rather the lack of connection … his inability to connect, his mental illness, practically all his adult life … and the victims of his behavior, his craziness … How sad. How sad, sad, sad.

December 4, 2024

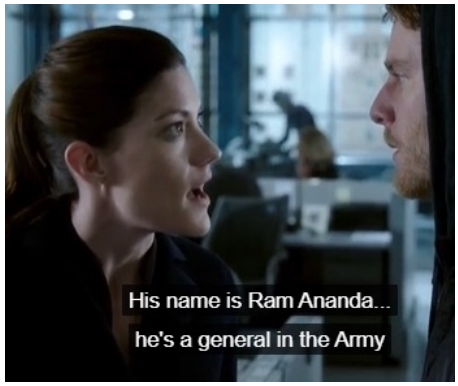
One of my father's alltime favorite historical characters … oh and very similar to my father, too.



My neighbor (Ingrid H., 81 years old) gifted me with a Sacher cube … so sweet. Someone who cares about me enough to be nice to me …

December 7, 2024

Yesterday a **mouse** crossed the street as I drove back from checking on Sandy in the night (as I do daily to make sure my father doesn't leave the kitchen door to the garden open so that Sandy would be exposed to ice-cold air for many hours without heating … as he has done a few times; until I tampered with the front gate lock, because as he can't lock it, he won't dare to leave the kitchendoor open, because then Sandy would be seen in the night at the gate - and perhaps taken; by me; I would take her … if she was out in the snow and cold …).

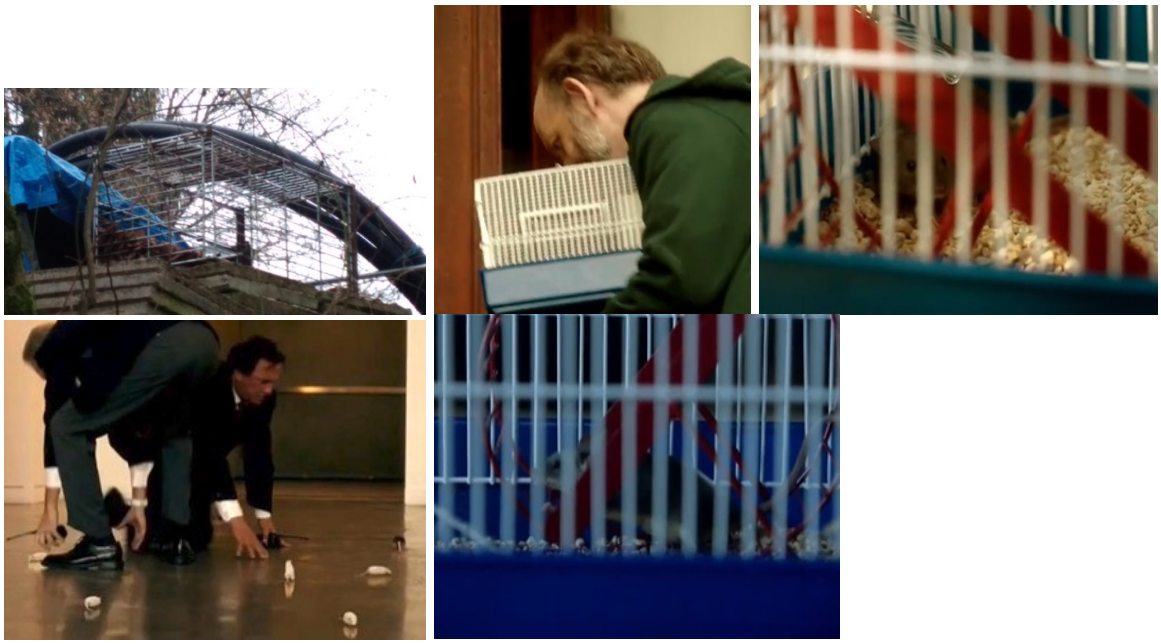


Plus … Bob's name showed up suddenly, in a show called „Limitless":

December 8, 2024 **- The Mouse & the Cage**

So another mouse crossed right in front of my car, as I drove back from checking up on Sandy … at a different spot. And today I took a walk with Sandy and came across a strange kind of **cage** at the edge of a property;

And sure enough: At night, I watched a random series, „Limitless“, and sure enough - there was **a mouse in such a cage.**



December 12, 2024

I have begun to kind of „claim“ my life … back. My abusive horrible father only has a grip on me because I worry about his long-suffering dog Sandy, Edith's dog … who hadn't been seen for two years (and he had told people she was dead or that she could not walk anymore!) until I showed up in his life again. (He had forbidden me to visit by attorney in 2021, but at my 60th birthday on February 17, 2024 he had called me … and since then we've been in contact. Unthinkable I would not be there for him … he would be entirely lonely and lost. Two years no contact … what was I thinking would happen to Sandy? I regret so much … well … that has been a painful topic in the last year …

Father needs help, is getting demented, but tries to hide it from everyone … sitting around drinking beer, not walking the dog, who has to sit and just watch him all day … nothing to play with, nothing to chew on … she is ecstatic when I show up … I try to take her for a walk every day … but it is hard, because I also have two dogs, and my boys have seen me in such violent stress behavior in the last months … it is horribe. They deserve the best … and I want it for them. But my life has been so difficult in 2024 …

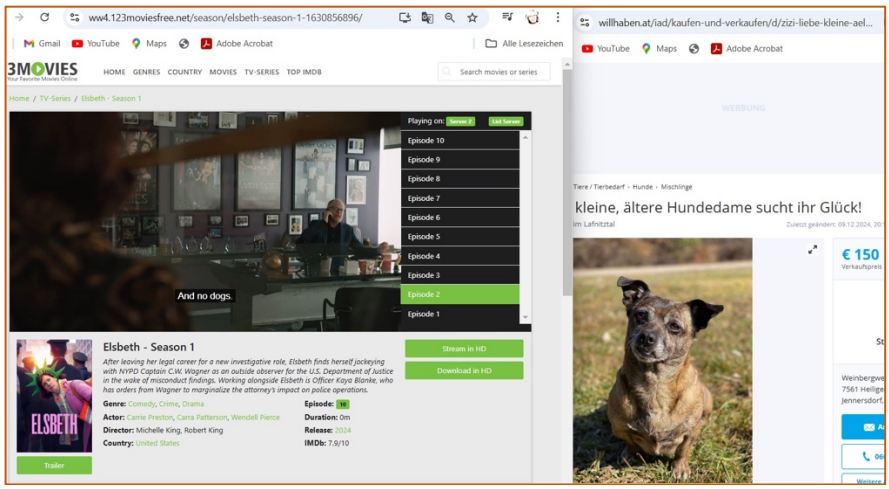
Still, I will not abandon Sandy.

My father?

He is severely mentally ill. I just gave the best possible example for dealing with the malignant sadist narcissist that he is, to CH: „You cannot cure a dog with rabies with love. You can feel sorry for him and feed him and be nice to him, but he will still kill you given the opportunity.“ That is my father, that dog. He is so hateful and abusive to me – it can't even be expressed … but I have many recordings of his behavior. He probably can't help himself … and it was just like that in my childhood …

Things will have to change.

Again, synchronicity … I was googling shelter dogs, which I do all the time, while watching „Elsbeth“ – and just then, she talks about dogs!



Oh yes, and „Sandy“ showed up again.

And Bob’s face … as the automatic screen image that shows up every day on my Lenovo.

On November 23 I re-found these images … oh my life on Maui. Oh Bob. It seems unbearable right now that it all is way in the past … unimaginable.

<u>December 12, 2024</u>

So so so so so so many instances of amazing license plates with numbers relating to Maui and Bob and me … all **„910“, „222“, „250“, „480“** … I just couldn’t even try to keep up writing them down or photographing them … So this is just one example …

December 15, 2024

My father and his sick and cruel behavior is a major influence in my life and my emotional development … and I can only help myself by reading up on people like him, to remind me, he can't help it. And yet – this got to stop.

Now, they'll ***hang onto the supply of their kids for dear life.***

They have a ***SPECIAL POWER to traumatize their kids like no other supply on EARTH.***

They know EXACTLY where it ***hurts most.***

THEY CREATED THE WOUNDS.

They hate and compete with the golden child just like their partners and kids: *it just* ***hurts*** *the golden more. They* ***lovebomb more*** *and ensure that the abuse* ***hurts like a bitch.***

Also, narcissists ***lack emotional memory.***

They can only respond to ***their feelings in the present moment.***

Their emotional part of their brains are only developed as high as toddlers, due to the trauma damage of narcissistic collapses in childhood.

So, like a baby, *they can't access past memories of emotions,* ***only the present moment.***

But way more about **the resistance to accept what narcissism IS and the eternal hope to change them..... one day .... if I say the right words .... if I do the right thing ..... if I do and intervention ..... if I bring him/her to see a therapist and bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla.**

Fun fact: Will never happen, even after death. You could live 10 thousands years and everything you're hoping related to the narcissist would never happen.

3- Does it fulfill their feeling of revenge because when you where 12 years old you told them they where mean or bad or defective in any way? **Check**

4- Will they smile while dying because they know they still will powerful after their death and imagine and salivate in advance for the pain you will feel when it happens? **Check**

I've seen narcissistic parents give their money to **dogs, strangers, very distant nieces or relatives, etc etc etc just for the pure fun of imagining the pain and the suffering it will inflict.**

Billie Guillaume
30+ Years of narcissistic/sociopathic abuse. Scapegoat child · Author has **72** answers and **75.6K** answer views · 1y

Related **Why is my narcissist mother using me as a scapegoat?**

It's probably the case that you have a quality that doesn't fit in with the narcissist's narrative.

Narcissists want their children to think and behave in a way that they want them to.

They want their children to be oppressed yet also make them look good.

The scapegoat usually defies this and doesn't live up to the expectations of the narcissist.

However it leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I am uneasy with myself in going no contact with an 80 year old mother.

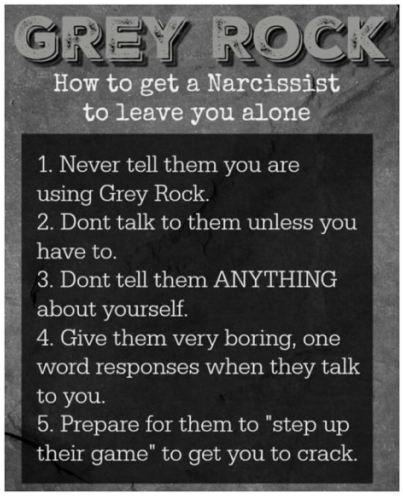
On one hand I am extremely angry with her. I am fully aware of the abuse. I am angry that I just now realize that I have been robbed of a better life. Almost since I was a teen.

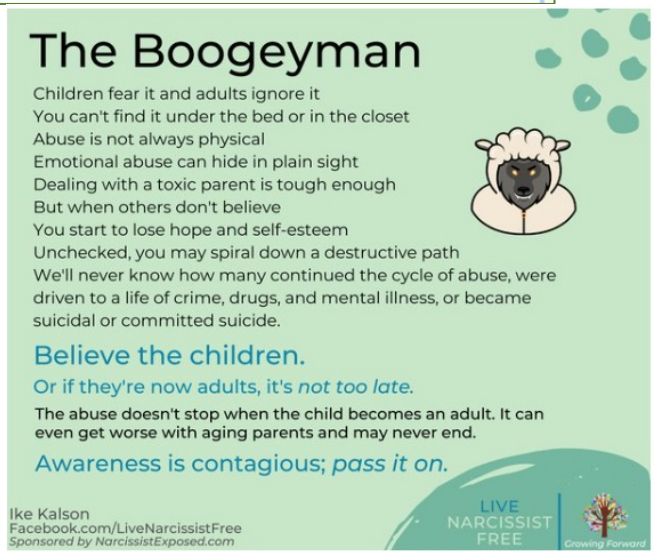
On the other hand the very personality traits of being empathetic and helpful that were used against me, and for her benefit in forming me to be codependent by my mother are the same traits that are holding me back from going no contact.

The narcissist is envious of anyone that refuses to blindly agree with the fakeness of the narcissist.

In other words, the scapegoat challenges them and the narcissist doesn't like this, because the scapegoat represents the flaws of the narcissist, and narcissist wants to believe they are perfect and omnipotent.

Narcissists envy good, kind, strong, confident, talented, empathetic, caring and innocent people to name a few.


GREY ROCK
How to get a Narcissist to leave you alone
1. Never tell them you are using Grey Rock.
2. Dont talk to them unless you have to.
3. Dont tell them ANYTHING about yourself.
4. Give them very boring, one word responses when they talk to you.
5. Prepare for them to "step up their game" to get you to crack.


The Boogeyman
Children fear it and adults ignore it
You can't find it under the bed or in the closet
Abuse is not always physical
Emotional abuse can hide in plain sight
Dealing with a toxic parent is tough enough
But when others don't believe
You start to lose hope and self-esteem
Unchecked, you may spiral down a destructive path
We'll never know how many continued the cycle of abuse, were driven to a life of crime, drugs, and mental illness, or became suicidal or committed suicide.
Believe the children.
Or if they're now adults, it's not too late.
The abuse doesn't stop when the child becomes an adult. It can even get worse with aging parents and may never end.
Awareness is contagious; pass it on.
Ike Kalson
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LIVE NARCISSIST FREE
Growing Forward

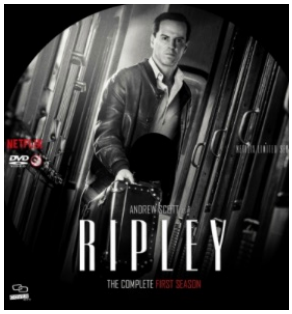
December 18, 2024 – **„In Dreams I Walk With You“**

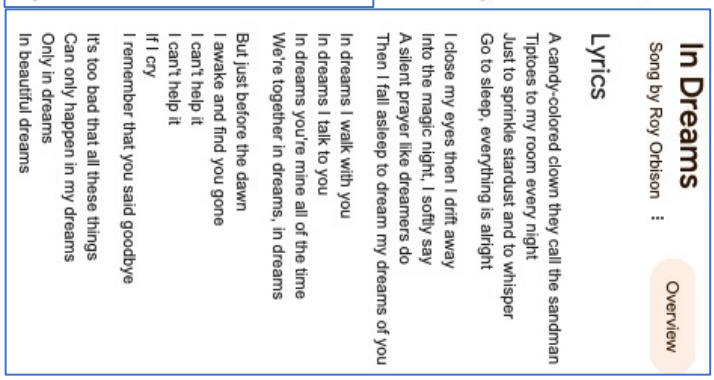
What an event – what a dream – what a lovely, lovely and yet so bitter encounter!

A while ago, I watched the new version of „The Talented Mr. Ripley“ – a series called simply „**Ripley**“ with Adam Scott in the leading role, but I did not like it, the only thing that kept haunting since watching a few episodes was the title song **„In Dreams I Walk With You“** … that made me nearly cry every time and totally reminded me that I have deviated from the path that this Contact Diary represents because I had to deal with my parents to much in the last year.

I close my eyes then I drift away
Into the magic night, I softly say
A silent prayer like dreamers do
Then I fall asleep to dream my dreams of you

In dreams I walk with you
In dreams I talk to you
In dreams you're mine all of the time
We're together in dreams, in dreams




In Dreams
Song by Roy Orbison
Overview
Lyrics
A candy-colored clown they call the sandman
Tiptoes to my room every night
Just to sprinkle stardust and to whisper
Go to sleep, everything is alright
I close my eyes then I drift away
Into the magic night, I softly say
A silent prayer like dreamers do
Then I fall asleep to dream my dreams of you
In dreams I walk with you
In dreams I talk to you
In dreams you're mine all of the time
We're together in dreams, in dreams
But just before the dawn
I awake and find you gone
I can't help it
I can't help it
If I cry
I remember that you said goodbye
It's too bad that all these things
Can only happen in my dreams
Only in dreams
In beautiful dreams

So yesterday … I thought about this song again, and I meant to share it with CH, with who I have a new connection now since she went through rehab. But for some reason I simply didn't get around to it … And then, I dreamed.

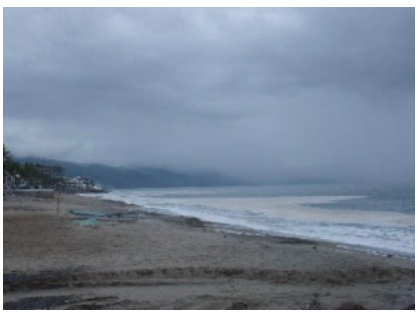
Last night.

It was miraculous – and the dream is still clear in my mind as if it had been an experience in this mortal realm, so clear. Of course all I remember is what my subconscious is able to share with my conscious mind in terms of content of that encounter **– with Bob.**

He has been in my dreams in a vague way for a while, now. But last night – I was with him. With him as a person. I touched him, looked at him, talked with him – and he was warm and alive and present and just „Bob". With a somewhat arrogant touch. But he was arrogant in real life, I only didn't dare to admit that to myself back then.

So … the clear part of the dream is the part with Bob. The other four people involved are clear too, but not exactly what they did or what we did.

It was in Mexico, somewhere on a wide, long beach close to a town, in some kind of beach restaurant … and the pale-blue gray-ish ocean had big waves …



We were in that kind of restaurant, and a man that vaguely resembled my real life neighbor (Franz B., a very chunky hunky drunk, in his early 60s) and his son (maybe mid 30s) sat opposite Bob and me … and I felt some sexual arousal because of the older guy, I think I even tried to figure out when and where I should have sex with him … but for some reason, Bob and left. At that point, Bob's present was not so intense yet, but once we left that beach restaurant, the man and the son were forgotten.

But suddenly, there was a blond, attractive, kind of sturdy woman in her 40s, dressed in some kind of colorful dress with floral print, it seems, with a boy, her child, of about 12 years, of unclear features, and she asked us where we were heading, because we now sat in a car. She and the child wanted a ride, and I think they even got into the car. We said we wanted to the ocean, and that required to drive a long way along the street that we were already on, out of that town, parallel to the dunes … and the place had a name like „Hunertoth“ or something, there was a „Hu“ and the ending was „toth“ … and I thought in my dream, weird, I must keep this name in mind; but the woman said that we might already take a much shorter trip, and it turned out that just pretty much across the street there was an ocean access.

So we got out of the car, and even before we walked down to the ocean between the dunes that were, weirdly, in some kind of suburb setting, a loud, dirty, run-down area, like a poor neighborhood … so Bob and I stood there close to each other and looked at the ocean - and I turned and asked Bob, looking up to him, if he didn't feel like me that strong longing for the days of the past with the magical Hawaiian ocean and us being there together …

I remember seeing the heaving waves so close and recalling the deep blue waves in Hawaii in the sunshine … and Bob next to me was very tall, and he was tanned, and he wore a tank top, and I leaned against his shoulder, and he held me, and it was so comforting … but in my dream I thought it was a bit weird, as I was not sure whether Bob was as fond of me as I was of him. So he kind of agreed that he too felt the nostalgia and wished to be there again …

And then something strange happened. We walked a bit through some kind of pathway, like a beach walk, but with dirty stuff running in little brown, oily creeks next to us INTO the ocean … and we saw that the ocean was brown and dirty, and Bob said, kind of pissed off „I don't think so“. And also was very repelled and thought that we really should not have taken that woman's advice and should have rather driven to that spot we were headed for …

But I did walk on further towards the ocean, I wanted to check out the area, but I said to Bob that I would never swim in that ocean, and that was too bad because I so longed to swim in the ocean … and suddenly, I was aware, that Bob was not there anymore.

And also that woman was gone, and I felt that it was my fault, I should have not just walked away … and I pulled out my phone and called Bob, and I was so anxious to reach him and scared to death that I wouldn't be able to. But to my huge relief, he answered the phone, and there was this feeling rather that he had said something that he was disappointed in me that I had turned away like that … but the next thing I know: He was back right next to me! And in my memory it is a bit garbled, it can be that this was the time when I snuggled up to him … I am not sure. In those dirty dunes! And I was so happy. And we walked back to the street and saw a huge pool with sewage, it was disgusting, and I said this was likely a purification plant, and Bob said yes … and we stood next to each other and gazed into all that sewage – right there so close to the ocean! It was uncanny.

„Also fahren wir weiter?“ I asked, and I think that I dreamed in German, meaning „Shall we drive on?“ And Bob agreed, we should. And I was so happy that our time together would continue –

And then my dogs woke me up!

Oh no! I really wanted to dream on!

It was Bob! But looking back, into the dream-feel, it was a different Bob. He had … developed. And actually I did ask him many times in the past weeks whether he was even reachable for me any more or if he had moved on.

So the **song „In Dreams I Walk With You, in Dreams I Talk to You“ was absolutely reflected in my dream!**

I miss you so much, Bob. It has been 6 six years since his transition. And feeling of loss gets worse. (I dared to watch the music video of the song just now – and I cried: I had the feeling, if I would allow it to myself, I would cry for days; my neighbor, Manfred Sch., died recently … he suffered enormously, had totally ruined his body while caretaking of his wife … and when she died, he broke down, but made it another year … he had two old dogs, Debbie and Hoki … now he knows how the things the Jehova's Witnesses believe, are in reality … see you later, M.!)

Reason to cry … my father behaves to me like a completelty insane person, like a dog with rabies, a monster, a beast, an evil critter … he is evil impersonated. I only go to see him so that his poor dog has at least an hour per day away from this crazy fuck. He has aliented everyone, even his „heir“ who only comes if he can't postpone it any longer … after all, he can't be sure if he really is the heir …

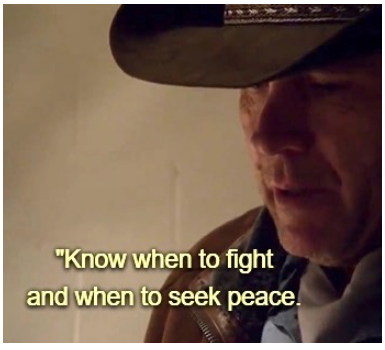
He insults and belittles me all the time … he is so toxic that he cannot even keep himself from shooting hateful glances at me even when I had just brought him cake and cleaned his kitchen … I do it only for Sandy … and in that respect for Edith … what a wasted life, a soul in a body as rotten as that of my father's, because I can't believe that his soul is so rotten, it must be his broken brain. I hope the suffering ends soon, because I have tried with love and understanding and caring – but he is exactly the dog with rabies that tries to rip off the hand that feeds him … ignorant of the fact that he is ruining his chance of survival. My father was always like this. Evil. Toxic. Violent. Abusive. Yes, there is a reason why he is like this. Does not change the fact that he has ruined enough lives. I have realized just recently, that he likely has kept Sandy IN THE BASEMENT for two years ... because there is shit spread on the washing room floor everywhere. And he himself kept saying that he saw the dogs ofthe neighbor (the doctor!) „sleep in the basement on the concrete floor without a bed“. I do not want to imagine what he did to Sandy in the two years that nobody saw her.

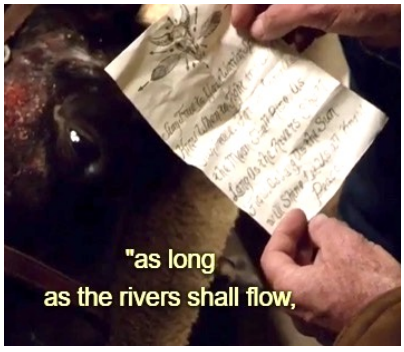
She is desperate every time she realizes that I will leave.

I pray … that the right thing may happen. Please, God.

December 20, 2024

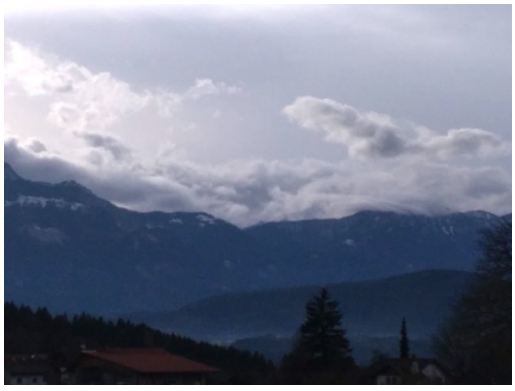
„Longmire“ is a new series that I am watching, because I like the lead guy … a song got my attention … at the death of a horse that „Longmire“ guided into the passing (after he told her that she had proven how strong she was by pulling through so long, after having been severely burned):





Oh I have been seeking peace with my father who has hated me my whole life. But he is a mentally very ill person, has been all his life. No insights from his side. He is ailing and toxic and bitter and brutal and evil. I think he kept his dog Sandy in the basement for two years. I hope that he will learn his lessons … in this realm or the next. I will not forgive him for what he has done to my brother, my mother, Edith and our pets … and me.

Clouds … have not paid attention in a while … but ever again, a penis cloud and the mighty Universe above my head … get me to realize how small I am as a mortal.



I saw an orange poodle with a pretty cape right in front of my at a dog food store … and there it was, back on my mind, the project „Woodle“ that Bob believed in so much.

December 21, 2024

I watched one of the Oscar-contender movies, „***Emilia Perez“*** (horrible!) … and there was a character who in her despair made me think of Edith so hard (because she resembles young Edith, who was beautiful) … Edith, how disappointed and hurt and fearful and alone must she have been … trapped in a horrible marriage with my father. And she was willing to get divorced … but because he allowed her to adopt Sandy, she did not … and then she fell sick all the time,

got injured, began to drink … and died in November 2020. And left Sandy behind and my father, the insane sadist. And Sandy alone with him. I cannot believe that I did not interfere for two years, only because he had had a lawyer write to me. I was only thinking of myself and my pain and disappointment … I had no idea that Sandy would „disappear“ … but she did. People keep telling me. Nobody saw her for two years – before I began to walk with her again. Where was she? I found shit stains in the basement. And my father had made remarks … Jesus Christ, this can't be …

(Time to show you a ***picture of Edith*** shortly before her death, after my father had forced a close to 70-year old to have plastic surgery on her eye lids … see the frozen expression? This is the image that my father keeps in his bedroom! The one that was on her death-note.)

And seeing this character of Jessi (Selena Gomez) – I could „hear“ Edith wail over the pain and despair of her dog. Breaks my heart.

I really don't know what to do anymore. My father needs to be in a facility, that is for sure.

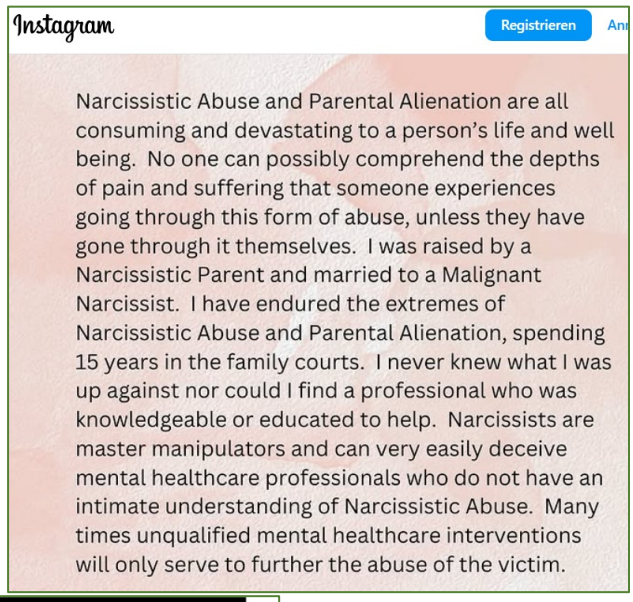
I cannot describe here what he has been doing in the last year … but he has to be in professional care, he is losing his mind every day more. And he is drinking and neglecting Sandy.

December 22, 2024 – **The Dream, the Baby and the Mesh, and the Months & My Mother**

Horrible eklat with my insane „father“. He keeps provoking and insulting him to the max. Can't take it anymore …

Read up on narcissist parental abuse again to support myself … also CH is always listening and trying to help. I really owe her. She has come a long way.

Narcissists twist your reactions to their abuse by making you the villain. If you fight back then you're "abusive." If you give them a taste of their own medicine they claim you're "vindictive." If you refuse to accept their lies, you're "crazy." No matter what you do, they will distort reality to make you the problem and themselves the victim. .....Jill Wise
Narcissistic Abuse Recovery Coaching
The Enlightened Target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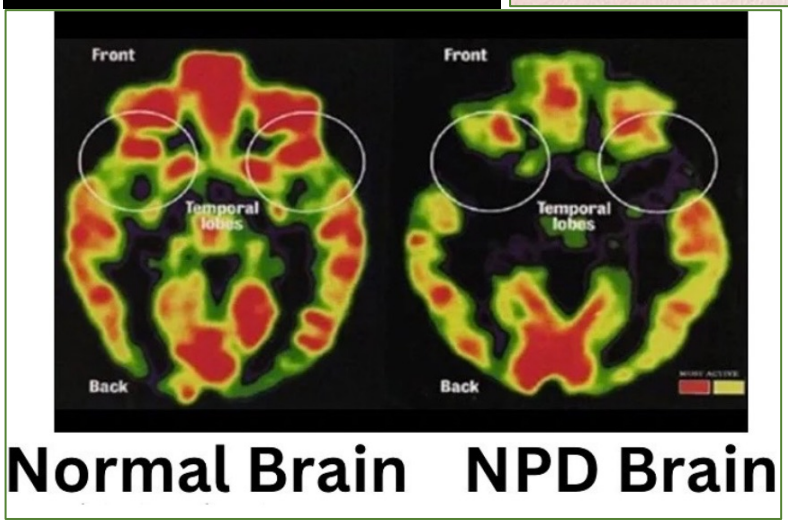
Narcissistic Abuse and Parental Alienation are all consuming and devastating to a person's life and well being. No one can possibly comprehend the depths of pain and suffering that someone experiences going through this form of abuse, unless they have gone through it themselves. I was raised by a Narcissistic Parent and married to a Malignant Narcissist. I have endured the extremes of Narcissistic Abuse and Parental Alienation, spending 15 years in the family courts. I never knew what I was up against nor could I find a professional who was knowledgeable or educated to help. Narcissists are master manipulators and can very easily deceive mental healthcare professionals who do not have an intimate understanding of Narcissistic Abuse. Many times unqualified mental healthcare interventions will only serve to further the abuse of the victim.



… and yet, the most fascinating case of synchronicity in a long time occurred:

I had become aware of my vivid dreams - and so I was so alert WHILE **dreaming** tonight:

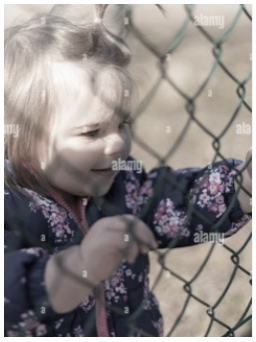
I was in a **small village** in **a rural area** with orchards and pastures and **fences**, and there was a woman holding a strangely shaped **baby**. The woman was a mix of the women in my life that I know, Martina, Conny and others. So she walked with the baby whose lower parts were covered, but his upper part, the neck and the head, where just *like a* ***giant worm's „head"***, no defined features, very strange. I knew the baby was altogether misfigured.

I had the feeling that the woman was going to put the baby somewhere, abandon it, in a way … and I walked up to her and stretched out my arms and asked: ***„Darf ich?" - „May I?"*** Somewhat reluctantly, she gave me the baby. It felt smaller than in had looked, and the woman walked away - I think to her job. But there was another woman nearby, I more felt her than saw her, probably the baby's grandmother or aunt, and she kind of wanted to take it from me. I realized that it could not walk, or rather, people did not expect it to walk. As I held it at a

distance, I saw to my horror, that it was partially made of **wood**, and that **worms** (!) were crawling from its body - everywhere! I was so disgusted, but I also felt so much compassion for the baby, that I began to pull the worms from the baby's body, and they would wriggle on the ground … and thought that I did not even know if the baby was alive or not.

Somehow, the dream changed then … maybe I had woken up in the meantime and fell back asleep … but then I saw a fence made form mesh wire, and I put the baby next to it, thinking that babies are known to grab the **mesh wire of a fence** or anything that reaches high up to pull themselves up, and that's how they learn how to stand up and later walk. And I put myself at the level of the baby, to the ground, to show the baby how to do it. I knew in my dream-persona's mind that the other people did not even assume that baby would ever be able to stand, stand up straight or even walk. But I was convinced …

The strange thing is, that I found myself awake soon after, and maybe I did consciously think that part with the fence and me **showing the child how to hold himself up at that fence**, I brought it intentionally to that fence of metal wire? But on the other hand, in the dream scenario, there were a lot of fences, it was a rural area with gardens and pathway …


So …

After that horrible eklat with my father, where I could barely hold myself back, his toxic evilness and hatred is getting to me …

I sat down to watch another episode of „**Longmire**", that western crime show, first season. I like the cool and understated ways of that sheriff … and I was at **episode 8.**

And then I was stunned shitless:

It was, of course, in **a rural area,** and it was about - **a baby that was abducted**. And there was A LOT of that **mesh wire fence** or gutter or cage stuff … JUST like in my dream! And even **a woman at the level way low down**, like **where a baby would lie or sit or squat** - like I had done it with the baby to get it **to hold on to that mesh wire** … and even THAT shot was in that film!

Wow!

So I had „seen“ in my dream what I was about to watch hours later!

Is that to tell me that I am still very connected with the other side, and that I am guided and helped?

My father is so out of it already, he is outright crazy, his brain is malfunctioning all the time, I NEED him in a facility! This cannot go on, not if my sanity is supposed to survive, Sandy is supposed to survive - my father must be taken care of, in a home, somewhere.

Today he even complained about his „best friend“ - who does still have a life, while my father keeps saying that he „has nothing left, nothing at all“ - while I am right next to him, and so is his dog, and he is in his own home with a large garden … and he „has nothing“?

So Werner, his friend, part-takes still in singing events - and my father hates it so much that he seems to want to explode.

And then this dream … ***the baby filled with worms, rotting from the inside and yet in need of help … it is my father.*** Absolutely.

This imagery in the movie - what are the odds!?

The woman who holds the baby - not the mother – **like me instead of the mother in the dream,** but a social worker … oh wow.

But it was not all:

In the end, a cult leader talked to the sheriff **about death not being the end, but a door, a gate,** to the next level … and he asked him to join him moving there … dying.

We'd all served our purpose.
You know, sheriff, you
served your purpose as well.
I know you're not happy.
Why not just let it go?
Why not drive around those gates?
Kill the pain. Become immortal.
Let's walk through
the door together.
Points converging
on the infinite.

He had already decided that all his female disciples die … under the rails of a train, but the sheriff saw a solution in a painting at the cult's house … and he managed to save all the women – **who were named after the months of the year.**

And now that I think about it: My **MOTHER** has asked me earlier today on the phone, why the months of the year are named the way they are! (Answer: named after Celtic or Roman Gods and Goddesses or according to their number in the order, in Latin.)

WOW! She has never said that before – but **TODAY**, when I was going to see a film that would reflect my dream and in **that film the women were called the names of the year's months, would she talk about the names of the year's months?**

So everything is supposed to be the way it is?

My subconscious did a great job obtaining the message from that dream, the symbolism … and „translating" it for my conscious mind.

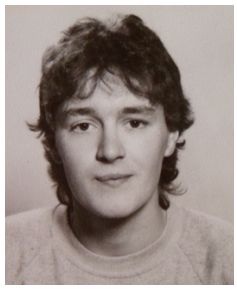
No odds.

It was a message. So what am I supposed to „get" from it?

And: I have been **smelling cigarette smoke** right next to me many times in the last weeks … it used to be a sign that **my brother Peter** was near … shortly after his death, his divorced wife

(and my „sister-in-law“ Barbara and my mother had noticed it too and thought that it was a message, that Peter was close) … it is uncanny.

I mentioned him to my father recently … who has committed a horrible humanitarian crime towards him when he had cancer … When I look back at my life … what a pile of shit.



Crying over losing Peter … haven't done that in a long time. I know how much my father hurt him. How can one mentally ill person do so much harm in one life-time and still be going strong in his evil ways at the age of 84?

December 23, 2024

Walking with mother and my two best friends at Rosegg … mythical. Nature is beautiful. Has to power to comfort … if we allow it.

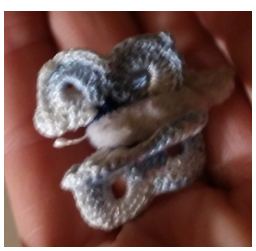
December 24, 2024

What an Xmas … so far away from the Xmas-days with Bob … that were bitter-sweet and often sad and lonely. (Yes, I am arriving at the facts and the truth.)

Cooked nice meat and sour kraut for my father and my mother … felt good to see them content.

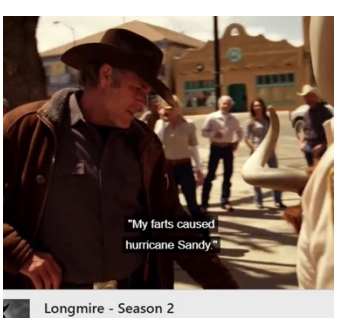
Before that … walk with my two boys … and even with dear Sandy … oh I wish I could get her away from my very bitter very angry father who has given me incredible shit in the last days and weeks …

In all the agony of being in his house and kitchen and taking his abuse only to be able to protect Sandy and do her some good while he plays his sadist games with her … I found a **knitted butterfly** on the floor! No idea where that came from … but it means „transition“.



I have plans for the coming year … yes I do. Just look at the festive shark cloud …

On the series „Longmire“, that I have been watching, even „Sandy“ showed up …



December 26, 2024

Christmas is over. Thank God.

It was a mixed bag of … let’s say emotional stuff. Spent the Xmas Eve first with my father, then with my mother … before that, another horrible escalation happened with my father … he just can NOT fight his hatred and disgust for me, it breaks out ever again … all the time. He hates for me to walk his dog, who is locked in the kitchen all day and all night … and whilst he did his best to be peaceful on the 24th, and we even hugged intensely and he said that we’d ***„somehow find together, after all you are my little daughter“*** … he was back to hating me and showing it today. He told me that other people would help him furtheron, so that I would be „unburdened“ … so what about the „somehow find together“? He just meant to hurt me again in typical narcissist manner – and made me understand that I am not wanted and am to stay away in the future. He mentioned how his „friend Werner“ has helped him so much … right, Werner, who never comes visit, I have not seen him EVER.

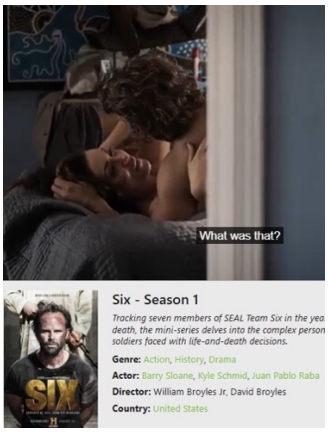
But my father is just fooling himself … he is so forgetful and in many ways needs help, even though he won’t admit it.

I put his bird house into an elderberry bush, and today he already complained that „only one Amsel“ (black bird) was there … geez! He cannot even see the bush from the kitchen. And maybe, when he walked there, he shooed the birds away … but he is always on the lookout for something to complain about me, what I do is never right. He does not realize how ridiculous his behavior is.

Just it breaks my heart to leave Sandy there everytime. Things must change. I feel nauseous every time I am about to drive down there.

He has no right to ruin more lives. He is a very sick person.

Looked into a series called „***Six***“ (actually, watched the whole thing, with Walton Goggins, it was great) … and there was a scene that was just like out of Bob's and my life. We had sex in our early days together, and it was already over, but we were still „together“, and there was this immense wave of energy running through us both … and we were just amazed … I am sure Bob never experienced something like this before, or after. And neither did I.


What was that?
Six - Season 1
Tracking seven members of SEAL Team Six in the yea
death, the mini-series delves into the complex person
soldiers faced with life-and-death decisions.
Genre: Action, History, Drama
Actor: Barry Sloane, Kyle Schmid, Juan Pablo Raba
Director: William Broyles Jr, David Broyles
Country: United States

<u>December 28, 2024</u>

Horrible drive, father mean and forgetful and probably desperate about his realization that he is getting demented. Had no idea why we were at the store we had driven to („to get a gift for a friend“), forgot that we had already shopped … and so on. On the drive to Villach, he attacked me viciously for not having gotten him anything for Christmas, and when I said that he had forbidden it, would „throw everything back“, he denied it like a mad man and even tried to hit me with his fists. I was very close to dropping him at the next best parking lot, but only for Sandy did not do it.

Driving on, I was so upset, that I thought my heart couldn't take it anymore … and I called him a „pig“ (Sau in German) in my mind and thought of the many nice mushrooms (Pilz) I had seen in the forest in summer - and JUST at that time, a car with „SAU“ as a license plate number and one with „PILZ“ came along on the other lane! What are the odds - because they were followed by a very clear „222 FU“, „Fuck You“ ..

I had this vision the day before Xmas, of Bob standing tall right in front of me and just looking at me. And I did not understand what that meant … but today, I had the verbal impression in my head „stand by your plan“.

And I will.

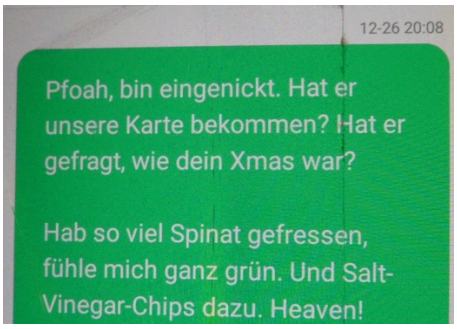
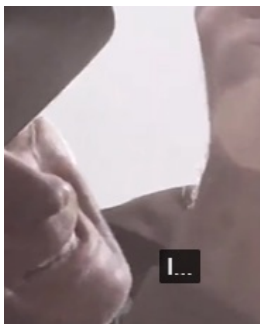
CH dealt with my lying mother today, visited her for a nice walk in the sunshine and a game of memory and for dealing with the food mother is not eating … and mom refused to go out, right after talking with me on the phone and telling me how much she was looking forward to going out into the sunshine; she tried to refuse to eat, too … and CH really had a hard time … Thank God I was spared.

Tomorrow they will try again and walk … I am SO SO SO tired of my lying and unthankful demanding „parents“ … who were never „mother“ or „father“ figures to me … and now?

It is very hard.

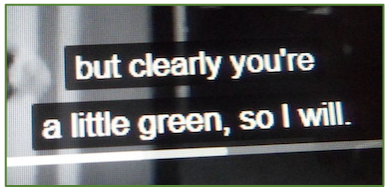
December 29, 2024 – **„Feel green, taste green, be green“**

It is like Bob is watching „Longmire“ with me … he would have looooved it … because I had just written to my friend CH that I had eaten so much spinach that I was ***„feeling all green inside“.*** And there, a character says this:


12-26 20:08
Pfoah, bin eingenickt. Hat er unsere Karte bekommen? Hat er gefragt, wie dein Xmas war?
Hab so viel Spinat gefressen, fühle mich ganz grün. Und Salt-Vinegar-Chips dazu. Heaven!


No odds, right?

AND WOW! I was just photographing the SMS with the „spinach“ mentioning, while next to me **„Longmire, Season 4 episode 3“** is running, and a lawyer just said to Cady Longmire, **„… you are a little green“!** Wow!



Just NOW this was said – as I was writing about „taste green“ and „feel green“!

December 31, 2024 – **End of Story?**

The last day of this … horrible year, the „Year of the Wood Dragon“ – MY year. Still going on until February. When one thinks it’s „one’s“ year, one thinks of achievements, success and the like … but what is that really? What if making it through all kind of abuse and suffering and hardship and challenges is „success“, too? Had it not been „my year“ – had I made it through?

So I am feeling healthy and sane. And calm. Made a resolution about my behavior for next year. I will find myself again. And act accordingly.

Made some nice food for my parents today, ate with them, took my dogs Jacqui and Tino to my father’s place so that Sandy has some company … it was so hard to bear how ailing he is, but also how incredibly negative and hateful … it takes just one word and he blows up on me, and when I keep quiet, he says the most horrible nasty things about totally innocent and probably nice other people. Even in wishing me a good 2025 and that I might „finally find a partner“ he insults me, because he insists on leaving Bob out, never mentioning him and NOT acknowledging my grief for him. But my father will be surprised about the changes next year. His days of abusing others are soon going to be over. The universe is working on it, I am sure.

Mom … aloof, with clear signs of dementia, I had again to eat her meals on wheels with her, she simply won’t on her own … but she is at least healthy and content with her TV. I can see

everytime that she barely stands seeing me around … well, mom, I will stay away as you wish in the future.

I ate some cake that I got from my client Daniela H., the astrologer while watching „**Longmire**“, and there, „dementia“ became a topic … go figure … all these images … exactly like my father, sitting at the table all the time, raging all the time …

The finale of **„Longmire“** season 3 – and it took me aback. Because Longmire took the cremated **remains** of his late wife Martha and **spread** it in the prairie, willing to let her go. Oh how often have I thought of what may have happened to Bob's remains … just horrible to even write such a thing, „Bob's remains“ … his family never contacted me again after his passing … nobody from Maui did, either. Just sad sad sad. But in the movie, the guy looked like Bob „Longmire“ …

… and there is one shot, where the ***camera man*** must have realized that the clouds in the background look just like a *woman was stretching out her arm* … that is SO much „Bob and I communicating“ … oh Bob. What could we have done together in this realm …

(*The „arm cloud“ was closing, just „above“ the hand of Longmire, so the shot had to be taken fast to capture the last bit!)*

This goes so much with my thoughts of the last days, with all the „222“ license plates, so many, all so telling … as I have been hearing Bob say „**242 SHOW**“ (7469) many many times in commercial voice-overs as the phone number for the Maui Arts and Cultural Center. And I had to think of the 24 silver hearts that I had found in 2018, shortly before I traveled to Bob to see him for the last time. This year is the „24“ year … and „242“ is of course not exactly that number, but I keep feeling it is connected with 2024, and „show“ just seems to sum up all the crazy shit that happened in 2024.

So 242SHOW is over, Bob.

I know where you are, there are no years … and where my uncle Hansi is now … with Edith and his brother and his parents and my brother Peter and so many …

With my father at the cemetery at Edith's grave it felt so strange seeing my father cry and say that it was time for him to be there in the ground „with Edith“ soon, too … as ***I do NOT see „people in the ground“*** like he does … when he then says „Good bye Edith“, seriously saying farewell to a fucking urn with ashes in it.

That's why it felt so strange to see Longmire shed his wife's ashes. And the he said, crying, „At least now … you don't not have to see what I'm about to do“ (to his adversary J. Nighthorse) …

Well I have to do some drastic changes in my attitude and behavior and actions too. Otherwise I cannot fulfil my „**kuleana**“. And I will.

(Today, at the pond)

Exactly one year ago, I wrote at the beginning of this chapter of the Contact Diary, that my „dragon self awakened“.

Well.

I sure have yet to see what that actually meant. The year 2024 is over. Now … what?

END PART 11 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny” © Jo Danieli 2024